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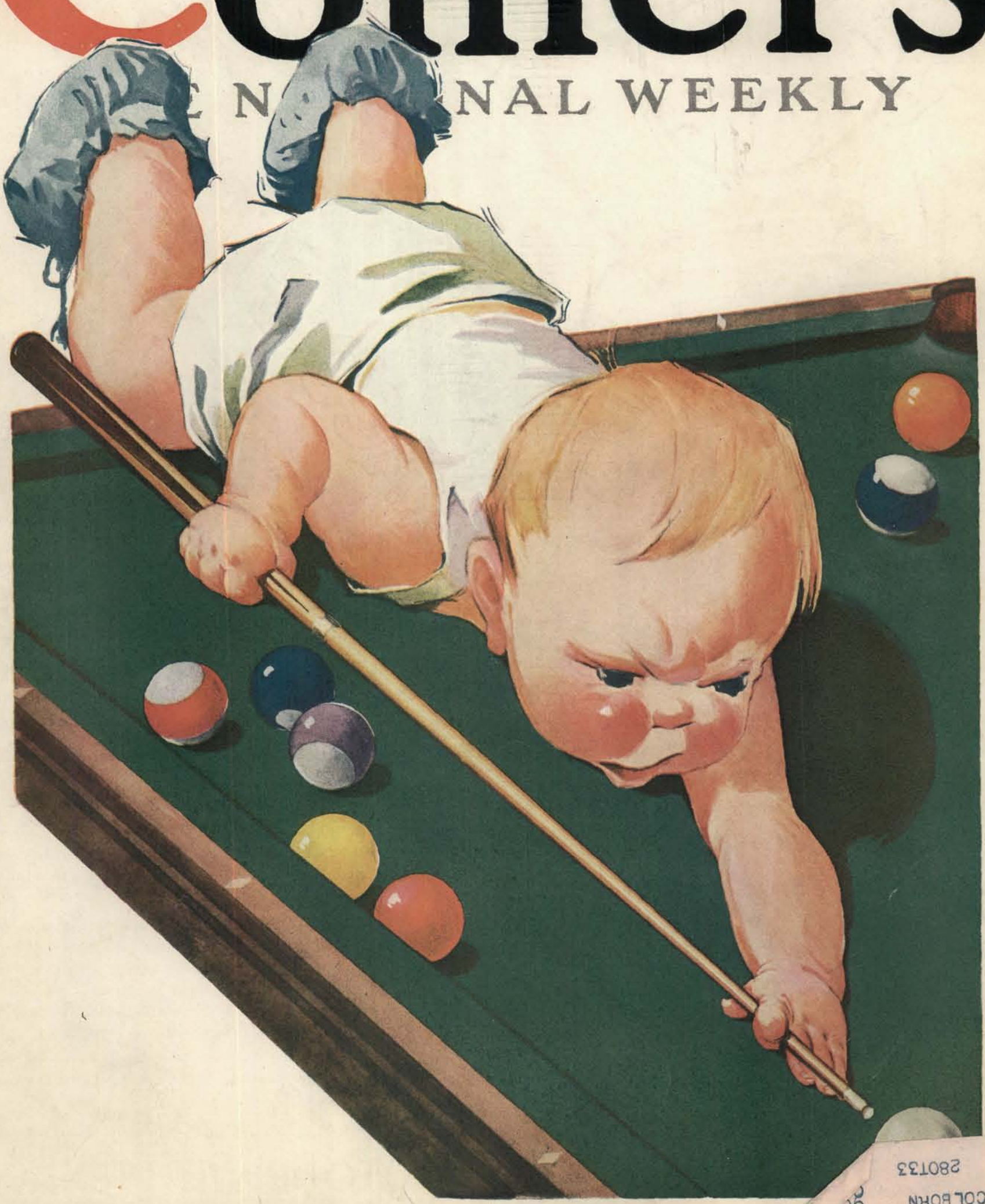
NATIONAL WEEKLY



How to make a Gangster By William G

MRS E V WORSHAM
211 SO COLBORN
IOLA
KANS 280733

SEPT. 2, 1933

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Right now all eyes are turned to Chicago—the greatest exposition beckons. It's the best time of the year for driving. Thousands are motoring out. Good roads—ample accommodations—huge parking spaces near the grounds, promise a memorable and pleasant trip.

Drive to Chicago. Take your family. Give them something to look back to for years. Visit the Texaco Exhibit in the Travel and Transport Building. See the giant Havoline thermometer—twenty-one stories high.

Before you start put your car in the hands of your neighborhood Texaco man. Ask him for a complete lubrication job and to refill the crankcase with Crack-proof Texaco, or Waxfree Havoline if you prefer a 100% paraffin base motor oil. And when you are on your way, remember Texaco *Fire-Chief* Gasoline is available on all main highways. As a tourist you will receive the same courteous service at these Texaco Stations as you would receive as a regular customer right in your own home town.

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Drop a post card to The Texas Co., New York City. Tell us when you plan to start. We will send you the best routings on "convenient-fold" road maps.

TOUR WITH TEXACO

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"I Received Your Check Today!"

"When I started my Investors Syndicate Thrift Plan I wondered if I could really lay by the required amount each year. But now, almost before I can realize it, I have received my Maturity Check," says Docia I. Patchett. "At no time have I found this Thrift Plan a hardship. I even kept it up one year when I was in the hospital, and I only regret that I didn't take out a larger certificate.

"A salary slips away so quickly that I believe every one should have a definite Thrift Plan. I myself am starting another and larger certificate right now."

Miss Patchett is but one of more than two hundred thousand ambitious people who are following Investors Syndicate Thrift Plans to accumulate large sums of money from proportionately small payments.

Wouldn't you enjoy receiving a check like hers . . . CASH . . . to carry out plans for travel, home ownership, or what you choose? Determination is one of the first requirements . . . but Time (which compounds earnings) is a profitable business partner. You are invited to find out more about this by mailing the coupon below.

Investors Syndicate Thrift Plans enable an individual or company to adopt a systematic plan for accumulating money over a period of years. The most common purposes of these plans are: Independence at 50, 55, or 60; Means and Leisure for Travel; Acquiring a Home; Business Expansion or Reserve; Education of Children. The resources of Investors Syndicate now exceed $50,000,000. For 39 years in good times and bad, Investors Syndicate has maintained a perfect record of prompt payment of all maturities, loans, cash surrenders, and all obligations.

An actual photograph of Docia I. Patchett planning the trip she will take with money from her second Investors Syndicate Certificate. She has already received the cash from one Certificate and purchased her home. Miss Patchett is Vice-Principal and Dean of Women at the Santa Rosa High School, Santa Rosa, California.

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Founded 1894

Offices in 51 principal cities . . . representatives throughout United States and Canada

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Upon request (use coupon) Investors Syndicate will send complete information to any person interested in Systematic Thrift.

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Mail to Investors Syndicate, Dept. C39, Minneapolis, Minnesota, or consult phone book for address of office in your city.

I am interested in a plan whereby I may lay aside a small part of my income for a specific purpose.

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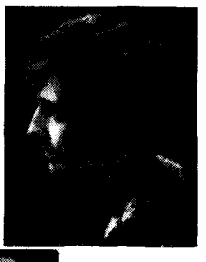
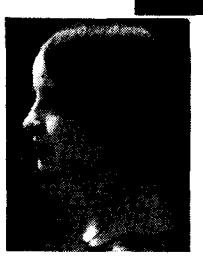


Helen Schultz Brewer, nationally known as "Iowa's Bus Queen" practices thrift by carrying Investors Syndicate Certificates for business reserve, and retirement, and as an educational fund for her son and daughter. When Mrs. Brewer sold her bus line in 1930 she chose Investors Syndicate as a safe avenue for investing her funds.



Young though she is, Ellen Moore, charming teacher of Dallas, Texas, is already providing for her future through an Investors Syndicate Thrift Plan. "It brings me a sense of security for the future that I can obtain in no other way," says Miss Moore.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

IT WOULDN'T be fair to let you meet him without warning. He looks like an ordinary man, precise, methodical, unimpressive; you might be taken in.

In reality he is the most sinister figure we have ever met—"The Man without Nerves." His machinelike brutality brings tragedy to a whole countryside; a rising tide of horror eddies about him; and he continues in his usual course, precise, methodical, unimpressive.

E. Phillips Oppenheim reveals this monster of iniquity in the brilliant new serial that begins next week. Even the warming presence of romance won't serve to hide the fact that Oppenheim has murdered sleep.

THERE is a new army in this country, an army of three hundred thousand. Its purpose is conservation, and by its efforts two great additions are being made to our national resources: forests are being planted and preserved and a vast supply of health is being created—*out of thin air.* Well, perhaps not entirely out of air; food and sunshine are used too, but the result is undeniable. Walter Davenport takes you on a tour of the federal reforestation camps and shows you just how this legerdemain is being accomplished.

PUT yourself in Gerry's situation. She had lost a man. He had walked out on her, and she wanted him back; she wanted to make him jealous so that he'd be eager to come back. What would you have done? Gerry put an ad in the paper: "Help Wanted; Male," and the particulars. Brooke Hanlon's short story "Evenings Only" gives you the upshot of this businesslike stratagem. Playing with fire, as we suspected.

IN a way Joel Bense was responsible for the whole thing. Not actively, you understand, because Joel was dead. But it was his funeral that started it. Roy Edwards thought it would be neighborly for him to attend. So he had a bath and a shave and drove over. Then he found out he was two days late. Nothing to do about it. But a man can't very well waste "A Bath and a Shave," so Roy got married. It wasn't till later that his wife found out that she had been second choice to a funeral. George S. Brooks records her reactions.

ERNEST HAYCOX introduces you to Captain Arch Crosby, who flew into Pendleton in a racing ship and left there on "Gilded Wings." Corey Ford, George Creel, Grantland Rice, Kathleen Norris and T. R. Ybarra—each scores a direct hit. And the only trouble with that record is that you can't beat it.

This Week

September 2, 1933

Cover by C. H. Twelvetrees

PATTERSON McNUTT
Broadway Love. **Born in a tabloid column and nourished on spotlights. Page 7**

LUCIAN CARY
He Didn't Know Marjorie. **A gun crank finds out about girls. Page 10**

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD
How to Make a Gangster. **The young criminal in the making. Page 12**

DEEMS TAYLOR
Masquerade. **A drama in fancy dress. Page 14**

T. R. YBARRA
The Democrat Who Made Good. **Thomas Masaryk, the philosopher President of Czechoslovakia. Page 15**

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Manhattan Love Song, Part VIII. **Tragedy of errors. Page 16**

R. G. KIRK
Front-Wheel Drive. **The story of a hero who went on all fours. Page 18**

ERNEST HAYCOX
Starlight Rider, Conclusion. **Showdown. Page 20**

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Cosmic comedy. Page 22**

MARIE BEYNON RAY
Water Cure. **Oceans of health. Page 23**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Over the Hump, **by Denver Lindley. Page 25**

BILL CUNNINGHAM
A Great Pair of Hands. **Hunting ivory for the diamond. Page 26**

DAY EDGAR
The Crowd Pleaser. **A boxer who couldn't act nice. Page 28**

EDITORIAL
Round Up the Laggards and Cheats. **Page 50**

Any Week

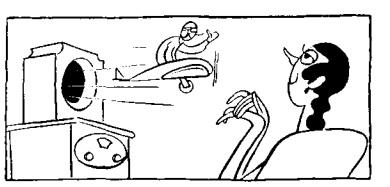
MR. L. J. O'HARE of Tampa, Florida, has concluded that "everything is all right" and that the country will "begin to appreciate it when we discover that all this recovery commotion is due to the unprecedented condition brought about by a national administration that not only took its own platform seriously but is actually fulfilling its campaign pledges. Nothing like that has ever happened before," goes on Mr. O'Hare, "and we're just not used to it."

AND Mrs. Lucy Creamer of Chester, Pennsylvania, registers that her "idea of a patriot is the still disgruntled supporter of the old régime who is poking around to find indications that the New Deal may not revive business."

WHEN this column signed off as the work of The Forgotten Man not long ago, Mr. Bob Berry of Mena, Arkansas, rose to protest that "down our way the folks who spend a nickel each week for Collier's and consider it money well spent, despite the scarcity of nickels, read Any Week first of all." And a very sound procedure it is, Mr. Berry.

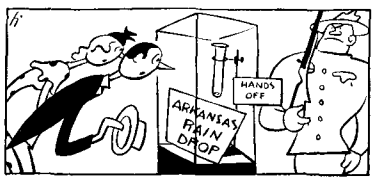
HAVING omitted the Short Short Story from our pages once or twice recently, we promptly fell into trouble. For example, a bill from Mr. W. T. Aust of Reno, Nevada. Mr. Aust demands five hundred and fifty dollars and five cents, particularized thus: "Purchase price of magazine, $0.05, Moral and Intellectual Damage, $50, Punitive Damages, $500."

"UNDER the old system which gave us McKinleys, Hardings and similar well-intentioned but badly handicapped leaders," says Mr. Theodore Kleinlock of Sacramento, California, "Presidents did not have to work so hard nor produce as many ideas as Franklin Roosevelt because they generally represented only a small part of the population."



MRS. T. T. MORGALE of Memphis, Tennessee, wants it understood that she has no objections to 'round-the-world flights and fliers. "But," says she a bit tartly, "I am getting just a wee bit tired of looking at pictures of those flyers' wives gazing vaguely into radio loudspeakers as if they expected to see their husbands come tearing out of them."

"SILVER," sighs Mr. N. H. Jensen of Salt Lake City, Utah, "has suffered more from its friends than from its enemies. If all that can be said for silver was a plea for a producers' subsidy, it should be forgotten."



BACK to Arkansas in the same column. Mr. Louis C. Cohen of Little Rock reports that it rained down there not so long ago and such was the novelty that every drop became the talk of the town. At breakfast a neighbor of Mr. Cohen's remarked that "the President must have prayed for the rain which probably was a part of the New Deal." Up spoke another citizen: "My friend, President Roosevelt wouldn't have to pray for rain down here; all he would have to do as far as this part of the country is concerned is to say he wanted it."

FROM Mr. Tom Bull, who assures us that isn't his name but that he has resided for several years in Sing Sing Prison, New York, we receive a plea to discontinue fiction stories about criminals. "It is bad enough to have our fiction criminals distorted and badly presented," writes Mr. Bull, "but even if the writers did present a true picture it wouldn't be worth reading because there is no human as dull as the law-breaker unless it is the actual convict. I have lived among them for years and ought to know."

SIMILARLY writes Miss Katherine O'Donnell of Peoria, Illinois. She suggests that we "introduce a much-needed novelty into any crime fiction that you publish next." She suggests that the story stop a couple of hundred words short of the author's conclusion and that we publish the following editor's note by way of explanation:

"The writer has just been arrested."

THIS is strictly between Mr. W. G. Shepherd who wrote "The Farmer is Whistling Again" and Mr. H. S. Pitstick of Storm Lake, Iowa, who is a non-whistling farmer. Mr. Pitstick finds that it was written by Mr. Shepherd that Iowa farmers sell about a million pounds of hogs a month. It was hard to control Mr. Pitstick for some minutes after that, but presently he calmed down enough to tell us that Iowa farmers sell about one million hogs, not pounds, a month.

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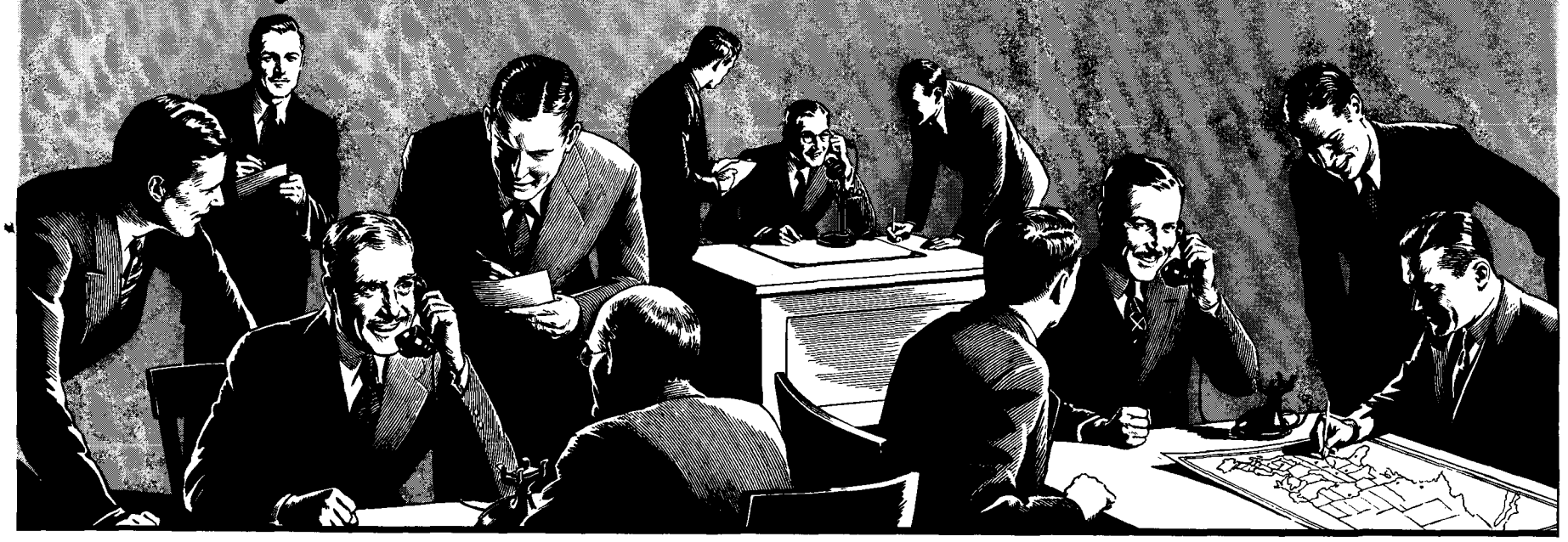
That night, like clockwork, came Long Distance calls from field men in all parts of America . . . . . .



BECAUSE Long Distance gets things done quickly and definitely, and cuts costs in many ways, it has the approval of executives in every line of business. It is their long right arm . . . in getting quick delivery on purchases, in contacting dealers and distributors in distant cities, in handling important administrative matters.

An opportunity to discuss all details

The telephone is of particular value in everything relating to the selling of merchandise. An example:

By midnight of the day the Plymouth Motor Corporation introduced its 1933 car to the public, they knew exactly how it had been received in every corner of the country. For four hours, from 8:30 P.M. on, the staff in Detroit held telephone conversations with 49 regional sales supervisors . . . thus getting word-of-mouth reports of the reactions of car owners and dealers in every territory.

"The results could not have been more satisfactory," says the Sales Manager. "The calls came in like clockwork at five-minute intervals. We knew that the car was an immediate success. We learned what models were selling fast, which helped in scheduling production. We were able to give the men encouraging news from other sectors—good strategy in any sales drive. And we could easily iron out little misunderstandings, because of the opportunity the telephone gave to discuss them fully. This made the fourth time we have used the telephone reporting plan within a year. Each time it was an outstanding success."

The Bell Telephone System works in close co-operation with business concerns of every kind in helping them to make more effective and economical use of this valuable service. We will gladly do the same with you. A call to the Business Office will bring a representative at your convenience.

TYPICAL STATION-TO-STATION RATES

From	*To*	*Daytime*	*7 P.M.*	*8:30 P.M.*
New York	Philadelphia	$ .50	$ .40	$ .35
Atlanta	Louisville	1.45	1.25	.85
Chicago	Boston	3.25	2.65	1.75
Denver	Detroit	4.25	3.50	2.50
Los Angeles	St. Louis	6.00	4.75	3.50

Where the charge is 50 cents or more, a federal tax applies as follows: $.50 to $.99, tax 10 cents . . . $1.00 to $1.99, tax 15 cents . . . $2.00 or more, tax 20 cents.

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The Strange Case of little Mary Dodd

[A REAL LIFE MOVIE]

1. How puzzled Mary Dodd's parents were! She had always been such a bright, vivacious little girl. So full of life and interest in everything about her. And now . . . so listless, irritable—none of her old-time energy. Not herself at all!

2. So Mrs. Dodd took Mary to Dr. Kent. How surprised she was when he mentioned—constipation. And then . . . "more outdoor exercise, plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables, lots of water between meals, and added bulk in the diet."

3. "Added bulk?" Mrs. Dodd asked. The kindly doctor smiled. "She likes cereals, doesn't she? Well, why not give her one of the finest cereals I know—Post's 40% Bran Flakes? It has a delicious flavor and also the extra benefits Mary needs."

PERHAPS YOUR CHILDREN TOO

. . . may benefit from this delicious cereal

Post's 40% Bran Flakes (with other parts of wheat) provides the bulk most systems need . . . bulk so many diets lack. And thus it helps to insure normal elimination . . . to prevent intestinal sluggishness.

You'll *all* love Post's 40% Bran Flakes—so crisp and refreshing and delicious. Get a package today! A product of General Foods.

4. And Mary . . . well, Mary knows nothing about the extra benefits this delicious cereal provides. She only knows she's *never* tasted anything so good—especially served with sliced bananas or berries. And mother and dad agree!

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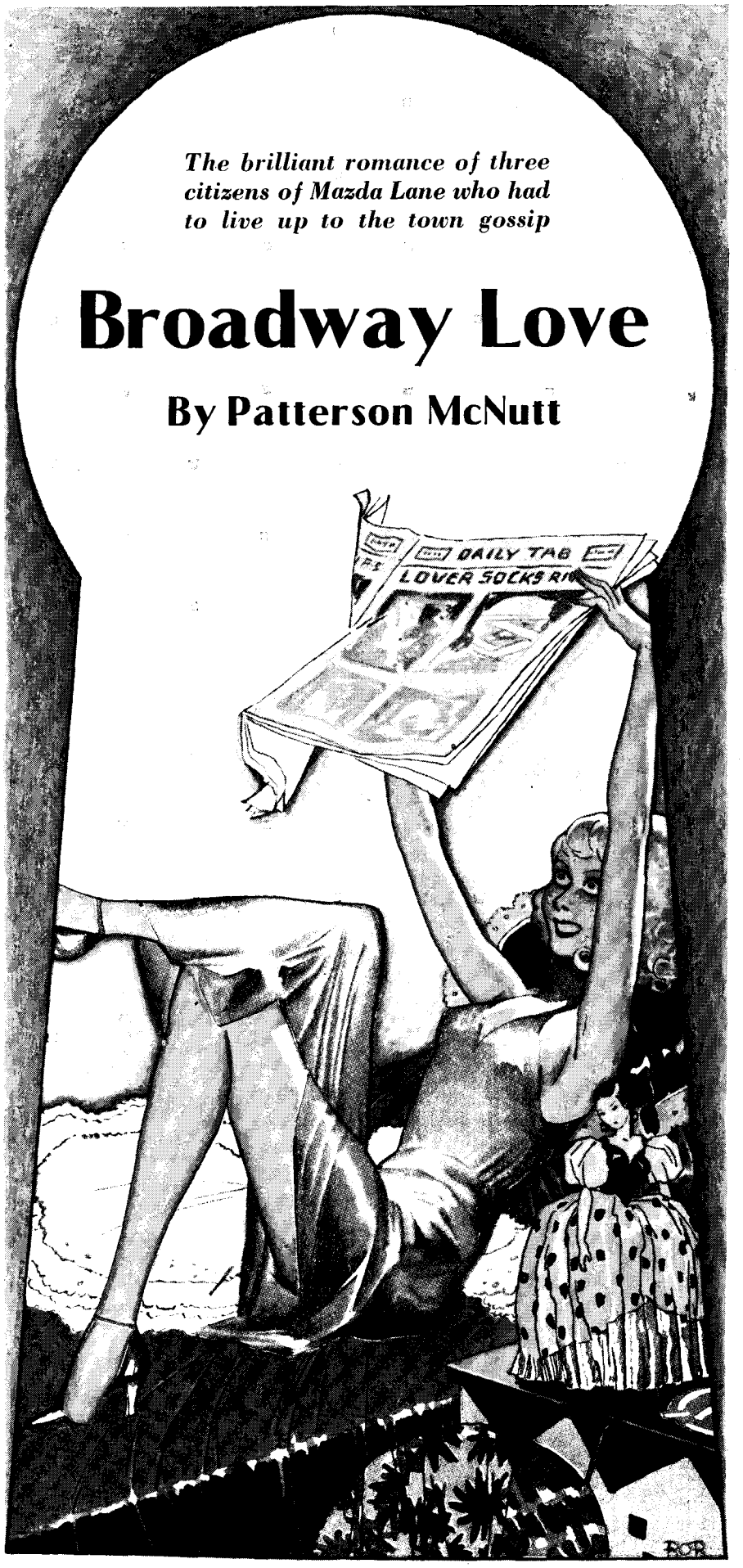
The brilliant romance of three citizens of Mazda Lane who had to live up to the town gossip

Broadway Love

By Patterson McNutt



Goldie was deeply immersed in her copy of Broadway Low Down

BENNY BERGMAN and Lou Samuels were pals. They could prove it. Wilbur Crandall, author of a daily tabloid column of gossip which he called Broadway Low Down, said so. Broadway accepted the proclamations of Wilbur Crandall as holy writ. He was a keyhole seer who knew all and told all. When he had publicly bestowed upon them the Order of the Orchid, Benny and Lou regarded their friendship as official and thereafter worked at it.

"Orchids to Benny (Damon) Bergman and Lou (Pythias) Samuels," Crandall had written, "because they have authored many of the stem's better revusicals and because they have proved that real friendship is possible even on so crooked a turnpike as Mazda Lane. When working on a show, Benny and Lou have their squabbles, but sensibly end each argument by burying the hatchet. But never in each other's backs! ! !"

The redundant marks of exclamation which concluded this item revealed only one dazzling facet of Wilbur Crandall's many-sided genius. By employment of such devices of type Wilbur Crandall meant to convey to scandal-hungry readers the suggestion that Wilbur Crandall had again miraculously coined a phrase which, in sparkling originality, was little short of sensational! ! !

BENNY (DAMON) BERGMAN was a song writer. He was a soft young man. His delicate bones were cushioned with an ample supply of soft flesh which sagged gently against the support of the numerous light-colored suits he chose to wear as flashy covering for his plump figure. His soft brown eyes were large and soulful and he had a soft lower lip given to heart-breaking trembling spells when he softly crooned a torch song. Many of the soft love songs he wrote, some with the aid of such distinguished collaborators as Beethoven and Brahms, were best-selling hits.

Lou (Pythias) Samuels was a dark and slender young man who had chosen the writing of lyrics and gags as his life work. Occasionally his gags were funny enough to blast theater patrons from the comfort of their seats and, in the unique phrase of show business, "lay 'em in the aisle." Lou answered many a riot call from panicky New York theatrical managers when their trial performances of new musical shows revealed that the customers were inclined to sit on their hands. When a theater customer sits on his hands moths gather in the bank rolls of friends and relatives who have not yet seen the show. Lou Samuels was always a handy man to have around when the laughs died standing up in the try-out towns and thus served sinister notice that the deadly bank-roll moth was again on the wing and swarming.

Late on a hot afternoon in June, Damon and Pythias labored loyally together in the cool of Maxie Friedman's office on the balcony floor of the New York theater in which Maxie annually presented a musical revue. An odd series of coincidences had inspired Maxie to christen this entertainment Maxie Friedman's Frivolities. While Broadway lay torpid in the heat of its summer of discontent, Damon and Pythias searched for the songs, dances and funny sayings which might make the newest Frivolities a hit when life would again stir in the show shops with the coming of autumn.

Lou Samuels, his feet propped on the edge of Maxie's desk, leaned far back in his chair and stared at the ceiling in the apparent hope that a gag or a hunch on a lyric might come down to him from heaven. Benny Bergman fumbled at the keyboard of a piano in search of a tune that would whistle. His quest was patient, for experience had taught him that a song writer who failed at first to find an original melody will eventually, if he tries and tries again, remember a pretty good one that Mendelssohn wrote.

SUDDENLY Lou's feet crashed to the floor. He sat bolt upright, his slight body tense with an inner excitement.

"I got a gag," he announced triumphantly. "It ought to be a panic."

"So?" Benny inquired. "Where'd you lift it?"

Lou grinned. Damon was always clowning like that.

"This one's right out of the top drawer," Lou insisted. "If I know anything about show business I got a smash blackout."

He used the office as a stage. Benny played audience.

"This one's for a dead pan comic like Ted Housman," Lou explained. "He's working in front while we're setting back of the drop for the big Garden of Girls number with that smash finish when all the roses turn out to be the gals. Here's the gag: We'll set Housman in a chair, put a spot on him. He's got a telephone in his hands. He asks Information for the number of the law

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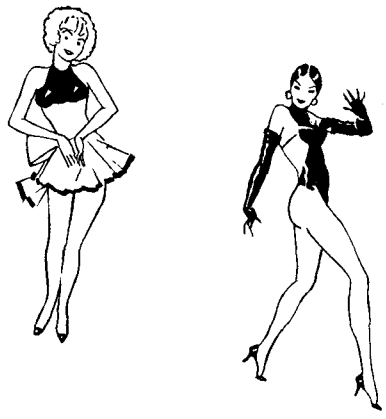
firm of O'Brien, Murphy, Callahan and O'Grady. He calls the number. Then he says: 'Hello. Is this O'Brien, Murphy, Callahan and O'Grady? It is? Okay, I want to speak to the boss.' He holds it a second. Then he says: 'Hello, Mr. Ginsberg.'"

LOU waited for his laugh. Benny paid him the greater compliment of choking on a throatful of cigarette smoke.

"That's in," he gasped. "It'll kill 'em."

"I figured you'd go for that one," Lou admitted. "How are you going with that torch number?"

"I got a hot tune," Benny said, "but it still sounds too much like 'Moanin' Low.'"



"You'll get it," Lou predicted confidently. "When this opera opens Maxie Friedman will be selling the toughest ticket on Broadway. The way we work together we can't miss. Pals like you and me—"

His panegyric to the potentialities of their combined efforts was abruptly interrupted by a ring from the telephone which rested on Maxie Friedman's desk. Hot with the fires of inspiration, Lou grabbed the intrusive instrument and shouted angrily into its mouthpiece, but his fury vanished suddenly when he heard the voice at the other end of the wire. He explained the swiftness of his about-face in an anguished aside to Benny.

"Indians," he whispered. "With war paint."

Benny grinned wisely and softly resumed his memory work at the piano. Lou sat down on Maxie's desk and apparently resigned himself to a long summer. He gently placed the receiver on the desk and ignored its steady babble while he leisurely searched his pockets for a cigarette and matches. When Maxie Friedman entered his office and seemed somewhat puzzled by Lou's method of handling a live telephone, Lou deadened the transmitter with his hand.

"Goldie," he explained. "I can time her. I give her two more minutes at least before she runs out of breath."

Maxie chuckled and sought the comforts of an easy chair which backed against his office window. He was a middle-aged little fat man whose job it was to gather such as Benny Bergman and Lou Samuels into one room and then hope for the best. When the shows clicked his face had both the shape and the glow of a full moon. When the operas flopped his eyes were bewildered and sad and he was given to serious speculation concerning the possibilities of profit in some conservative enterprise like playing the horses.

When the voice on Maxie's phone did at last seem to suffer from a shortage of breath Lou's verbal action was swift. His voice had the quality of dripping honey as he hastily poured sweet words into the telephone.

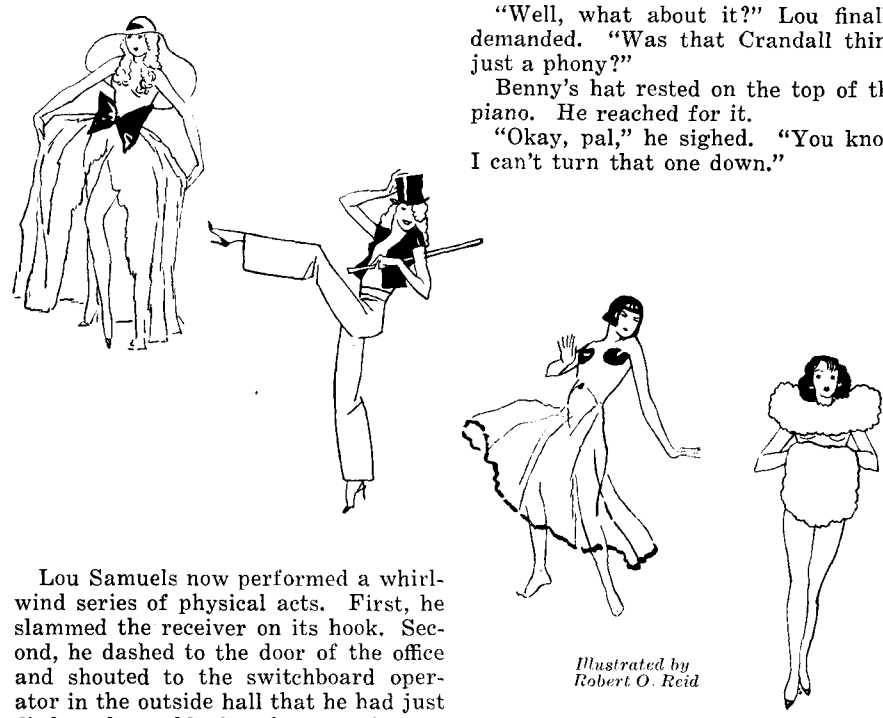
"Honey babe," he said, "Daddy's got a great big surprise for you. I been talking to Maxie and Benny about you. Maxie's got a spot for you in the new show and Benny's writing a song just for you."

He winked elaborately at his startled companions. They relaxed.

"Now look, orchidaceous," Lou continued. "Baby's got to help Daddy. I'm all hotted up right now with good gags. I'm sticking tonight with Maxie so I can get 'em all down on paper before I forget 'em. Now wait, baby, wait."

She had obviously become alarmed. He reassured her.

"Daddy won't let gorgeous be all by her lonesomeness," he said. "Sweetness just hasn't heard the rest of Daddy's great big wonderful surprise. Listen, delicious. Benny wants to be sure the song he's writing for you is right up your street. Benny wants to study your personality. Benny's going to call for you tonight at ten o'clock."



Illustrated by Robert O. Reid

Lou Samuels now performed a whirlwind series of physical acts. First, he slammed the receiver on its hook. Second, he dashed to the door of the office and shouted to the switchboard operator in the outside hall that he had just died and would therefore receive no further calls from anyone. Third, he shut the door and turned to face Benny and Maxie with his hands held high above his head.

"Don't shoot, officer," he pleaded with mock desperation. "I'll go peaceably."

Lou again waited for his laugh. Maxie came in on cue, but Benny was an ominously cold audience.

"Fun is fun," Benny observed, "but out of a city of six million why pick your pal for a hot spot?"

LOU dropped his hands. He seated himself again at Maxie's desk and was suddenly serious.

"You know how it is with me and Goldie," he said. "For two months now I been trying to put the chill on. She won't ice."

"I know you're trying to put the bounce on," Benny admitted, "but why ask me to catch for you? I ain't started anything, mister. Honest, I'm just standing here waiting for a street car."

Lou stooged for Benny on that one. Even to his own ears his laughter seemed loudly forced.

"Here's the plot, Benny," he said. "I was on the square about the gag thing. I'm hot. If I can stick here tonight with Maxie I'll maybe get a couple more as good as the Ginsberg gag. You gimme a break and steer Goldie around the hot spots tonight. In a couple of days we'll go down to Atlantic City on rubber heels, do a hide-out for a month and come back with the show all set for Maxie to go into rehearsal. If I can get Goldie out of my hair for a month I know she'll tie herself onto some other boy friend. What about it, pal? Kosher?"

Benny punched one of the bass piano keys with a downward thrust of his thumb.

"No dice," he said. "They got a foolish law in this state which says you can't murder dumb little clucks like Goldie. I know Goldie, I know the law and I know my own strength. I ain't taking no chances."

BENNY paled as he saw Lou reach for his inside coat pocket. He knew that Lou was about to play an ace.

"That ain't fair," Benny declared hastily. "You're putting me on the spot, Lou."

"I don't get you," Lou said innocently. "What ain't fair?"

"That Damon and Pythias thing," Benny replied. "I know where you keep it, Lou. You're set to flash that Wilbur Crandall column on me."

Lou flushed guiltily. For a moment there was an embarrassed silence.

"Well, what about it?" Lou finally demanded. "Was that Crandall thing just a phony?"

Benny's hat rested on the top of the piano. He reached for it.

"Okay, pal," he sighed. "You know I can't turn that one down."

Lou snapped his fingers triumphantly. Maxie Friedman chuckled.

"You got my sympathies, Benny," Maxie declared. "Anybody who takes Goldie around has got to be a fellow who can take it. Did I ever tell you about the time she says to me she's going to Hollywood to be a picture star? She says to me some day she'll be so famous her pictures will griddle the world."

Benny moved glumly toward the door.

"I'm going over to Frankie and Johnny's speak for oil and gas," he announced. "If I ain't at least half unconscious when I collect that dame we won't be in the same world."

Lou was gay with relief. He winked furtively for Maxie's attention and halted Benny at the door.

"You ought to know the facts of life, Benny," he said solemnly. "Goldie told me once she was going to write a play. I asked her to tell me the plot. She said she didn't have the story all worked out, she just had the mucous of an idea."

Lou ducked Benny's swing.

"That Wilbur Crandall guy," Maxie chuckled after Benny had made his violent exit. "The things he starts on this street. He puts in his column that some show girl is going to have A Blessed Event. Until she reads about it I got just as good a chance to be a mother as she has, but right away when Crandall says it she goes and has a baby just so he won't get mad and maybe not give her another write-up. Look at you and Benny. He would have turned you down cold only you sprung that Wilbur Crandall gag on him."

Maxie noted with sudden alarm that he seemed to be speaking out of turn in offering such light comment on Wilbur Crandall and his works.

"That Damon and Pythias thing is no gag with Benny and me," Lou earnestly assured Maxie. "Crandall tagged us right on that one. Benny's a pal in a million, Maxie."

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At the Hey-Hey Club they found happiness for a moment when Wilbur Crandall waved to them from a nearby table

Maxie hastily backed out of the sentimental territory in which he found himself.

"Oh, sure, sure," he said. "I know how it is with you and Benny. Right up the middle, that's the way you boys cut on everything. Look, Lou, suppose you and me get dinner. It's my turn to pay the check."

Lou bounced with the rapidity peculiar to his volatile breed.

"Okay, Maxie," he agreed happily. "I'll buy a ball to celebrate giving Goldie the shake."

BENNY BERGMAN called for Goldie at the promised hour. His reluctance to serve as her squire cannot fairly be charged to a real lack of gallantry on his part. The disturbing simplicity of Goldie's character is perhaps best explained by one simple statement of fact. Goldie had been born Josephine Jablonowski. She had subsequently, of her own free will and after due and deliberate thought, changed her name to Goldie Blossom. This fact should be kept in mind before passing final judgment on Benny's conduct.

Goldie's heart had fluttered with its first thrill of girlish ecstasy when Wilbur Crandall had described her in his column as one of Broadway's "niftier nudies." Her nifty nudity had gotten her a start in life working in the floor show of a night club. Crandall's delicate compliment to her charms had brought her to the attention of Broadway showmen. Her blond beauty was subsequently on exhibition in the front-row chorus lines of musical shows. Thereafter she was occasionally referred to by Wilbur Crandall as "the heart," "the big moment," or "the uproar" of some night-blooming playboy. At such times life was incredibly sweet to her and, because of the hope that Wilbur Crandall might again canonize her in black-face type, neither rain nor sleet nor snow could stay her from her accustomed rounds of the night clubs.

BENNY and Goldie began their evening at Tony's place. After Goldie had satisfied herself that all of Tony's customers had noted that she wasn't missing classes they drifted on to another nocturnal rendezvous. They checked in and out of a dozen places known to Wilbur Crandall's brilliant pen as "sin spots." Midnight found them settled at last as ringside observers of a new floor show at the Hey-Hey Club. There they both found happiness for a moment when Wilbur Crandall waved to them from a nearby table, but the night was still young when Benny decided definitely that Goldie was either the missing link or the white man's burden. Goldie was equally certain that Benny was nobody's bargain-counter boy.

It was six o'clock in the morning when Benny noticed that Goldie was tucking a small wooden hammer into her hand bag. The management of the Hey-Hey Club supplied its patrons with these toy tools. The customers were supposed to beat upon the tables with these hammers when the nudies delighted their adolescent fancies.

"Why pass up the silver?" Benny inquired of Goldie. "That hammer ain't worth anything."

"It's a souvenir," Goldie explained. "In the apartment I got a collection of them. I got fans, balloons, paper caps, lots of things like that. I always keep something like that so when I look at them I can remember places where I've been."

"I get it all," Benny said. "If you just tried to think where you'd been the old brain would crack under the strain."

Goldie's eyes narrowed. She felt pretty sure that she was being insulted.

"Oh, yeah?" she fought back. "Oh, yeah?"

Benny decided that no man with any pride could stand for a crack like that. He taxied her home. She paused for an instant at the door of her apartment to blow Benny down with a scornful blast of ridicule.

"Song writers are a dime a dozen with me," she said. "I'd rather go out with the ash man."

"If I was you I'd run and hide when I heard the ash man," Benny replied. "It wouldn't be fun getting dumped in one of those cans."

Goldie had the satisfaction of the last word.

"Oh, yeah?" she offered in final rebuttal. *"Oh, yeah?"*

Benny went for a ride in Central Park. It was his hope that the morning breezes might blow the night from his memory. Later he breakfasted at a Broadway restaurant.

When several cups of coffee and numerous cigarettes failed to dull his recollection, he dropped in on the morning showing of a motion picture. It was high noon when he entered the hotel apartment he shared with Lou Samuels. Lou, just finishing his breakfast, giggled hysterically as Benny undressed and mournfully outlined the details of the dismal hours he had spent in Goldie's company.

"From now on that Goldie gal is your hard luck," Benny concluded his recital as he slid gratefully beneath the covers of his bed. "A pal is a pal, but the next time you want somebody to take her places you ask the Seventh Regiment."

"I got the run-out powder all mixed," Lou laughed. "We blow out to Atlantic City tomorrow. Gimme a buzz when you come to. I'll be at Maxie's office."

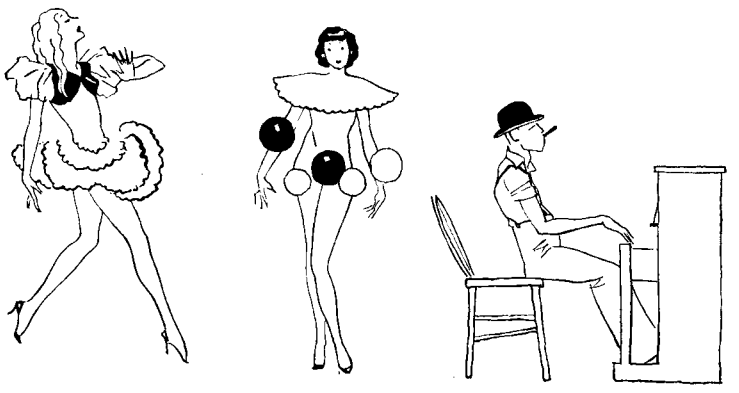
"O. K., Pythias," Benny yawned sleepily. "I'll be seeing you."

Lou regarded his tired pal affectionately.

"Damon and Pythias," he chuckled. "I'll say."

BENNY slept heavily. When he awoke Broadway's night-time signal fires were blazing far below his bedroom windows. The hotel switchboard operator informed him that the hour was just past eight o'clock and then connected him with room service. He ordered a breakfast menu and the first editions of the tabloid newspapers.

After the waiter had arranged the breakfast tray comfortably on his lap, Benny gulped a glass of orange juice and then shocked himself to real wakefulness by draining a full cup of coffee. Thus refreshed he lit a cigarette and folded his favorite tabloid at the page on which Wilbur Crandall's Broadway



Low Down appeared. This completed his arrangement of the proper commencement of another happy and useful Broadway day.

Midway in Wilbur Crandall's column a black-faced item leaped for his attention.

"Lou Samuels will learn here that Benny Bergman and Goldie Blossom are blazing," the item read. "They were both suffering from high blood pressure last night at the Hey-Hey Club. Goldie used to save all her goo-goo eyes for

(Continued on page 48)

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He didn't know Marjorie

By Lucian Cary

Young Mr. Lawrence kisses a girl—after which his adventures begin. What that boy could do with a .44 was nothing to what Marjorie could do with him

THERE are times when Fate holds out a helping hand, and if you have sense enough to grasp it and hold on the world is yours.

That's what Johnny Lawrence felt when he saw the big red roadster come careening down the driveway and Skip Johnson voiced his panic-stricken plea.

Johnny was in one of those jams from which there is no happy escape. Whichever way he turned he foresaw he was going to wish he hadn't.

He sat on the step of the side porch after lunch in perfect white flannels and considered the problem. He saw clearly that kissing Marjorie was not, after all, his first mistake. This and that had led up to it after the immemorial fashion of this and that. The truth was that he had gone to see Marjorie every day for two weeks; sometimes twice a day; indeed, usually twice a day; and that he had formed what was almost a habit of meeting her at odd moments in between, by accident; or practically by accident.

The thing couldn't have happened if he had realized what he was doing. And of course it wouldn't have happened if he hadn't agreed to spend the summer in Sandersfield making up a condition in French while the family went away for the summer. The place had been a farm, with a big, old-fashioned, rambling house and a woodshed and a workshop and a stable that was now a garage, and an enormous barn. There was room enough for a big house party. But there was no hope of a party. There was no hope at all. His allowance had been cut to practically nothing.

His mother had said, smiling, that he really wouldn't need any cash. Annie would do the marketing as usual and get his meals and keep the house clean and send the bills on. He knew what his mother meant. She meant that if he had no money he couldn't go off for long week-ends with college friends in Maine or on parties in New York.

There were no mitigating circumstances. There wasn't a possible girl in Sandersfield. There never had been a possible girl of his generation in Sandersfield.

Marjorie was just a kid. She was just eighteen. And though she had grown up in the last year or two and acquired a certain veneer of sophistication, she was utterly inexperienced. She didn't know, as a man who has kissed many girls knows, that it doesn't mean a thing, however pleasant at the moment. The only kind, the only wise thing for a man to do was to drop her quickly and gently—before her heart was broken.

JOHNNY had gone out to the workshop then. He had put on new white flannels as a preliminary to seeing Marjorie. He had said something about dropping around this afternoon. But he wouldn't. The time to quit was now. He wouldn't take her to the dance either. If he took her to the dance he might kiss her again. And she would think he was serious. He would stay at home and work on French instead. But what would his alibi be?

Johnny had found the workshop unexciting. His passion for guns was all that remained of the years when he had spent his spare time in that shop. He got out a target revolver, a .44, and tried a trigger-squeeze. The hammer fell the way it falls for those who have learned how to squeeze a trigger—without a quiver of the sights. The log crib he had built as a bullet stop, fifty yards from the back window of the shop, was still there. Johnny went out and tacked up a target. He couldn't make a summer out of shooting a revolver as he had when he was a boy. But he could kill a Saturday afternoon. And he could keep on thinking what to tell Marjorie.

You ought to be able to say frankly to a girl, "Look here—this is all nonsense. I'm a man of twenty-three and you're a child of eighteen and it's no use our kidding ourselves. You go find a prep school boy to play with and I'll get ready for that examination I've got to pass." But you couldn't be as frank as that. You might hurt her feelings. Somehow you had to think up a way of turning her down that wouldn't hurt her feelings.

That was the moment when the big red roadster came flying around the sharp curves of the driveway and stopped so suddenly that all four wheels sent gravel flying. A wild young man jumped out.

"Johnny," he gasped, "can you hide this car—quick?"

"Sure," Johnny said. He was quite proud of being so matter-of-fact.

He ran into the barn and swung the big front doors open. He didn't stop to think why he was so glad to see Skip Johnson. He wasn't a friend. He had once run a pool room and cigar store in Sandersfield and sold gin on the side. He had left Sandersfield for New York two or three years ago.

Skip drove the big red roadster into the barn and Johnny shut the doors behind the car and swung the bar that fastened them into place.

"Have you got a place where I can hide, too?" Skip asked. He was scared. He was so scared he stuttered. "They ch-ch-chased me all the way f-f-from N-N-New Y-Y-York."

"Who?" Johnny asked.

"The gang," Skip Johnson said. "I'm on the s-s-spot."

"You'd better come in the house," Johnny said. "You're perfectly safe. No bunch of New York gangsters would dare follow you into our yard."

"The heck they wouldn't," Skip Johnson said.

"They'll go right out again if they do," Johnny said. "I can shoot."

"Yeah," Skip said. "So can they."

"No gangster can really shoot," Johnny said, voicing the profound conviction of the true gun crank. "You can't shoot unless you practice enough to learn how."

"Listen," Skip Johnson said, "you don't have to know how to shoot to bump a guy off with a tommy gun or a sawed-off shotgun."

Johnny didn't argue. He knew it was no use. You couldn't tell a man like Skip Johnson what it meant to know guns and how to use them scientifically. Johnny led the way into the house by the back door. Annie looked surprised as they went through her kitchen but she didn't say anything.

"Listen," Skip Johnson said, "I want to be some place where I can see the driveway so if they come in I'll have a chance to beat it."

JOHNNY took him into the library. "You can sit behind the curtains here and see the whole yard. But if they come in sit tight. I'll talk to them."

"Don't try to get funny with them," Skip said. "They aren't looking for you. They're looking for a big red roadster. If they don't see it they'll go on. They won't bother you if you don't bother them."

"I know," Johnny said.

"You just tell them you haven't seen any red roadster."

"I'll tell you what I could do, Skip,"

They ran until they ached for breath, through briers and clumps of young pine

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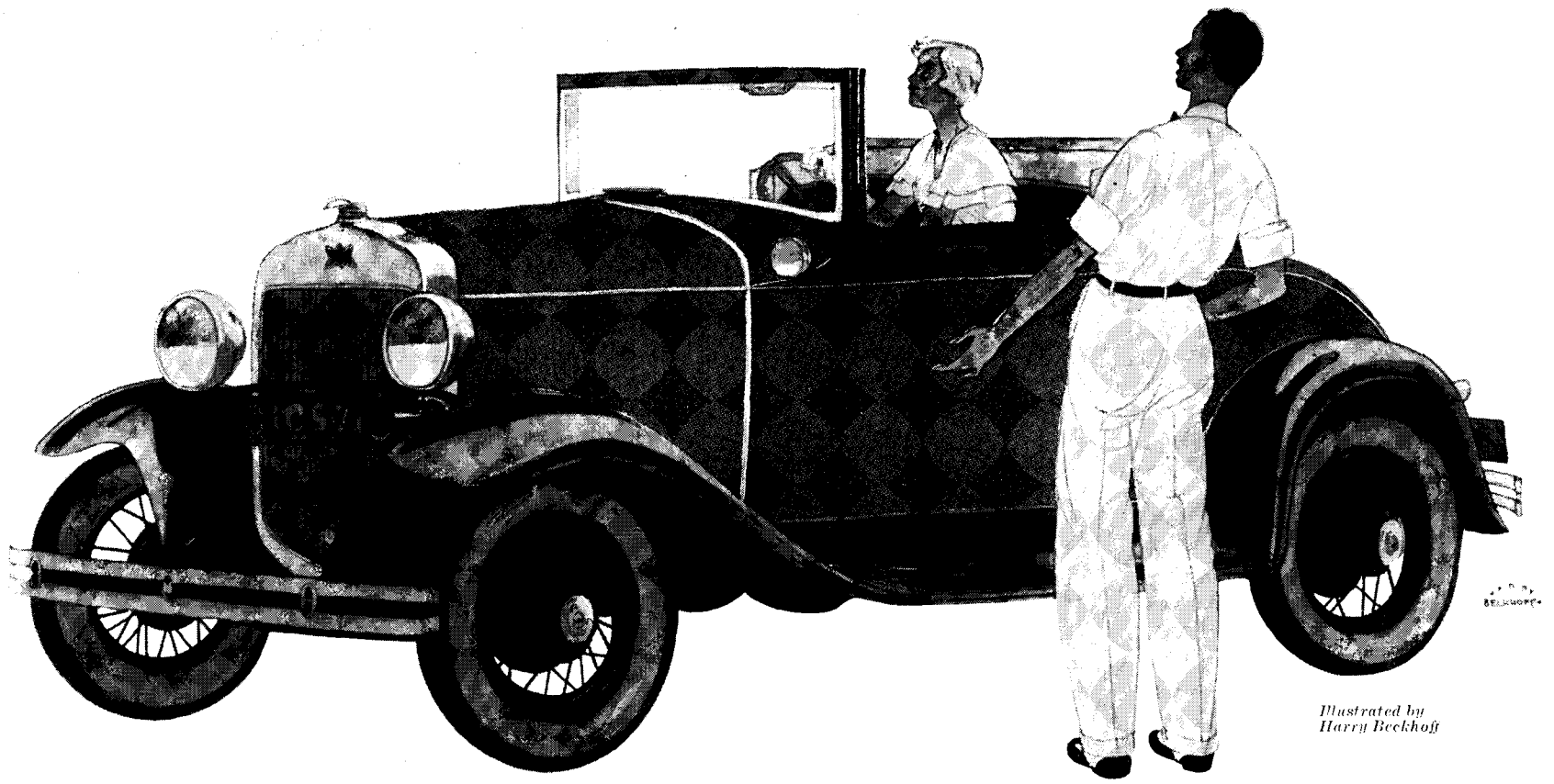

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

"Marge," he said, "why is this dance so important?"

Johnny said. "I could call up the state police barracks. I know them. They'll send up a squad if I ask them."

"No, Johnny," Skip said. "No. I wouldn't want to meet them. I wouldn't have come this way at all except that I know these roads so well. It was my only chance to lose them."

Johnny gave him cigarettes. "Now," he said, "I'm going back to the shop. If you hear any shooting just sit tight. I was just about to do a little target shooting when you came along."

"Listen, Johnny," Skip said, "have you got any money?"

"I've got ten dollars," Johnny said.

"Ten dollars will buy a lot of gas," Skip said.

Johnny gave him the ten dollars. He knew he wouldn't see another ten dollars for two weeks unless he could wangle it off his Aunt Amy. But you couldn't hold out on a man to whom it might make the difference between living and being drilled full of holes.

"Johnny," Skip Johnson said, "don't try to put anything over on these guys. Just tell them you didn't see any red roadster."

"You leave it to me," Johnny said.

"Because," Skip said, "I appreciate what you're doing for me and I wouldn't get you in any trouble."

JOHNNY went back to his workshop. The cartridges he had on hand were loaded with wad-cutter bullets, fat cylinders of lead, flat-ended so as to make the largest possible hole in the target. They also make the largest possible hole in a man. The gun-crank theory is that it doesn't make much difference where you hit a man with a big wad-cutter bullet. The shock is severe enough to stop him.

But as Johnny raised his revolver to fire his first shot he heard a car coming. He listened. He knew the sound of that motor, with one gasket missing. It was Marjorie Roberts' car. And he had his alibi. He'd tell her he couldn't take her to the dance because he had to do something about poor old Skip Johnson. And then he'd never ask her to another dance.

Marjorie came toward the workshop. She was a keen-looking girl for one so young. And now she had a kind of glow—a glow that might mean nothing but physical health and might mean the consciousness of power and might mean that she was in love. She couldn't help smiling any more than she could help the tender light in her eyes. The poor girl probably thought she was going to be kissed again.

Johnny had a stupid impulse to gratify her wish. But he remembered that he was turning her down.

"Hello, Johnny," she said. She spoke exactly as if they were casual acquaintances.

"Hello, Marge," Johnny said.

Johnny, looking at her, felt self-conscious. He had been rather fervent the night before. He had told her he was mad about her.

She saw the big revolver in Johnny's hand.

"Still a real boy," she said.

THE remark irritated Johnny. It seemed to imply that he was as young as she was. It occurred to him that the proper way to put her in her place would be to kiss her again. It seemed to him that this would be a good way to let her down easily about the dance. If he kissed her she couldn't feel so bad about the dance.

"I stopped by to tell you I wouldn't be at home this afternoon," she said.

"That's all right," Johnny said. "I wasn't coming over. The fact is I—well, I tell you, Marge—you see what I mean is this. That is—" He paused. He wasn't getting anywhere.

"I know," she said. "I feel foolish, too. About last night."

"Well—" Johnny said.

"When I woke up this morning and remembered the things I said and the things you said! I mean—we were awfully silly, weren't we?"

"Well," Johnny said, "I wouldn't call it silly."

"As long as we don't either of us take it seriously," she said, "it doesn't matter—does it?"

"But I do take these things seriously, Marge," Johnny said.

"Why, Johnny!" she said. "After all I've heard about you! But I've got to run now. I've got errands for Mother. See you tonight."

Johnny called after her. She got into her car and waited for him. He walked out there.

"Marge," he said, "I won't be seeing you tonight. I can't take you to the dance."

"Oh," she said. She looked astonished.

"You see," he said. "Well—I can trust you."

She nodded. "Yes," she said, "you can."

He told her about Skip Johnson. She listened gravely until he finished.

"And," she said, "you fell for this?"

"Why not?" Johnny demanded.

"How much money did he borrow off you?"

"Well—" Johnny said.

"I thought so," she said. "Father says that Skip Johnson is—"

"What does your father know about Skip Johnson?"

"Father's a judge. He sentenced Skip at least three times. But it doesn't matter."

"But you can see that I can't take you to the dance."

"No," Marjorie said, "I really can't,"

He was astonished at the change in her. She was no longer glowing. She was angry.

"But, Marge," Johnny protested. He didn't want her to be angry.

"I can see," she said, "that you're a poor dumb—fish. And I think you ought to take lessons in lying from somebody that knows how."

And she stepped on the gas and left him standing there. He yelled after her. But she didn't hear him.

Johnny walked slowly back to the workshop. Was there any way in the world to tell how a woman would react—could anybody prophesy how she'd take anything?"

Johnny stood there at the bench and loaded his revolver. He'd have to do something. But what?

Johnny aimed a careful shot at the bull's-eye. But he didn't get the shot off at all well. He got a 7. He was too mad. For when he stopped to think of it he couldn't help wondering if Skip was putting something over. It was rather uncanny that Marjorie had guessed Skip would borrow all his money. Johnny highly resolved that Marjorie Roberts would never know. He took another shot. He got the second one off better. He looked through the spotting scope. He had a nine at six o'clock.

He heard a car coming in. With an effort he ignored it. He fired his third shot before he turned around.

A big car had stopped. The driver backed a little so he could make the curve going out. Two men got out and came toward the shop. The driver followed them. Johnny noticed that he left the motor running. Johnny wasn't scared. He was glad. Marjorie had shaken him. But Marjorie was wrong.

Johnny deliberately fired his fourth shot at the target. Then he turned and nodded to the three men. They were tough. There was no doubt about that. But they weren't carrying a tommy gun; nor any sawed-off shotguns. They had probably left everything but their automatic pistols on the floor of the car.

"Look through that scope while I fire the rest of my string, will you?" Johnny said to the leader. He was a broad-shouldered, heavy-jowled man with a blue chin. He put his eye to the scope.

Johnny fired.

"Cheez," the blue-chinned one said, "right on the button."

JOHNNY fired again. He was perfectly cool now that his chance had come. He'd show Skip Johnson the difference between gunmen from New York and a man who knew how to use a gun.

"Right beside it," said the blue-chinned one.

Johnny fired his sixth and last shot.

"Christmas!" the blue-chinned one said. "On the button!"

Johnny ejected the empty shells and filled the cylinder while they looked on. He gave them a chance to see how fat, how flat-ended, the bullets in the cartridges were. He locked the cylinder.

"Well," he said, "what can I do for you?"

The blue-chinned one shook his head. The other two bent over the bench examining the cartridges Johnny had left in the box.

"We were lookin' for a guy in a big red roadster," the big man said.

"Hands up!" Johnny said sharply. He had the big gun close against his body, the muzzle pointed at the blue-chinned one's middle section.

With a kind of slow, stricken look the

(Continued on page 40)

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How to make a Gangster

By William G. Shepherd

There's a system in stripping cars in Chicago—almost a code of etiquette. Boys seventeen and over get first choice; they take the wheels. Then come the second group, fourteen to seventeen; they get the spares and tools. The third group, nine to fourteen, take the lamps and other hardware. Those under nine get the upholstery. That's part of our metropolitan training school of crime. Mr. Shepherd takes you on tour through a district capable of producing finished killers at the age of fourteen

JUST to show you—if you don't happen to live in Chicago and know its heroes—that Davy Miller really is somebody, I asked Gene Tunney about him.

I said to Mr. Tunney, "Did you know, when the boys in Chicago were planning to have Davy Miller act as referee in your fight with Dempsey, that Miller was carrying a gangster's bullet scar on his body?"

"Yes, sir, I knew it," replied Mr. Tunney. "But Anton Cermak told me not to worry about referees or any other arrangements. He assured me that all I had to do was to go in and fight and worry about nothing else but winning and he would see that the ring officials were fairly selected." So at 6 o'clock on the night of the fight, Davy Miller lost the distinction of refereeing the fight and Dave Barry was put in his place. "Why, everyone in Chicago," continued Mr. Tunney, "knew that Davy Miller carried a gangster's bullet scar. He was shot by Dion O'Bannion, I believe."

Mr. Tunney's information was correct. It's set down in Gangland's record in Chicago: Davy Miller was shot by Dion O'Bannion. And that is no small distinction, though Mr. O'Bannion did shoot more people than just Davy Miller. No! No! Mr. O'Bannion didn't go to jail for it; Mr. Miller went to the hospital for it—that is, to the third hospital they took him to. The first two hospitals wouldn't accept Davy Miller even though he might be dying.

Sitting in his splendid restaurant in the Ghetto in Chicago, Davy Miller told me in a leisurely, careful fashion just how Dion O'Bannion had shot him. It was all done with a theater crowd looking on, in the well-filled lobby of the LaSalle Street Theater in Chicago.

"Now, I am not a gangster," Davy Miller told me, "and I never have been, and I think if you quote me in Collier's you ought to say that. But my brother Hirshie was what you'd call a gangster. He got into bad company when he was only a kid. He was mixed up with Dion O'Bannion and his gang.

"There was a boy in that gang named Hymie Weiss. He's dead now; killed. My brother Hirshie had a fight with Hymie and split up with him and with O'Bannion both. Well, one evening Hirshie and I go to the LaSalle Street Theater to see a show. We're standing in the lobby before the show starts when Dion O'Bannion comes in with his wife. He bows to me, friendly, and we tip our hats, and he goes on in. Pretty soon in comes Hymie Weiss, to join the O'Bannion party. He stops to insult my brother Hirshie so I call him a 'dirty yellow rat' and tell him to go on about his business. So he went on into the theater. When the show was over I found O'Bannion standing in the lobby.

What "Let's Go" Means in Chicago

"'What do you mean? What do you mean?' he said, very low, to me. I saw his hand was in gun position under his left shoulder. I knew Hymie had told him something about me; maybe he told him I was going to kill him. He was afraid I had a gun.

"'Dion, I didn't mean anything,' I said. I saw he was going to shoot. 'I only fight with my fists,' I said; 'I never carry a gun.'

"'Let's go!' he said to me. 'Let's go!' Then he pulled out his gun, held it to my stomach and pulled the trigger. The bullet went almost all the way through me."

"What did he mean by 'Let's go'?" I asked Mr. Miller.

"Why, he meant, 'Get out your gun and let's shoot it out right here.' That's what 'Let's go' means when a man says it to you in a situation like that."

Chicago has always said that O'Bannion's shooting of Miller in the lobby of that first-class theater, with many good citizens looking on and seeing Miller stagger out onto the sidewalk, dripping blood, was one of the boldest shootings the town had ever known. O'Bannion was bolder at least in that Miller shooting than the men who went into his flower store later and shot him while he was shaking hands with one of them. And now comes the astonishing story of what is likely to happen, just after he has been publicly shot, to a man in Chicago who's called a gangster.

"The first hospital my brother took me to," Davy Miller went on, "wouldn't take me in when they knew who I was. My brother and some friends took me to another one.

"'No! No!' they said at the second place just as soon as they knew Davy Miller was the patient.

"The third hospital took a chance on me. Sort of a chance. They put me on the operating table, but before they put me under the ether, I heard the surgeon say to my brother, 'I'll operate, but the bill will be $5,000 if he pulls through, or $1,500 if he doesn't. Are you on?'

"I heard my brother say, 'You're on. It's a deal.'

"That bullet hit me right in the center of my intestines. There were twenty-seven punctures. It took me seven months to get well. But I was up and around and boxing again in my gymnasium before a year was out.

"One day Al Capone came here to the restaurant. We chatted a little while about this and that and then all of a sudden he said:

"'Dave, Dion shouldn't have done that to you and I've told him so. He had you all wrong that night and now he knows it. I told him I thought he owed you about $5,000 for doctor bills and so on. So he turned five grand over to me and here it is. Don't let's have any more trouble over it. That money shows he made a mistake, and he's sorry.'"

In Davy's story I was on the edge, at least, of that strange world with its strange codes of gangsters and gunmen, a new and ghastly thing which has grown up right in our own midst, a poison center which is today mystifying the entire 130,000,000 of us. I waited. I could think of no comment to make; maybe you could have. But after a second Mr. Miller, who is by no means humorless, smiled wryly and said:

"Excuse it, please! Getting the wrong man with a gun is just like getting the wrong telephone number!"

No one points his finger at Davy Miller and calls him a gangster. "If they do, they're wrong," said Mr. Miller. "What I have done from the time I was a boy was to fight for my people here in the Ghetto against Irish, Poles or any other nationality. It was sidewalk fighting at first. I could always lick any five boys or men in a sidewalk free-for-all.

Always Ready to Help

"Why, during the Peace Conference, at the very same time that the Poles were trying to get the statesmen to kick all the Jews out of Poland, there were 10,000 Jews here at the restaurant one Sunday afternoon yelling for me to come out and lead them over into the Polish district. The Chicago Poles had made the threat that they were going to come into the Ghetto and have a pogrom against us. Maybe I am a hero to the young folks among my people, but it's not because I'm a gangster. It's be-

Kaufmann-Fabry

John Landesco and Corrado De Sylvester, who have spent five years studying young criminals in the gang centers of Chicago

Acme

Nick Maentanis, Joe Porello and Paul Ross, whose desperate attempt to hold up a house party, abandoned by older criminals as too dangerous, came within an ace of success

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cause I've always been ready to help all or any of them in any pinch."

Hirshie Miller, Davy's brother, is a gangster. He shot and killed two policemen in a black-and-tan night club but did not go to the chair. Indeed, he did not even go to prison for it. Yes, Davy has a gangster brother who has reached what Chicago killers call "top"; has killed policemen and gone scot-free. But, on the other hand, Davy has another brother who is a policeman, who has shot gangsters. Maybe that evens things up.

I hope that all of the foregoing proves that Davy Miller knows gangsterdom, whether he belongs to it or not. I want you to feel that I was talking to an expert in gangdom's ways; not to an evasive public official, not to a sociologist nor to a student of criminology, but to a man who has actually swirled in crime's bloody whirlpool in Chicago.

How do gangsters grow? That was the one question I had come to Miller to ask. And he must know; he's seen them grow.

"They can't help growing, the way things are here in this town," he said—and then he added, "or any other big town.

"In the district where I was raised," he said, "there were only two places where boys could go. One was a pool room. And was it tough? It was a murderers' mill. The other place was a gymnasium. Now, I suppose the only reason I didn't turn out to be a throttler or a gunman was that I happened to like boxing. I went to that gym and I took care of my health like a chorus girl takes care of her finger nails. I didn't smoke, I didn't drink, I didn't stay out late or do much running around with girls. I had something to live and work for, and that saved me. But the boys that picked the pool halls!"

"What about them?"

"It's too long a story and too terrible to remember," he said. "Most of 'em don't live long. Dope, booze, women—hardly worth while being born. They kind of come into the world half-knocked out because they get a lot of hard punches, if you know what I mean, even before they're born. They kind of come into the ring with the clocker counting six or seven on them. Honestly," he said, "look at 'em, the wildest of 'em, the most famous of 'em! They're not healthy and strong and happy—ever.

"You have to catch 'em young, say about 8 or 9, to make 'em as tough as they come in this town.

"It isn't in a kid who's born and lives in one of these gang districts not to be some sort of a gangster, if he's lively and lucky enough. It's about the only thing a kid can get a chance to be."

We're getting ready for indignant and tremendous drives against gangsters and racketeers. The federal government, through Attorney-General Homer S. Cummings, is starting out against them. The United States Senate has a committee under Senator Royal S. Copeland investigating them. I understand that United States Army officials in the Chicago district have worked out, like good soldiers, definite plans for placing the city under martial law and rounding up gangsters whenever the city or state requests it.

The state of Massachusetts is putting dictatorial power into the hands of its attorney-general to try to crush them. But it seems to this writer, who has written many articles about the ways and methods of gangsters, that the time has come to discover, if possible, how syndicate men, racketeers and gangsters are made.

How many times have you heard someone say:

"Well, why stop these gangsters from shooting each other? Why not let them kill each other off and have it over with?"

Smart idea! But it's just about as old-fashioned as the idea that snake-oil makes you limber or that plenty of thick garments will keep the heat away from your body on a hot day.

Every bold or wild shooting in Chicago—or perhaps in any other of our big gang-infested cities, for that matter—creates new gunmen; creates more new gunmen than it destroys, even if the guns kill seven at a time, as they did in the St. Valentine's day massacre in Chicago.

The Urge to Hero Worship

This is because a boy who starts out with a gun and shoots his way to the top of gangdom becomes a hero among all the other boys in his drab neighborhood. He knows it. Even if and after he's killed he's still a hero. This hero worship is the very breath of his boy-life. Have you ever wondered why it is that boys are able to walk to the electric chair, puffing a cigarette, joking with the guards, and pass into eternity without a trace of visible fear? Or how it is that they stand up with guns and with a grim "Let's go!" shoot it out? It's because they come from an astonishing sort of world, right in our midst here in America, that none of us knows or understands. It's because each boy in his home community has his hero worshippers by the score and perhaps by the hundreds.

They, the children, the kids even down to the seven- or eight-year-olds, know what he's doing, idolize him for it, and look at him, pop-eyed, as he goes along the street in his home district. They run errands for him, steal for him, get girls for him. If they are girls they give him their favors, or at least do not resist or complain if he takes them.

And this is all in the world of the children—the world of youth between the ages of about 9 and 19. It's a world separate from parents, elders and schoolteachers; separate from the law—until a fellow goes too far.

We get strange flashes from this world. Two years ago, for instance, a Chicago business man stepped out of his car to argue with a youth whose car had bent the fender of the business man's machine.

That argument didn't last one minute. The boy pulled out a gun and shot the man dead. Then he drove away safely in his car.

The other day this boy, held for another deed, confessed the two-year-old killing. He felt that he had been wronged; the business man had misunderstood him.

"I begged the man," he complained to the police, "not to talk rough with me. I warned him I was a killer and he'd better keep still, but he only went on and said to me, 'Well, why don't you shoot, then, if you're so tough?' So I had to let him have it."

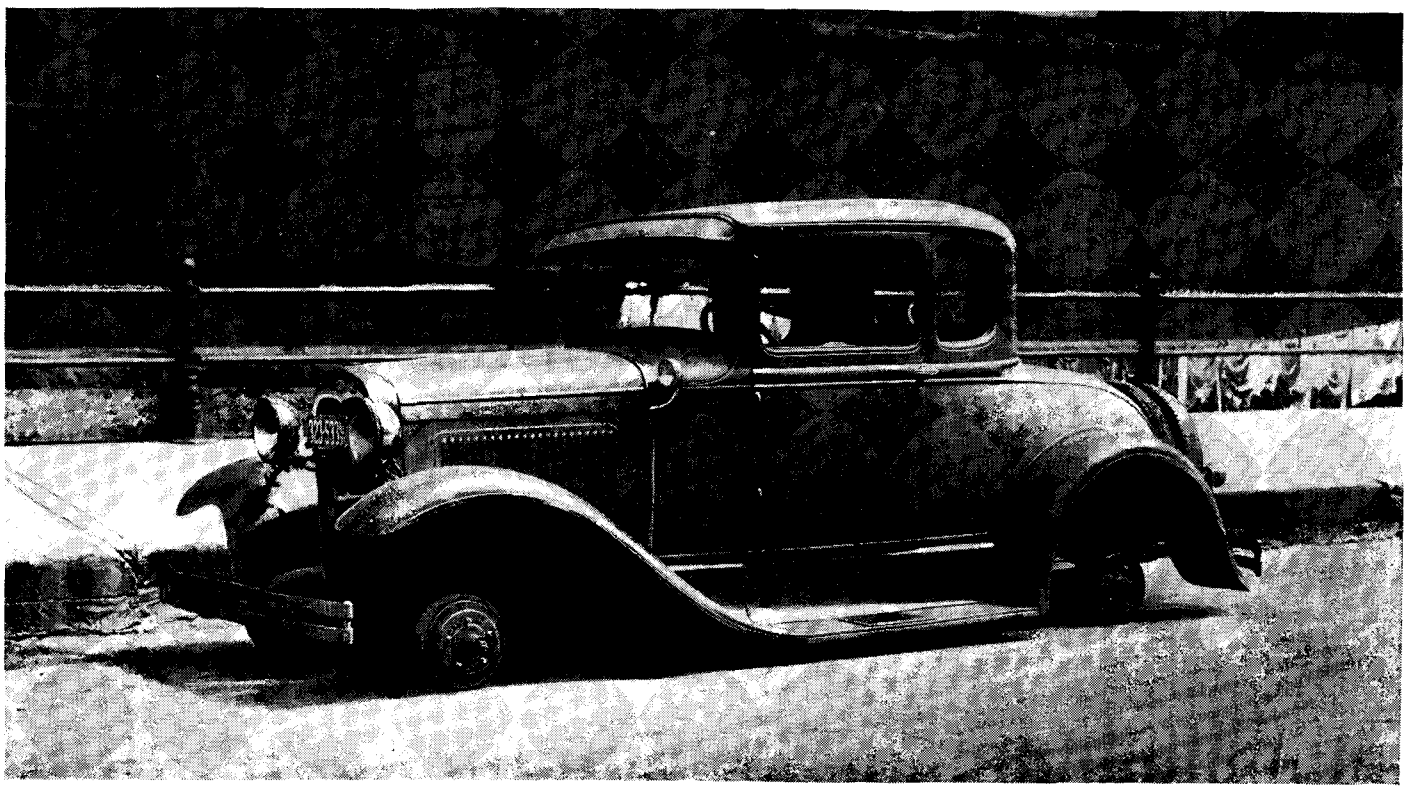
That's a strange flash but a true one. It reveals, as by a streak of lightning, the beliefs, the philosophy and the state of mind of the youth in that unseen and almost unknown world, down underneath our better known and more visible underworld which we read of in the newspapers—the children's underworld where our gunmen and gangsters are grown.

Legends of Terror

"The heroes of the children of this underworld," John H. Landesco told me, "are not Abraham Lincoln or General Grant or Babe Ruth or Jack Dempsey. Not at all. Their heroes are the boys of the neighborhood who turn out to be gangster killers.

"The children know the names and deeds of these killers by heart. They undoubtedly know of crimes which the police do not solve. They become legends which inspire."

(Continued on page 30)



A gang corner of Chicago. Above, a car in the first stage of stripping: the four wheels bring a price of $50—the spares have not yet been taken. Left, pupils at the Church of St. Philip Benizi: every one of them has heard the sound of machine guns. Right, within sight of the stripped "hot" car, boys of the neighborhood playing baseball

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Masquerade

By Deems Taylor

The first short story by the noted American composer of, among other things, "The King's Henchman" and "Peter Ibbetson"

THE Captain stood, arms folded, leaning against a pillar of the grand ballroom of the Hotel Babylon. His rank was not military. In Berlin he would have been Herr Ober; in Paris, Monsieur le Maître d'Hôtel; in Dallas, Texas, he would have been the head waiter. But at the Babylon he was the Captain, in charge of that establishment's army of waiters and bus boys—a man to be reckoned with.

Most restaurant and hotel captains have first names—Jules or George or Nick or Alphonse—by which they are known to the staff and the more solvent and privileged patrons. He had one, too: Etienne. No one ever used it. Mention the Captain to any chronic diner-out in New York, and he knew that you were referring to the tall, immensely polite and efficient head of the dining-rooms at the Babylon, who never forgot a table reservation for the right people or made one for the wrong ones, whose staff never mixed orders or dropped or spilled things, who never raised his voice to give a command or had to repeat one, who smiled often and spoke seldom, but who, when he did speak, would answer you in flawless Parisian French if your own was good enough. If it was not, he would answer you in equally flawless English.

At the moment, for all the seeming ease of his posture, he was at work. It was two o'clock in the morning—zero hour for him. For this was the night of the Picture-Book Ball, and 2 A. M. was the supper hour, when five hundred people interrupted their dancing to sit down at small tables and demand—and get—perfect and simultaneous service.

YOU have, of course, heard of the Picture-Book Ball, the most glamorous and exciting event in New York's mid-winter calendar, the completely satisfying gratification of the universal human desire to dress up and sally forth disguised as someone else. People begin angling months ahead of time for the engraved invitations that give the lucky recipients the privilege of paying twenty-five dollars apiece for tickets. The decision of the committee as to what this year's costumes shall represent is awaited with breathless interest by every theatrical costumer in the city. Social careers have been made and wrecked by the arrival or nonarrival of invitations. Family ties have been known to crack under the strain of trying to determine whether a wife's costume shall be made to order or hired.

As a rule, the costumes for the Picture-Book Ball are confined, by order of the committee, to some definite period—Early American, Third Empire, Renaissance, or the like. This year, by way of variety, the committee had decreed that the guests come dressed to represent historic scoundrels. Your costume might be of whatever period you chose, so long as it was recognizable as that of someone whose evil deeds had lived after him.

The result was brilliant. Never before had the ballroom mirrors reflected garments of such variegated cut and color. There were, naturally, some unavoidable duplications. One could identify no less than twelve Neros, for example, ten Robin Hoods, eight Captains Kidd, four Richards the Third, and a half dozen Lucrezia Borgias. Also present and more or less easily recognizable were several Dick Turpins, Marats, Catherines of Russia, François Villons, and Cinderella's stepmothers.

Instantly the smile faded as if someone had struck him

ALSO, points of view differed, and some of the costumes reflected the differences with considerable emphasis. One very tall Englishman could be seen dressed as Napoleon, glaring truculently at a short and defiant Frenchman who was unmistakably Lloyd George. Two rival society matrons had come as Queen Elizabeth and Mary Stuart, and an enterprising Jewish banker who came as Adolf Hitler had spent an unhappy evening being mistaken for Charlie Chaplin. These, however, were minor calamities. Everyone was flushed, excited, and well pleased with himself—everyone, that is, with the exception of the Captain, who never appeared excited about anything, and who, standing apart, was keeping a piercing and all-seeing eye upon his flat-footed cohorts. He may have found the occasion somewhat more diverting than the regulation $2.50 table d'hôte; if he did, he made no sign.

Freddie Conway, on the other hand, was having the time of his life, and made no secret of it. In the first place, his costume was a distinct success. In the second, he was enjoying a brief reputation for original thinking that was as novel and exhilarating as it was undeserved. Third, he seemed, after months of unavailing hard work, to have attracted the favorable attention of Joan Everest.

The costume had been pure inspiration. Months before, maddened by ennui during a rainy week-end on Long Island, Freddie had opened a book. It happened to be Volume Three of a five-volume history of the Great War. Rapidly turning the pages in order to find the pictures, Freddie had chanced upon a portrait of the Grand Duke Ivan, who, as he discovered from the caption, had betrayed the Ninth Russian Army to the Germans in 1917.

Cocktails having been announced, he had promptly forgotten the grand duke. Much later, however, after Jack Forster and Ted Winters had announced that they were going to the Picture-Book Ball as Rasputin and Prince Yussupoff, and would devote the evening to assassinating each other, he had thought of his discovery. From what he remembered of the caption under the portrait, here was a villain whose blackness far outshone, so to speak, the combined iniquity of the mad priest and his princely eradicator.

HASTILY obtaining another week-end invitation, he had sought out Volume Three again, and discovered that he had indeed picked the ideal scoundrel. In the course of the ensuing fortnight, after arduous searchings of the back files of the New York newspapers in the unfamiliar surroundings of the Public Library, he had become something of an authority on the Grand Duke Ivan. The result of his research work was on exhibition tonight, and he was reaping a rich reward for his toil.

Freddie was a husky young man. If he had not been elected to Phi Beta Kappa at college, he had at least narrowly missed being elected an All-America tackle. The uniform of the Imperial

(Continued on page 42)

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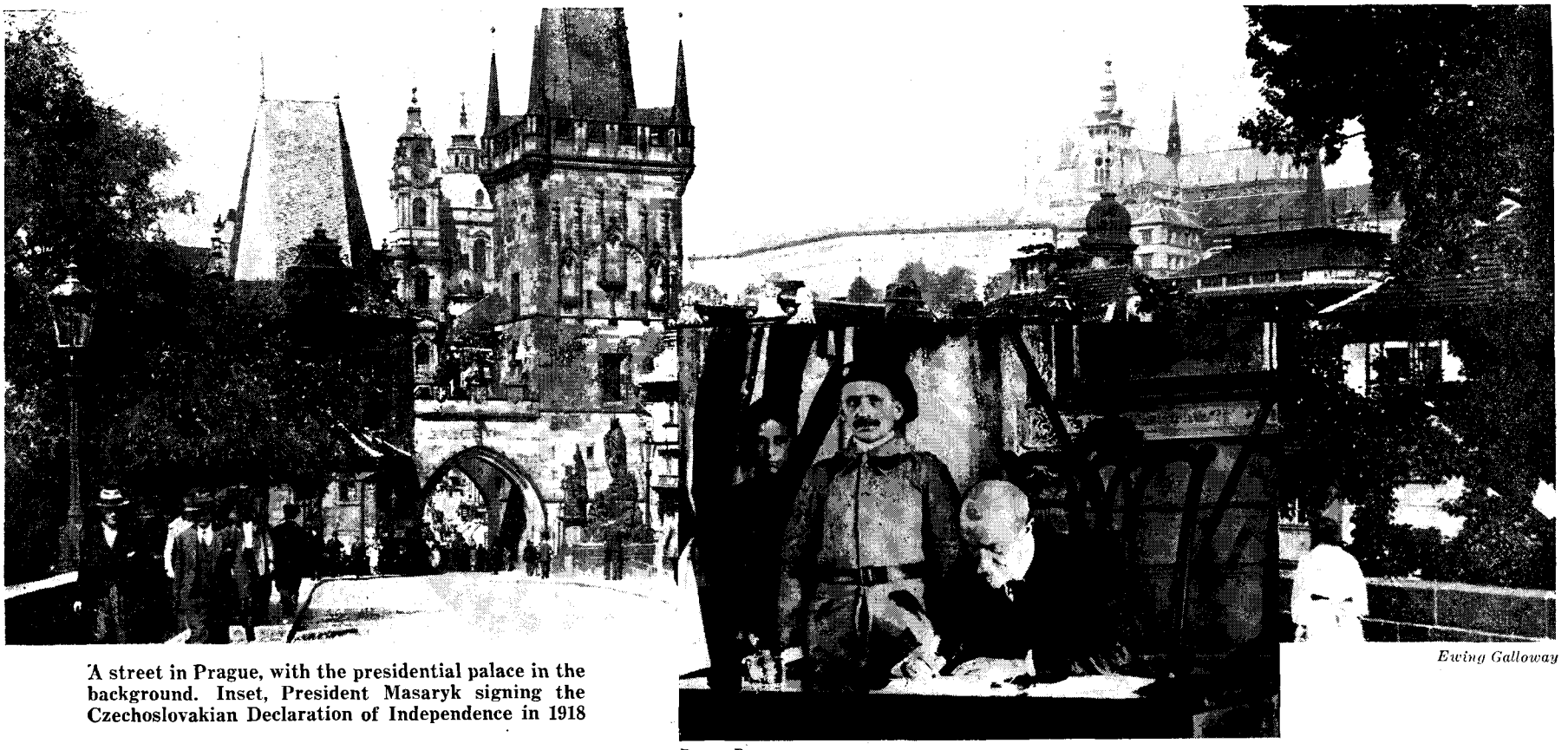

A street in Prague, with the presidential palace in the background. Inset, President Masaryk signing the Czechoslovakian Declaration of Independence in 1918

Ewing Galloway

Brown Bros.

The Democrat who made Good

He began life as a blacksmith, became a schoolteacher, then an exile, married an American girl, created a country; now in his superb citadel in Prague he enjoys the distinction of being constitutional President for life

An exclusive interview with President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia

By T. R. Ybarra

MANY centuries ago Plato imagined an ideal State, with philosophers for its rulers. Today, amid the sufferings and storms of Europe, there is a republic which—though far from ideal, since it has its share of human weaknesses—is fortunate enough to have a philosopher as President.

Masaryk is his name—Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, President of the Republic of Czechoslovakia. He lives in a wing of the Hradçany, that magnificent old pile dominating Prague, the Czechoslovak capital, which—comprising in its vastness citadel and palace and cathedral—is to every Czech the incarnation of his patriotism, the very heart and soul of his native land.

There, in a study lined with bookcases, at a desk whence he can see the glistening Vltava River flowing under Prague's picturesque bridges, among Prague's towers and steeples and massive old buildings, President Masaryk sits and works—he, Thomas Masaryk, in early life a blacksmith; later a penniless teacher; in riper manhood a political prisoner, immured in a dungeon; and, at an age when most men have settled down to enjoy what they have gathered from life, a needy exile, fighting, in alien lands, to bring to reality a country which had existence only in his dreams!

But now! Now Czechoslovakia is a reality; and Thomas Masaryk can say that, in so far as one man can make a country, he has made Czechoslovakia. And he can reflect that he is the first man ever mentioned in the Constitution of a country ("The first President of Czechoslovakia," reads the Czechoslovak Constitution, "shall be Thomas Garrigue Masaryk"). And he can boast that, in the fifteen years during which he has been at the head of his country's government, he has kept that government a democracy; also that, though he is still living, streets and squares and buildings have been named after him throughout his native land, whose grateful people have conferred upon him the position of President of Czechoslovakia for life.

Upon all these things he can reflect—and one could easily pardon him if reflection had brought to him a measure of conceit.

An Oasis of Democracy

Yet, when I had climbed the hill on which the Hradçany sits enthroned, and had passed, at its gate, a sentinel with fixed bayonet, and, beyond him, a whole squad of soldiers on guard, and, in the outer portions of the presidential palace, still more soldiers, and secretaries, and attendants, and had penetrated at last to President Masaryk's study, I found a modest, courteous, charming old gentleman, apparently quite unaffected by his eminent position and world-wide fame. Except for the whiteness of his mustache and beard, and the ribbon in the lapel of his morning coat, and the tired look in his old eyes (he is now in his eighty-fourth year), Thomas Masaryk might still have been, judging from the modesty of his bearing, the unknown young man who, more than fifty years ago, crossed the Atlantic to the United States, to marry the American girl with whom he had fallen in love.

I had come straight from Germany, then in a most feverish stage of Hitlerism. Therefore, Prague—with Hitler on the north, Stalin eastward, Mussolini southward and, in the west, Franklin Roosevelt gathering unto himself dictatorial powers—seemed an oasis of democracy. This feeling became all the stronger when Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, who throughout his life has fostered and upheld democracy, courteously came forward to greet me. So my first question, as I sat down by his desk, was the one which is in the minds of so many people all over the world nowadays:

"Is democracy doomed?"

The veteran democrat answered with an impatient gesture—one with which I was to become well-acquainted in the course of the interview—a contemptuous sweep of his right hand from left to right, suggestive of philosophy brushing aside silly, mundane trifles.

"No!" he said scornfully. "The fact that a number of countries are now under dictators does not mean at all the downfall of democracy. Democracy is progressing. Democracy will continue to progress. Democracy will not die.

"I see a crisis in democracy at the present time—but, I repeat, there is absolutely no danger of its downfall. The present crisis is like the crisis in an illness. When a patient reaches it, what do his physicians do? Feel that all hope is gone, that it is necessary for the patient to die? Not at all! They look upon the crisis as something to be combated, to be overcome.

"Democracy is a modern institution. It dates, as we know it, only from the French Revolution and the American Revolution—so it is only about one hundred and fifty years old. Now, compare with the age of democracy that of monarchy!"

The old statesman moved in his chair so that he could look down on the roofs of Prague, and on the Vltava, bright in the sunshine below.

"Dictatorships are a revival, in a way, of absolute monarchy," he said. "Look at the Hitler dictatorship in Germany; in it is a revival of the military spirit of the old German Empire. Look at the dictatorship in Italy and in Russia: both these countries, like Germany, have been educated under monarchy. The populations of Germany and Italy and Russia are used to dictatorship. Therefore, when they come under a dictator, they do not feel it as something strange; it is the sort of thing to which they have been accustomed in the past. And that is true no matter what sort of dictator they may come under—call him Hitler or what you will."

Dictators Must Be Democratic

And here, still seemingly drawing his words from an invisible world of philosophic thoughts, President Masaryk made an acute diagnosis of the basic character of dictatorships.

"Here is something," he said, "which must be remembered by those who fear that democracy is doomed and that dictatorship is destined to take its place: Do not the dictators of the present day lean, after all, on democratic forms? Are they not men who have come from the people? Why—even dictators today must be democratic!

"Has Italy chosen a dictator from her royal house? Has Germany? No! Mussolini is a man of humble origin, yet he has been accepted by the Italian people as its ruler. And what was Hitler? A simple worker, a man of the people, a house painter.

"Everywhere I see democracy in development. I don't believe for a moment in all this talk one hears about parliamentary government being a thing of the past.

"Where, in the world of today, do you find any monarchies rising? Nowhere!

(Continued on page 47)

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Manhattan Love Song

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

FOUR young Californians—Fanny Furness, Madge Rountree, Chris Thring and Mack Wise—come to New York together. All secure jobs; and all are happy—except Fanny. In love with Chris, she has learned that he, like Mack, is in love with Madge!

Weeks pass. Then Chris, in obvious distress, comes to her. "Fanny," he says, "Madge and Mack have gone to the Coast, to be married. I'm clearing out—shipping on the first boat I can find.". . . Alone, wretched, Fanny receives a pleasant surprise. Her employer, a theatrical producer, gives her a part in a play which is going into rehearsal. Just before the opening night, however, she learns that Chris—ill, penniless, without friends—is in town. She goes to him, nurses him, saves his life. And presently they are married.

The happiest days of Fanny Furness' life follow. Then Madge and Mack return from California. Their "love" has vanished—they are not married! Before a month has passed, Fanny learns to her dismay that Madge and Chris are meeting secretly. And Madge (a clever actress) makes no effort to conceal her feelings. "I love Chris," she says to Fanny. "And I know why he married you. You nursed him, saved his life. He felt indebted to you. I know, because he told me." Fanny makes an effort to be calm. "All right, Madge," she replies. "Get him away from me, *if you can!*"

Chris, working for a law firm, must go to Scarsdale to discuss a case with Mr. Mockby, one of his employers, and another lawyer. He telephones Fanny, asks her to find some important papers bearing on the case and bring them to him at 4 P. M., at the Grand Central station. His train, he says, leaves at 4:10.

That afternoon Fanny goes to the Public Library to return a law book Chris has borrowed. A note slips from the volume. A cryptic love-note to Chris from Madge! Utterly wretched, Fanny goes home, finds the papers, puts them in a bag, and takes a subway for the station. She arrives too late—the 4:10 has pulled out. And Chris is not waiting for her!

What to do? Fanny makes her decision quickly—sends a wire to Mr. Mockby, telling him she is leaving on the 5:21 with the papers. Then—"I wish I were dead and buried," she thinks, as she slumps into a seat in the waiting-room.

VIII

EVERYTHING was slow, maddeningly slow today, and every wasted instant seemed to be beating on her heart like a pulse. The train home had been one long drag, the train downtown had seemed to stop meaninglessly in the dark between stations for endless, precious seconds; now the train was dawdling, stopping, starting again—

Fanny put what mental, moral, physical pressure she could upon her impatience. The train was hot, crowded; she looked at her reflection in the dusty window and reasoned with herself:

"You might as well be calm. Whatever is going to happen will happen. Things like this seem terribly exciting when they are going on, and in a few hours they seem completely unimportant. In a few hours you'll have had a bath in the Mockbys' spare room, and you'll have your crêpe on and be going down to dinner and to play bridge.

"One hour never made a difference to anyone. Chris'll be there; I'll tell him that I forgot the notes and had to go back. No, I'll tell them— What's the truth anyway? I might as well tell them that."

She opened her suitcase; the long manila envelope was safe. Fanny closed the case carefully, left the train holding it tightly.

"They can't kill me, and Chris will survive it, and if he's really as good as they say they'll have forgotten the whole thing by tomorrow—or day after tomorrow.

"I wish it *was* the day after tomorrow!

"Chris, dear," her thoughts ran uneasily, "this is the most ridiculous thing. I was downtown to see Mack about the radio thing, and returning your book—"

THE memory of the book and of the note that had dropped from the book stabbed her, and she reflected that if Chris had come home none of this would have happened; they would have had their happy Saturday lunch, and gone down to the train together.

"Taxi?" a man asked, touching a yellow cap.

"Oh, yes—wait a minute, please! Do you know where the Mockbys live?"

"You mean Jesse Mockby's place?" the man asked after consideration.

"I guess so. Anyway, it's the lawyer."

"Sure, that's him. It's quite a ways. It'll cost you," the taximan said, interpreting her look correctly, "about eighty cents."

Fanny looked in her purse; the fare was there, and with it some twenty cents more. But her ticket to Scarsdale had been an unexpected expense, and this taxi trip would cut her down to pennies.

"Madam, you were so kind to me in the train," said a nice old voice apologetically at her side. The old man who had been sitting next to her was addressing her. They had been talking of hard times, Fanny blithely reminding him that she knew no other, and he had said that his destination was also Scarsdale, but she had not noticed his presence on the platform until now. It was dark in the strange town except where the station lights pierced the sweet cool night with tunnels of brilliance. Little cars had been scuttling away busily; the scene was almost deserted now. "Did you say," said the old man humbly, "that you were going to Mr. Jesse Mockby's? That—he is my friend. Or, rather, we used to be friends. I had hoped to see him tonight."

"I have to go out there," Fanny said a little dubiously. He was not an especially impressive companion; he was a nice old man, but he looked poor and forlorn; she had been only a shade too shy to offer him twenty-five cents, for his dinner, on the train. If he were really a friend of old Judge Mockby that would have been embarrassing.

But perhaps he wasn't. In any case, it would be a little trying to arrive late with profuse apologies and explanations, and with this rather disreputable old citizen in tow. However, there was no help for it. He had told her his name was Eugene Towler and that he came from Sydney, Australia. She said now politely: "I'd be glad to have you come with me, Mr. Towler."

The old man immediately climbed into the waiting cab, and Fanny got in after him, and they set off with a great sweep through the quiet streets. It was now just half past six, and Fanny was conscious of very much wanting her dinner. It was a relief, after about ten minutes of fast driving, to find themselves entering big gates, and approaching a rather formidable mansion, whose front door gushed light. Fanny rushed across the gravel, up the shallow steps, addressed a butler smilingly:

"Mr. Mockby?"

"ONE moment, madam; I'll see if he's in." An elderly man and woman were at that moment descending the stairs with great dignity. The butler spoke to them. The woman came forward to the open doorway, and said mildly: "You want Mr. Mockby?"

"My husband was to meet me here," said Fanny. "He's in Mr. Mockby's law firm—"

"Oh, then it's the Gerald Mockbys you want. They're at the other side of town, quite near the station. They're—relatives of my husband. But we—we—" She hesitated, and over her delicate, middle-aged face a flush spread. "But you've let your taxi go?" she asked concernedly.

Fanny was experiencing the horrible sensations of the sleeper who must run from some overpowering terror, and whose feet are firmly glued to the ground. A great weariness began to envelop her, a great need to see Chris—to hear his voice, and feel his arm about her.

"I'm—I'm afraid I did," Fanny said.

"Wait," Mrs. Mockby said thoughtfully, looking at her. "Come with me. I'll have Jake—Jesse," she said to the old man, "have Jake bring the little car 'round. We'll send this young lady to Ger— to Judge Mockby's."

"Jake," the man expostulated in a low voice, "will just be having his dinner, my dear."

"HIS dinner can wait!" Mrs. Mockby persisted mildly, and after a minute her husband reluctantly went after the butler, shaking his head. "Come upstairs with me—it'll be a few minutes; our old Jake is very slow," the woman said then. "It's just the time I usually watch my daughter putting the children to bed. Her husband is a naval officer, so we're fortunate enough to have them with us a good deal."

Such beautiful, spacious, softly warmed halls; such a pleasant, comfortable house, with a hint of dinner preparations under way, and a suggestion of books and music and hospitality and old-fashioned home life. Fanny, weary and grimy and nervous, saw beauty and luxury on all sides, was presently introduced into a nursery, where a wood fire was leaping reflected in a hundred white tiles, and where three small children in woolly pajamas were running and shouting in the warm glow.

"You're—?" Mrs. Mockby said, with a glance at Fanny.

"Mrs. Thring."

"Mrs.—?" Her pleasant, faded smile again. "You seem so young! This is my daughter, Mrs. Bull, Mrs. Thring. And these are John and Kenneth and Melissa."

"You see them at their wildest," Mrs. Bull said, in unconcealed pride. "Here's Gram now, Jackie, so stop sucking it, and let me throw the horrid old thing in the fire. Their latest," the young mother went on, with a glance for Fanny, "is to save their chop or chicken bones—oh, finish their suppers, apple sauce and cookies and all—then bring forth these disgusting bones, and go on with the gnawing indefinitely. Sweetheart, it's all nassy—let me throw it in the fire!"

"Oh, Mummy," mourned John, leaning against her knee, watching the incineration regretfully.

"Come on now, Ken, you're all un-

Illustrated by Walter C. Klett

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"I've been doing stupid things all day," Fanny said, "but I'm not so sorry for this one"

buttoned down the back!" She buried her face in the three-year-old's neck for a kiss as her right hand moved busily down the line of buttonholes. "Mutton fat all over your face!" she said.

FANNY sat in a deep chair and watched; she was the instant slave of all children, and these were exquisite children. The baby, fourteen months old, with scarlet touches of tooth-rash on her small face, and mutinous dark eyes bright under dark curls, had tottered to a safe distance, and had been watching the visitor from cover suspiciously. Now, suddenly abandoning all caution, she gave a wild shriek in which only the word "yoddy" could be distinguished, and dashed forward into the center of the group, drunkenly.

"Her wants her dolly," John said soberly, even momentously. He glanced expectantly at his mother.

"Oh, yes, poor yoddy. Where is at 'at baby's yoddy?" Mrs. Bull took it up sympathetically.

"Gone!" Melissa pronounced at her mother's knee in a little liquid voice of grieving.

"This is acting," said the mother. "We dramatize everything. Has Kate got her?"

"No Kate," Melissa said, shaking her curls.

"Maybe we left her in the garden!" exclaimed Mrs. Bull, dramatizing it suddenly in her turn. "Oh, dear, dear, dear!"

"No gargon," the baby mourned with the same business as before. "Dee, dee, dee!"

"She's tryin' to say garden!" crooned John. He laughed exhaustively, and Kenneth, watching his face, laughed with tremendous gusto and affectation. "She's tryin' to say garden," he added loudly, tugging at his mother's elbow as she sat on a low chair by the fire. And immediately he began to shout angrily: "She's tryin' to say garden, Mother; she's tryin' to say garden; she's tryin' to say garden!"

"Jackie, hush, not so loud! Darling, you're deafening us! Baby, let Mum wipe your little face—"

JOHN, unabashed, lowered his tone, but continued his chant, this time directly to Melissa:

"Were you tryin' to say garden, honey? Were you tryin' to say garden, honey? That was good, Baby—that was *good*—that was good—aw, you little honey—"

"Jackie, take your arms from right around her head when I'm trying to wash her face, dear. It makes her nervous to be hugged when she's getting her face washed. That's right, go show Mrs. Thring how you can almost stand on your head. Not so close to the fire, dear, your feet might fall right in and get burned, like poor Peter's in the book. They choose the strangest moments for showing affection," Mrs. Bull observed to Fanny, in an aside.

John was now tugging at Fanny furiously, and shouting over and over again: "Do you want to see my Peter book; do you want to see my Peter book?"

"Jack, if you can't be quieter you'll have to bring your chair and sit here nicely for a while. My darling, what is it?"

This last was in a sort of scream, as, putting Melissa down hastily and pushing John aside, the mother caught at the shrieking Ken, whose deep cries brought his grandmother to her feet to bend anxiously over him, and brought the nurse running from the adjoining room, with a crib sheet in her hands.

"What did he do—what is it—what did he do?" the agitated voices chorused. "My precious, show Mummy.

(Continued on page 44)

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Front-Wheel Drive

By R. G. Kirk

Of the house behind the birches, where Courage dwelt—and a dog who belonged there

OF ALL sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: "Now you go home!" You can ask Moses.

You can, in fact, ask any English bulldog. But you would get a more authoritative reply from Moses, who was the going-alongest dog since Hector was a pup.

And that morning, of all mornings, Moses wanted to go along. Nora deHavin, who was very beautiful and very slim, standing beside her husband's car, looked down at Moses; and her eyes, which were the odd slate color of a Kerry-blue terrier's coat, glistened suspiciously. Moses cocked his great block of a head and looked up at his lovely mistress, and wagged himself from the ears south.

"You going along too?" asked that ingratiating wriggle; and with the inquiry Moses smiled invitation—from the ears north.

But Moses, although he didn't know it, wasn't going along, himself, that morning. Old Blunderbuss was going along, and Valkyr III was going along, and Mrs. Grady. And the sad part was that they weren't coming back. But Moses was staying—for a while at least.

Moses was the last of the Mohicans. Moses was the house pup. Old Blunderbuss and Valkyr III and Mrs. Grady all were kennel dogs, grand specimens of their breed, almost as grand as Moses, and almost as much beloved. But their ménage was canine. They lived and moved and had their rough-and-tumble being in the perfectly appointed deHavin bulldog kennels.

The lovely old deHavin place had been constructed in a day when houses were put up to stay. But just the same it would have been sheer folly to turn loose that bully trio in it. In 9.3 by the stop-watch they would have romped down flatter than a flapjack any house not of reinforced concrete and temblor-proofed.

OLD BLUNDERBUSS and Valkyr III and Mrs. Grady were the famous deHavin Wrecking Crew, known as such not only because they had smashed up the blue-ribbon prospects of many a rival bulldog kennel, but because combined, in action, they comprised a major earthquake. So they lived at the kennels, with their long, clean exercise runs, and their spick-and-span small houses; and to add social interest to their days, there came recurrent gangs of rollicking, staggering, big-footed puppies, sweet enough to melt the heart of a cast-iron hyena.

But Moses alone had been the deHavin major-domo, and with the years had shown continually to those with whom he dwelt that beautiful combination of superb strength and perfect gentleness of heart which is the unmatchable charm of all true English bulldogs; and which made Moses, in truth, one of the household. And that's why Moses wasn't going with the Wrecking Crew that day.

Judge Harrow had bought the Wrecking Crew. Three hundred dollars for Old Blunderbuss, and three for Valkyr III, and five for Mrs. Grady. Think of it: eleven hundred dollars for three bulldogs like the Wrecking Crew. Some depression—but a great break for the judge, who even before the smash-up had many of the finest bulldogs in America. Well, if everybody continued to hide behind that corner, waiting for prosperity to come around it to them, it was likely that the judge would have all the finest bulldogs in America.

But he didn't have the very finest—yet. He didn't have Front-Wheel-Drive Moses. He had offered nine hundred for him. But Moses, you see, was one of the deHavin family.

Mr. Becky deHavin—christened Arbuthnot Beckwith, but a regular in spite of name or nickname—was departing that morning with three of the last four of the famous deHavin bulldogs. He was delivering them to Judge Harrow. A. Beckwith, like many another young man of his day, had pledged the ancestral acres to the tree tops to engage in the then favorite enterprise of expanding. And he was now about to make another payment to the piper for his present sour tunes. He was about to liquidate one hundred and eighty pounds of bulldogs.

NORA DEHAVIN said to him, "Goodby, A. B."—and these initials did not signify Arbuthnot Beckwith. They were the old and solid nautical A. B. They stood for able-bodied—in this case, able-bodied husband. "Goodby, A. B.," the charming slate-eyed lady said. "And hold out for twelve hundred for big Moses."

And the A. B. replied, "Aye, aye! Twelve hundred, Skipper; or he stays right where he doggone is!"

"And if you get the figure up to that," the Skipper said, "you might find out if he'd be interested in any of the children."

That wasn't just exactly like the Skipper. That came pretty close to bitterness. But for a good long while the Skipper and her husband had been taking them on the chin. And there never had been a bulldog like big Moses. Fact is, there never had been many like Old Blunderbuss or Valkyr III or Mrs. Grady. But Moses was different. Moses was folks.

Becky deHavin said, "I know, Skipper. I know how it is. But the ante is five thousand, and we'll have to sell Moses to raise it. Either that, or the mortgage outfit gets the place. You can't rent an establishment this size today for enough to pay the interest and taxes. Allah be witness; we have tried. The judge is really being splendid in his offers for the dogs, considering. What's more, he really loves the breed. Big Moses will be all right with him. . . . Aw, listen, Skipper. Let's flit by the light of the moon and let the mortgage outfit have the place. The previous five thousand left the stables empty, the garage with nothing in it but The Ark, and not a Royal Kirman on our floors. This time it's taking your last chunk of ice, including the jolly old engagement ring, the Wrecking Crew and Moses. What will we raise the next five thousand with?" . . . Just as though they hadn't been over all that a thousand times before.

But the Skipper said, "Listen yourself, A. B." And she wagged an adorable forefinger under her able-bodied husband's nose. "Listen yourself. This place of ours has seen a lot of loving. Your mother and your dad, your granddad, and his dad before him—all have been carried out of it. You carried me over the threshold into it. Here I bore your children. You love this old place; but you love me more—give me six kisses; stop it; six, I said—and so, to take a tough job off my back, you'd give up this grand fight. Well, here's my last word, Husband, and let's hear no more about it. When we drive out of this sweet place, we drive out in the gardener's flivver, stony broke. We hang on till the last nickel's shot. This isn't an estate. This isn't an investment. It's a home. . . . Do you think you could get the judge up to fifteen hundred for big Moses, A. B.?"

Stout Skipper. She had let out all the help—all the young ones, that is. The young ones would get along somehow. Those she had kept on were not really help. They were too old to be much of a help. She had stopped their pay, but kept them. They had not questioned and she had not offered to explain. They understood. The old roof still was over them. They had shared its fortunes and misfortunes long before it ever came to shelter these last two beautiful young lovers. These old ones pottered, helping as they could. The Skipper worked. No pose. No silly fiddling at it. Getting into it. With her hands; with her strong young back. The house was never brighter. The bread was never sweeter. Helpmate; there's a word for you.

"FIFTEEN hundred, mind you," Nora deHavin said that morning. . . . "Well, thirteen fifty, anyhow." She crouched and took the big block head of Moses between her hands and roughed it. "Twelve hundred isn't half enough for you, even in these days, is it, old brontosaurus?"

Becky deHavin leaned out and got a kiss for himself. Then with a heavy heart, and eleven hundred dollars' worth of bulldogs—par value near three thousand—he let The Ark roll down the drive across the lawn, and through the grove of birches toward the gates.

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

Orders. Home he would go. Try to stop him!

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He had a great way, Moses had, of getting on laps. Becky said: "It's your move now. You push down on his head"

And, when he came out on the highway side of the grove, there, up ahead of him, rocked old Front-Wheel Drive. He knew a short cut through the trees, did Moses.

Front-Wheel-Drive Moses was, at the same time, the full registered, and the entirely appropriate name for this best deHavin bulldog—although, occasionally, for short they called him Holy. Front-Wheel Drive is, indeed, a proper name for any first-class bulldog.

Did you ever watch one's gait? Trot? Amble, canter, gallop? No, none of these. I think he must galumph. Remember Carroll's doughty hero, who, after slaying the Jabberwock, came galumphing back? The singer of that deathless saga failed to say what dauntless steed his hero rode to combat. But I have always felt it was a bulldog. At any rate, no other dog—no other animal in the world in fact—moves like old Sourmug. No other animal does his running all up front.

A bulldog is the most specialized of dogs. He has the most special of all canine jobs. Several breeds excel at running, several at swimming, several at trailing, retrieving, big game hunting. But only one breed in the world was formed to pin a bull. So a bulldog is all up in front. He is made for going in; for facing odds, terrific odds. In him there are no mechanisms for retreat; no works for turning tail. In fact he doesn't have much tail to turn. A great build, that would be, for tackling a depression.

THERE never was a bulldog with as much of him up front as Moses had. Head like the shock end of a battering ram. Neck like the shaft to drive it. The front legs, bulged with muscle till the straight bones of them seemed bowed, were wide-spread, with the great barrel of a chest swung low between them. A little less road clearance and his oil-pan would have bumped the high spots. But the belly was tucked up closely under the high-roached back, and the loins narrowed suddenly, bringing the back legs close together.

Front-Wheel Drive was right. The latter end of Moses seemed to have little or nothing to do with going places. The huge front plowed ahead, surging with power. The lighter back legs paddled along, a little stiffly, the back feet skimming the ground, tiptoe, without much lift, just fast enough so that the rear would not be left behind.

There, up ahead of Becky deHavin and his Ark, the grand old pup galumphed, to beat him to the gate.

This was a rite with Moses. All cars, both calling and domestic, all delivery trucks, all messenger motorcycles, all visiting laundrymen, nursery people and the like, had to be given ceremonious farewell, and had to be invited cordially to call again. And if the driver of car or truck knew what was good for bulldogs, he stopped at the gates, called the escort to the running board, reached down and gave him a couple of lusty wallops on the ribs—and so departed with a bulldoggy blessing, than which there is nothing this side of heaven more beatitudinous.

Moses knew that he was not to go out through the gates. So, with the caller Godsped on his way, Moses would charge back on his short cut through the birch grove, roll up across the lawn, and go on with whatever house affairs were at the time demanding his attention. But if you happened to be a member of the household, then mere rib whackings did not end the ritual of departure. You had something else to do. Otherwise Moses might follow, trailing you out onto the dangerous highway, and galumphing after your car as far as he could see it, short nose snorting, and tongue out yards and yards. Moses was, you had to keep in mind, the going-alongest dog up to his time. So, if you belonged to Moses' outfit, you had to tell him, after you had thumped his slats goodby, "Now you go home. Good dog." . . . Of all sad words of tongue or pen!

BECKY DEHAVIN told him that, that morning. And big Moses turned and paddled off—an elegant demonstration of the fact that when you teach a bulldog, he stays taught. The teaching is not always easy, for bulldogs have ideas; and when instructions run athwart them, they insist on being shown. Then what is needed for persuasion is not rough stuff, but a store of patience, a lot of understanding—and more brains than the bulldog.

Moses certainly wanted to go along that day. His pals were in that car: the Wrecking Crew—Old Blunderbuss and Valkyr III and Mrs. Grady. Something doing when that rough-house trio got together. Moses wanted to be in on it. It made a silly lump come up in Becky deHavin's throat. But he managed to say, "Go home now, Moses. Good dog." And up the drive, galumphing, Moses went. At the edge of the birches he stopped, hope in the lifted ears; but seeing the gates swing shut, he made for his short cut through the trees, barged into the brush and disappeared. Orders; and since he had previously been persuaded that the idea back of them was sound, he would carry them out. Home he would go. Let anything try to stop him.

Becky deHavin stuck to twelve hundred for his dog that day, and stuck so unshakably that the judge said at last:

"What did I miss last time I looked that shortnose over? Has he got diamond fillings in his teeth, or something?"

"Here's an idea," said deHavin. "You can't see all of Moses in fifteen minutes. You really ought to take an evening to it. Come home with me today, for dinner, and a couple hours of general bulldoggery."

"If I do, I'm lost," the judge laughed. "But I know something of deHavin cookery, and it should be worth the risk."

. Home again, Becky deHavin left his guest in the library with an issue of Thorobreds, and made for the kitchen.

"Avast! You in the galley, there!" he roared. "What do you know about machinery? Drop that egg-beater and give me fourteen kisses. And listen, wench, who keeps this place so speckless? Come on. Let's see those hands! . . . Ah, Skipper, you game old sport, let's highball. Let's let the mortgage outfit take the place."

"The mortgage outfit and what man's army?" Nora deHavin asked.

THE Skipper certainly turned out a job of work that night. She knew the judge's weakness, and she unveiled a roast of pig and yams and apples to make a man believe that she had been a pig and yam and apple roaster all her life—a dinner of divine simplicity which she tried to credit to Suzette.

But the judge said, "Listen, Lady. Old Suzette has been upstairs girl for the deHavins so many years, I'll bet she's lost right now, trying to find her way back to the kitchen. She couldn't fry a watermelon. I kiss your hand, Madame. And let me say that my great hope is that the men of America have as much of the old fight in them as their women have."

And Moses! Did he put on a feature preview? There was no need for Moses to do a thing but be in sight to demonstrate himself as a bulldog. But it was as a member of society that he really shone. And before the evening was a quarter gone, the old crocodile was up on the judge's lap, the entire sixty-three pounds of him, his sooty nose shoved inside the judge's jacket, snoring his everlasting ears loose.

He had a great way, Moses had, of getting up on laps. He would put his two thick clubs of forelegs up across your thigh, and then stand there, expectant, waiting for you to use the brains the Lord had given you, and to do your part in this matter. He did this with the judge. . . . Of course, now, if you didn't care for bulldogs on your lap—

Becky deHavin said to the judge, "It's your move now. You push down on his head."

So the judge pushed down on that chunk of adamant—and up the light back end flipped, without a scramble; and there he was, all set for a pleasant evening of skull rubbing.

"Nevertheless," the judge laughed, after this absurd performance, "the bid is still nine hundred. *C'est la stagnation.* And listen folks; whether you let him go or not, you ought to have a good watchdog out here. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll meet your figure this way. My own guard dog, Max, the Dobermann Pinscher, sired some pups about a year ago. I still own the best one of

(Continued on page 34)

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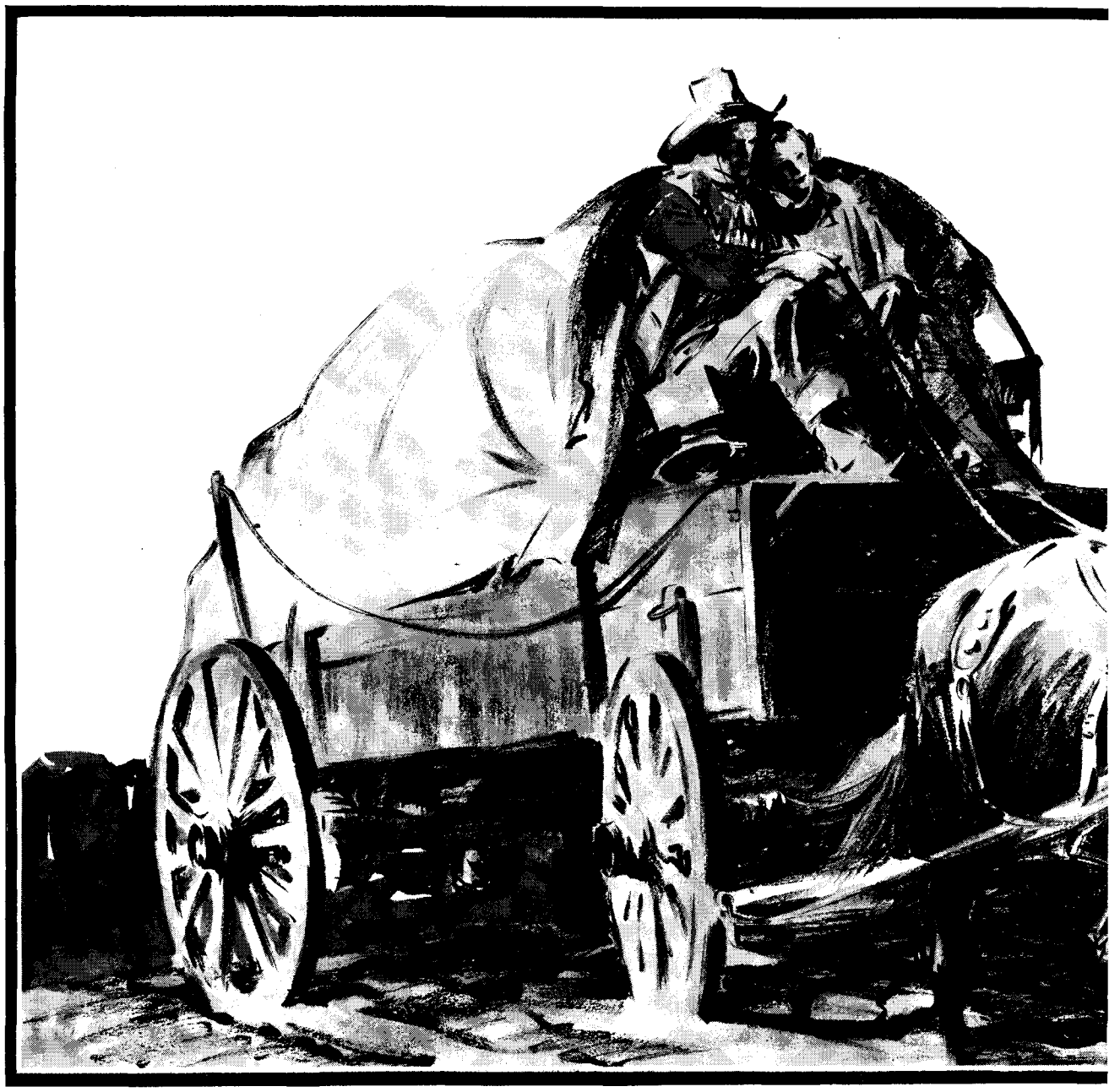
Starlight Rider

By Ernest Haycox



"We shall go straight to your house on the spur. The

The Story Thus Far:

TWO rival cattle outfits—Tade Shadrow's TS and the Double-Ought, owned by Morgan and Bat Testervis—fight a battle near the little town of Antelope, in the Powder desert region. Morgan Testervis is killed, his followers routed.

To Lynn Isherwood (Shadrow's niece and ward) news of the encounter comes as a shock. The Testervises disposed of, her uncle, she knows, will now turn his attention to another enemy: Hugh Tracy. And the girl is in love with Tracy! . . . With Sid Maunders, one of his gunmen, and Lake Tolbert, his foreman, Shadrow reviews the situation. In an adjoining room, Lynn listens, learns that Maunders and twelve men are to attack Tracy *at once!*

Maunders *does* attack. But warned by the girl, who rides to his home, Hugh and his friends—Bill Vivian and Willy Bones—make their escape. . . . Under cover of darkness, Tracy goes to TS headquarters, where he overhears Shadrow calmly announce that he is going to marry his ward! He listens no longer. Stealing to Lynn's room, he tells her to follow him. The girl obeys. They mount their horses. As they do so, a man gallops up, sweeps Lynn from her saddle, rides away with her! Tracy follows, gets the drop on the abductor—Bat Testervis!—and forces him to fight, without weapons. When Bat, a badly beaten man, finally limps away, he has made his plans: he will go to Shadrow, tell him where he can find his niece. Meeting Tolbert, he tells him of his idea. Whereupon, Tolbert (secretly in love with Lynn Isherwood) kills him. . . .

Tracy and Lynn ride south. They tell each other of their love. The following day, Lynn—knowing that they are being pursued, and that Tracy is certain to be killed if she remains with him—slips away, leaving a note. Tracy reads the note, and rides frantically after the girl. She is returning to her uncle!

Fighting his way through a detachment of Shadrow's men, Tracy encounters Vivian and Bones. They are, they inform him, preparing for a war, rallying the anti-Shadrow forces. . . .

Back at "home," Lynn is confronted with an infuriated Shadrow, who tells her brutally that, whether she likes it or not, he is going to marry her. . . . Meanwhile, Tracy has made his plans. With Vivian, Bones and nine other men, he rides into Powder desert, expecting trouble.

Conclusion

BUT there was no opposition. Tracy reached the rocky margin of timber, passed by swinging arcs up the broken incline and attained the beginning of the canyon trail. A little farther on he left it abruptly, and headed toward the right. Over there the terrain swelled and hollowed away like a rolling sea, gulch and ridge alternating in endless succession. Trail ran into trail, each small and vague; following these at an easy pace, he kept bearing away to the eastward. In that direction the general rim of the plateau reared itself from the desert. Single file, the other men came silently behind. But presently Bill Vivian, directly to the rear of Hugh, began a casual talk.

"You know, Hugh, there's more women in the world than men."

"What of it?" grunted Hugh.

"Maybe," reflected Bill, "that's why there's so much trouble. One of these days I think I'll take a vacation and follow that idea to some sort of conclusion."

"Don't use your head for something it wasn't built to stand."

Bill's chuckle was softly infectious. "Remember the night in Antelope when Sam Lafferty's boys figured you for an easy mark? It was a swell-lookin' barroom when we got through with it." And after a short spell of quiet, he added wistfully, "Wonder if they'll ever be any old times like that again?"

"Don't look backward," said Hugh. "Don't ever make that mistake. Look ahead. For what it's worth, which is little, and for what you can see, which is almost nothing, look ahead. If you start sorting out the relics of the past, you blamed fool, you'll get nothing but a headache."

"Still," insisted Bill, "we used to have a wallopin' good time."

"Sure. Too young to know any better. We figured there wasn't any day but the one in hand. We never had a dime, never worried, never cared. It's only when a man gets ambitious and begins to lay up possessions that he runs into grief."

"Moral—don't get ambitious."

"A fine moral," growled Hugh, "for vegetables."

THAT was all. Once again they reached a clear crest and sighted Mogul's slanting slopes and broken tiers; descending immediately afterwards to the forest, they went steadily on while the twilight grew heavy with lavender and the golden bars of the late sun broke more infrequently through the matted branch tops. Dusk came to them twice. It came softly to them here; half an hour later Hugh made a sharp swing rightward, rode to the very margin of Mogul's rim and saw dusk falling again over the prairie in rolling purple waves. The lights of Antelope lay below, winking up with a fractured brilliance.

"I'll go down and scout," murmured Hugh. "If it looks all right I'll come right back."

"No," objected Bill. "We got in a jackpot once before doing this split act."

"The trouble last time," said Hugh, pointedly, "was that you couldn't hold your fiddlin' feet in one place. Try to curb that herd-jumpin' instinct for once."

"Rats," grumbled Bill.

Hugh went forward. Within a dozen paces the pony's head and shoulders dropped down a severe grade that had the vague appearance of being blasted from the sheer wall. It descended in one long, unbroken pitch—a mere ledge without wagon width at any point. When he reached the bottom, Antelope was the farther away by a good three quarters of a mile. Swinging back, he put the pony to a gentle run and gradually drew toward the southern end of the town.

This was the brighter side; the last building against the desert was the courthouse, whose dimmed lights crossed the street mouth and made a kind of hurdle for him to pass. Curling off, he halted at a point from which he could survey the walks. There was, as far as he could make out, little life tonight in Antelope. A cowbell tinkled, a hammer fell, one man's talk drifted on into the darkness. That was about all. He discovered but three horses standing at the racks, these in front of Lou Burkey's saloon. Nobody appeared on the street.

But the barrier of light troubled him and so he cut a circle into the desert and passed around the town, to arrive at the northern margin. Dust smell clung strongly to the air, the mark of a recent traveler. But all the near half of town was lightless and, utilizing this advantage, he passed in between the silhouetted building peaks at a casual walk. One man's cigarette tip glowed and died and glowed again in the runway of the stable—Jinks Bailey's stable. Behind the man was dim lantern light. Hugh veered toward the runway, head tilted down until the sweep of his hat brim concealed his face.

"Evenin'."

"Evenin'," said the other slowly.

"Jinks?"

"Me."

"How's things?"

"Oh, so-so," said Jinks Bailey and lowered his cigarette. "I can't see you. Who is it?"

"Where's everybody?"

Bailey let out a small grunt. "If you don't know that you musta come out of a deep grave."

"Nobody much in town?"

"No-o."

HUGH pressed the pony on into the stable, rode the length of the runway and back again.

"What's that for?" challenged Bailey.

"Curiosity," said Hugh and angled across the street to Burkey's high porch. He left the horse and stepped toward the swinging doors. Against them, he changed his mind and moved on to the window. Through this dull, dust-grained surface he saw Burkey fairly definitely. Two other men, unrecognizable, sat

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Matt Clark

beginning is there, Hugh"

farther back in the room. Once more coming to the doors, he pushed them open sufficiently to have some prior knowledge of what he stepped into, and then walked through. The men to the rear of the place were known to him by little more than name—being oldish hands who prospected the hills. Reassured, he laid his attention on Burkey.

The saloonman's palms lifted slowly and fell flat on the bar, and across his noncommittal face streaked a momentary astonishment. Knowing there was no greeting called for, Hugh offered none. Peremptorily, he asked:

"Anybody in town, Lou?"

Burkey's lips compressed as his head moved in denial. Reaching beneath the counter he brought up a piece of cloth and began casually to mop a bar that needed no mopping. The gesture was innocent but it brought Tracy's eyes directly down to that bar's shining surface and he noticed for the first time a filled whisky glass sitting there and a cigar beside it. From the tip of that cigar, half consumed, a faint spiral of smoke curled. Lou Burkey stared past Tracy to one of the old fellows.

"Sam, step up and finish your drink and take your stogy off here before it burns a hole on the counter."

There was something wrong here. Tracy wheeled about and watched the indicated Sam rise in reluctance and advance. The man dropped his closed fist into a coat pocket with a show of hurry. But Tracy's prying glance caught the stem of a pipe projecting from that fist. Yet he maintained his outward manner of calm and turned back to Burkey.

"I won't disturb you by askin' for a drink," he said briefly and walked to the doors. Alert, strongly warned, he kicked the doors wide before him and slid through. A long sidewise pace put him out of the reflected lights, flat against the saloon wall; and poised there, all his nerves went cold and tight. One of those three horses standing by the porch was Tade Shadrow's sorrel, recognizable anywhere along the Powder. Next moment he hurried on, reached the porch end and dropped into the solid dark thereabouts. Sharply scanning the stable, he saw nothing of Jinks Bailey's cigarette glow; but farther down the street, toward the poplars, a body moved from walk to walk with a cat-footed swiftness.

HUGH thought rapidly: "Shadrow wouldn't be here without his men. So it's somebody else riding Shadrow's horse. It's either Tolbert or Maunders. Whichever one, he went out the back way of Burkey's, leaving that whisky and cigar. I never saw Tolbert smoke a cigar. So it's Maunders. He went back from the saloon. That was him crossing to the east side. He'll be trying for a fair shot."

Backing off from the porch end, he paused on the balls of his feet, momentarily uncertain. Some faint thread of sound straggled out of the area behind the stable—to make his decision for him. He retreated along the side wall of Burkey's buildings, reached the abysmal gloom of its rear and groped between back porches and rubbish piles until he arrived at the alley separating the general store and the saddle shop. This he took, drifting forward to the street again. The stable was almost directly opposite. Watching its runway, he saw Jinks Bailey's lantern go out.

"He won't be running," thought Hugh, mind on Sid Maunders. "He's tried too long. He's too stubborn to quit. Why didn't he make his stand in the saloon?"

It was odd enough. Yet this was a game of blood, in which man reverted to animal cunning. Logic had nothing to do with it; there was never much logic in the mind of one about to kill or be killed. A faint rattle emerged from the stable and died, and Hugh wondered if Bailey, the turncoat Bailey, had a part in this. The thought brought along a small heat of anger, the only personal emotion he felt. Standing there, his pulse slow and steady, his head clear as a bell, bereft of nerves, he caught the quick tapping of footfalls on his left—down by the town's dark end again. Maunders had passed back to this side of the street.

"He's trying to place me against the courthouse lights," decided Hugh, and ran softly over the dust across the street. Between the stable and the adjoining rooming house, he swung and made his stand, having parried Maunders' move and once more put the gunman opposite. Time dragged out. An indistinct rasping echo floated from the stable runway and a bit of glow fell out of it, to die the next moment. Bailey was signaling.

DISTINCTLY Maunders' bulky body struck something over behind the saddle shop. The minor report of that collision made an actual reverberation in the stillness; and as if that were the break of a tension impossible to hold longer, other things came to Hugh's ears. Above him, directly above him, a second-story window of the rooming house grated against a tight casing; up there a man whispered hoarsely. Straining the import of it through that exceedingly fine mesh of suspicion, he tossed the rumor aside. It was, he believed, some spectator more finely drawn and more agitated than himself. Water dripped melodiously out of the stable trough, and through the stable wall seeped the patient stamp of stalled ponies and the rub of their halters against the feed boxes. There was a sigh of an easy night wind through the poplars over by the graveyard. A deep voice—Maunders' lowering voice—said:

"Come out, Tracy."

The maneuvering was over. Maunders had weakened and turned reckless.

Rigid along the wall, Tracy raked the dense shadows whence the challenge had come. He studied all those shadows opposite as far as the saloon, saw nothing. Maunders said again, "Come out, Tracy," with a terrific calm—and Hugh's attention fell upon the man's dim bulk lodged at the near corner of the saloon, aside from the street glow. Tracy estimated that distance at ninety feet. Walking forward from the alley, he passed beyond the sidewalk and halted in the street.

"All right, Sid."

Hugh saw the man swing about and he knew then Maunders had expected him to be in the other direction—over by the courthouse and against those lights. Maunders' breath poured out in swift, heavy gusts. "Tracy," he cried, "I could of run but I didn't! This has gone on too long! I'm goin' to find out about that cursed luck of yours now and here! One of us don't ride any more!"

"Go ahead, Sid," called out Tracy. His fist came from behind at a sweep, touched the gunbutt and carried it up. Maunders was moving, but the man's great bulk cast a denser shadow because of that movement, and on the spreading outline Tracy pinned a still, deliberate muzzle. One rushing, exploding crash of sound overwhelmed Antelope's dark street and raced away in spinning, lesser fragments. Behind Tracy a board set up a screeching protest as the spent bullet struck. That was Maunders, speaking first. Tracy's own gun kicked back. Powder smoke drifted into his face. Maunders came strangely out of his position, staggering across the walk into the light. He was hit, but his gun rose again and Tracy fired once more on the definite target. Maunders' head rolled back until he faced the crystal-flecked heavens; then it tipped down—raggedly down—and all his joints buckled. He fell soundless and died without moving.

TRACY said, droning out the words: "Bailey, you bet on the wrong horse. Come away from the stable."

Bailey's voice traveled sullenly through the deep and dismal quiet. "I had nothing to do with this, Hugh."

"Come out," commanded Tracy. "I want to have a look at you."

The saloon doors swung. Lou Burkey stood framed in the light, saying nothing at all; a man ran from the courthouse, calling: "What's happened? Who's that—who's down?" And there was a rattling of windows from the darkened houses all along the street. Tracy's talk hit Lou Burkey like the curling end of a whip.

"I knew you in better days, Lou, and considered you had some grain. Shadrow's made putty out of you. If you couldn't be for me, why couldn't you keep your hands off me?"

"I never made a move your way, now or at any time," said Lou Burkey.

"You lie, the same as Jinks Bailey lies. That glass and cigar belonged to Sid. He went out your back door when I came in. You tried to cover him."

The saloonman's voice broke a little. "Damn you, Hugh! You ain't the one that lives with the fear of God hangin' over your head day and night!"

"No?" said Hugh, coolly. "No?"

"No!" shouted Burkey. "And you've done nothing to help us by killin' Sid Maunders! It's us in Antelope that will get all hell hazed out of us when you're gone!"

"Maybe—" began Hugh, and stopped. Bill Vivian and the other ten drove into Antelope's street with a rush and a yell. Vivian lifted an arresting arm, brought his pony to a grinding halt and shouted at the shadows.

"Hugh!"

"NEVER mind," said Hugh, quietly. "I didn't take the bullet, Bill."

"Who was it?"

"Maunders. He's dead. But nobody can accuse him of not tryin'." And a contemptuous anger stained his words. "The man was a scoundrel, a rascal and a trickster. But he never hid behind small words and he had guts. That's for your information, Burkey, and it goes for the lick-spittle gentlemen of this town that crossed their fingers and prayed for the profits to continue."

"Fine—fine," said Burkey and clipped the words between his teeth. "You're drunk with luck but the jag won't last. Shadrow runs this country and will continue to do so. You're through. And the gentlemen of Antelope will play the winning side, as it is their right to do."

"Hughy," said Bill Vivian with a false gentleness, "he's speaking out of turn. Shall I belt him?"

"You're through!" yelled Burkey, losing his head. "Here's something that will put you back a notch! Judge Beakes left for TS this afternoon with a marryin' license. If it's the girl you're putting on the entertainment for, never mind. She'll be tied to Shadrow by now!"

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Hugh Tracy sprang across the porch and caught the saloonman at the neck, all the weight of his body rushing Burkey to the wall. "If you're lying to me, Lou, I'll break your back!"

Burkey strangled out a curse. "You wild fool! I have waited a long time to see some of the pride knocked out of your bully head! She's married now! Pull off your hands or I'll kill you!"

Hugh Tracy's mind went dim. He lifted Burkey and shook him like a loose sack. He whirled the man about and threw him out to the street; and then he ran to the pony racked at the porch. In the saddle, he shouted madly at the waiting riders, "Come on—or stay behind!" And his roweling spurs fell deep into the pony's flanks, sending it off down the street in great lunges. Bill Vivian emitted a rebel shout and leaned low in the saddle, pursuing. The whole line stretched out, beating through the dark, leaving a high curtain of dust behind and Lou Burkey full of spitting rage. One high call came back to Antelope—Bill Vivian sounding his shrill, eerie war cry again.

HUGH raced on past the poplars and down the desert road overshadowed by the scowling face of Mogul, with riot and fury in his head and only one clear thought rising through—the thought that he must reach and destroy Shadrow.

"She played into his hands," he told himself, and wondered why the passing moments went so swiftly and the dim miles were so long. It was a bitter fact—Lynn had played into Tade Shadrow's hands. Now, reviewing what had gone before, he wished he had taken the time to explain to the girl Shadrow's intrinsic character. With that knowledge, she never would have returned to Shadrow—no matter how desperate their situation might have seemed on the bald-topped butte.

It was starkly clear to him. Shadrow certainly knew by now what his, Hugh's, feelings for the girl were. And balked in his one long-sought act of vengefulness, he would turn to this other piece of mad deviltry with an increased stubbornness.

Judge Beakes, so Burkey had said, had gone on to TS in the afternoon—another crawling, double-faced henchman who would obey Shadrow implicitly. It was utterly inconceivable that Lynn would give her consent to the marriage. Yet that made little difference. The marriage would be performed and its illegality would never be published. Or if the marriage were not made this day Shadrow would use the brutal power in his hands to break Lynn's spirit. Hugh Tracy had no need to enlarge the thought.

The TS side road was invisible in the dark but Hugh knew the district too well to grope for it. At the same unchecked speed, he veered, hit the incline and let the pony have its own way about going up. At the top the beast was deeply drawing, needing a blow. But he could not stop, could not stomach even that short respite, and forged northward on the flat heights.

Twenty minutes later when the first TS light winked through the night Hugh said curtly, "Slow down, Bill. We'll walk the next half mile."

The rest of the group piled up and spilled out of the road. Hugh went on, over-reaching his own admonition and traveling at a light canter. They were suddenly startled by the echo of a single shot rushing out of the TS compound. Hugh reined in, listening.

"Now who's quarrelin'?" muttered Bill.

Hard on his phrase followed a short burst of firing, a concerted explosion of three or four guns, the sound rolling deeper into the night. Hugh said something indistinctly and went on again. The shadowed outline of all the TS buildings broke through the pall; silence settled inside the plaza. Hugh stopped, stepped to the ground, whispering:

"Follow behind."

He advanced at a dogtrot, pitched into an arroyo, rose from it. Bill Vivian, right at his elbow, put in a quick warning. "Careful—careful. Something's up."

Hugh paused while the others spread abreast. Directly ahead was the bulk of the little barn, to the left of it a corner of the main house. The road ran between, into the plaza; and from this point of view they could see the bunkhouses aglow and men running back and forth across the open without much order. Hugh whispered rapidly:

"You boys crawl along the small barn and flank those bunkhouses. The crew's all over there. I'm going to the back of the big house and look in."

He advanced immediately at a catfooted run, Bill Vivian shadowing him all the way. At the house corner, he wheeled, rushed to the rear side, ran along it and got as far as that same back door out of which he had taken Lynn Isherwood two nights before. It stood open, a mellow lane of lamp glow flushing over the threshold. Hugh broke out of the run and crawled to the very edge of the opening, the murmur of talk in his ears; and when he put his head around, into the light, he commanded the living-room completely. The girl—he saw her first—stood away, in the darkest corner; Judge Beakes slowly tramped the floor from one side of the room to another, agitation written all over his face; and Tade Shadrow crouched by the inner door leading to his office. That door was shut. Shadrow's body moved away from it and his one hand reached for the knob, while his other slowly lifted a gun.

Hugh Tracy lunged through the back doorway, throwing a warning at Judge Beakes, now frozen in his shoes. "You're out of this! Tade—!"

But Shadrow was caught up in his own maneuver. Back turned to Hugh, he had twisted the knob of the office door, kicked it open; and Hugh's call caught him exactly at that juncture. Instantly he wheeled, the move pulling his body across the opening just made and framing it there. He saw Hugh, recognized him; and all his loose features seemed to contract until the bones showed through and there was nothing alive on that death's mask but the burning flare of the eyes. His shoulders lifted and he brought his gun around. Lynn Isherwood screamed, "Look out, Hugh, look out!" Bill Vivian, following Hugh into the room, threw his whole weight against Hugh and drove him off balance. Vivian's revolver was whipping up when the whole frame of the ancient building was lifted and shaken by a double blast of shots, the sound flooding out of Shadrow's office. Shadrow shrieked, "My God—don't, Lake! Lake—don't do it!"

Beakes was speaking incoherently. "I swear I'm not in this, Vivian!" And Vivian's green eyes glittered on the man with a feline hunger. Somewhere—it was from the office—a low, raveling voice said: "I'm happy to see you die." Shadrow pressed his hands against the wall to stand erect. He said once more, faintly, "Lake, don't do it." Then he slid to the floor, sat there uncertainly, and toppled over.

IN THE yard a deeply echoing yell touched off the explosion and one crash of firing beat into another. Lead drove through the living-room windows, glass fell jangling on the bare floor. Tracy ran across to the table, whipped out the lamp with his palm and rushed on to the office door. Looking, he saw Lake Tolbert seated at Shadrow's desk, head pillowed on his hands.

"Tolbert!" said Hugh.

The girl spoke from her corner. "He's dying, Hugh. They shot him from the plaza."

Bill Vivian walked past Hugh, touched the foreman's shoulder and stared back to Hugh. "He's through dyin'. He's dead."

"Blow out that lamp," said Hugh, and swung back. With the office light extinguished the rooms were deeply dark; Bill Vivian called calmly from the office, "Thirty dollars and found ain't enough. Not when the boss don't live to pay it. They're quittin', Hughy."

Hugh kicked back the door leading to the porch and plaza, of a sudden conscious that the fusillade had diminished and quit. One single shot came belatedly; afterwards a man spoke somewhere from the bunkhouses, morosely defiant.

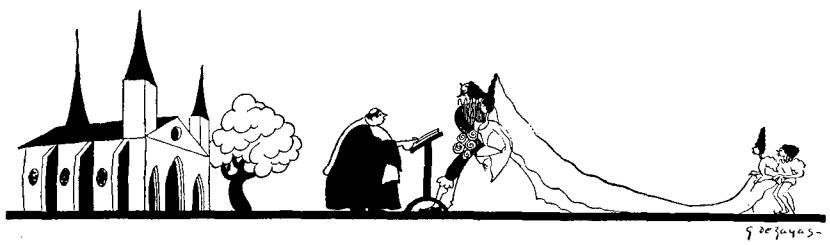
"Where's Shadrow?"

Bill Vivian cut in before Hugh could answer. "Lyin' on the floor," called Bill. "You're on a dead man's ranch."

"Shadrow!" called the voice.

Someone breathed heavily into the ensuing silence. The far spokesman said, less defiantly: "Who's bore down on us?"

(Continued on page 39)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Up to the time of the Reformation in the sixteenth century, Christian churches throughout Europe were considered too sacred for weddings and these ceremonies had to be performed just outside the front door. —*By Rev. P. Marion Simms, St. Edward, Nebraska.*

Although the 700,000 Rajputs of India would be horrified at the thought of consuming alcohol in any form, they are inveterate drinkers of infused opium.

One of the strangest things that a chemical can do is to change the natural structure of a growing creature. For example, an extra quantity of magnesium sulphate added to seawater will make the two normal eyes of young fishes unite into one middle eye.—*By Nathan Sarison, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Unlike most burglars, the dacoits—gang robbers of India—make no secret of their presence when they are about to rob a house. In broad daylight they ride up to it and, before breaking in, fire a number of shots to warn the occupants, neighbors and police to keep out of the way while they loot the premises.

Of the four primary inhalation anæsthetics, nitrous oxide is far safer than the others. It causes only one death in 1,000,000 cases, while ether averages one in 16,000, ethyl chloride one in 10,000 and chloroform one in 4,000.

Many West African tribes still support "soul catchers," sorcerers who set traps for souls that wander from sleeping bodies and forget to return. Upon catching a soul, they return it to the owner for a nominal fee. A native who cannot find his own soul buys another one.

Human "hibernation" is not uncommon on farms in northern Siberia during the great snows. When outdoor activity is impossible, many Muzhik families remain in bed throughout the entire winter, arising for only an hour or two a day to eat a snack and fix their fires.

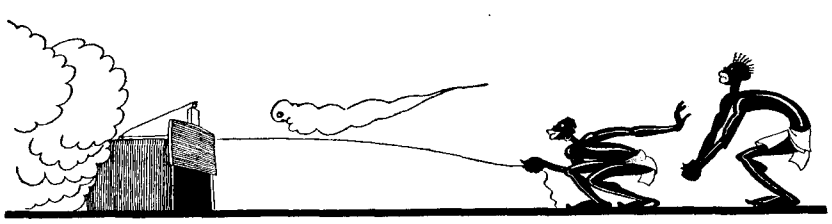
China did not fully appreciate Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, its revolutionary leader, before he died in 1925. But today his photograph is not only hanging in millions of homes, shops, schools and offices, but services of worship are held every Monday before large copies of it in thousands of post offices, army camps and government bureaus.

A century ago in Paris, pessimism was so rife that one of the most flourishing societies was a suicide club of despondent men who needed encouragement to end their lives. At each meeting a name was drawn and that man had to kill himself in the presence of the other members.—*By Alan Natanblut, New York City.*

Hollywood directors seldom "shoot" more than eight times as much film as the finished picture will contain. Recently a director, imported from Russia to make a movie in Mexico, used 285,000 feet for his 6,000-foot picture, or almost 48 times the film in the finished production.

The Charing Cross Station of London's Underground Railway now has an ingenious electric "Information Machine." You simply dial your destination and it quickly specifies the best route to take and the cost of the fare.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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Illustrated by Loren Stout

Water Cure

By Marie Beynon Ray

Marie Ray isn't suggesting you get on the water wagon. Just in the tub. There's more to the bath than mere cleanliness. Water can be used as a beauty treatment, as an eye opener and an eye closer, to cure aches and to wash away that tired feeling. What's yours?

ALTHOUGH bathing, for sundry and various purposes, from bodily cleanliness to spiritual purification, has existed since man acquired a comparatively hairless skin, the daily bath remained, until the dawn of the twentieth century, an unimagined catastrophe. And even now, the Saturday night bath is the utmost extreme to which a large portion of the population can be pushed.

Ask anyone today, "Why do you bathe?" and the answer (unless it is, "I don't!") will certainly be, "Why, to get clean, of course!"

Yet getting clean is only one of the many external uses of water.

One thing it can do—which is not to be sniffed at—is to help keep us young beyond our time and beautiful beyond our natural endowment. We can go to history or the cinema for proof of that. There is the classic example of Diane de Poitiers, who kept King Henry of France in love with her from the day he first clapped eyes on her till the day of his death—when he was forty-four and she was sixty, thirty years in all.

Her amazing youth at sixty was, in her day, the sixteenth century, naturally ascribed to witchcraft. And the proof of it was this: *she bathed!* It was rumored that she practiced sorceries with water—but the truth of it was merely that she underwent a regimen so severe that few women today would have the courage to follow it. Every morning of her life she rose at 5 A. M., took a cold tub, kneaded her goddess-like body with a knotted well-rope plunged continuously into freezing water, was massaged, and then went out for two or three good hours' hunting. That over, she spent the rest of the morning in bed, resting and reading. Thus reinforced, she was ready to go forth to rout a Catherine de Medici and to rule a kingdom. . . . That's what can be done with baths.

They're All Good for You

We've just never been told, most of us, what marvelous effects baths can have on our skin, circulation, muscles, nerves, etc.—and therefore on our good looks, our aliveness, our energy and our capacity for enjoyment. According to whether the water is hot, warm, cold; whether the immersion is to the ankles, the knees, the hips (or hips and feet as in the Sitz bath) or to the chin; whether it lasts a minute or a year (there are "perpetual" baths that long); whether it is alternating or revulsive, medicated or plain, electrically charged or charged with gas; whether it is a bath of vapor, air, light, and so on, extraordinary and valuable things can be done with baths.

Suppose we're just the average human being who feels pretty good most of the time but has his off days and zero hours. Well, we probably wake up in the morning feeling totally unlike the lark. Here's where the first type of bath comes in—the stimulating bath. This bath can't be lukewarm or cool. It must be hot or cold—or both. The best practice, if you can take it, is a hot bath with splashing, scrubbing and singing, followed by a cold shower with lusty shouting, finishing off with vigorous stamping and rubbing with a big, coarse towel. Those who take to the cold shower in the right spirit, yelling and fighting back, will profit by it. But those who shrivel up and turn blue and wish to heaven they were dead will get no more benefit than fun out of it. The blood should come with a quick, warm rush to the surface of the body—and if it doesn't, give up the cold shower. You're the wrong type.

If this is scheduled as the one bath of the day, plenty of suds must go into it, for three or four million sweat glands and two or three million oil glands must be freed of dirt, oil secretions, bacteria and dead cells. Human bodies, being oiled surfaces, *shed* water, so soap and brush or rough cloth must get rid of these accumulations. If the cleansing bath is taken at night, then this morning plunge may omit all mention of soap and consist of a swift dash beneath the hot, then the cold shower. The sting of the spray, the sudden change from hot to cold, the speed of the whole thing, is as stimulating as a round of boxing. No slow coming to with coffee and the morning's murder—the lie-in-bed blues are over in a split second and you'll be complimented on your simply beatific breakfast humor.

One bath a day is not always enough. If a gentleman comes home hot and fagged and in a darned-if-I-set-foot-out-of-this-house-tonight humor and the wife of his bosom suggests "a nice warm bath, dear," the right answer, in a tone of wounded surprise, is not "I had a bath this morning!" It is quiet acquiescence. What the lady is very sensibly suggesting is an H_2O pick-me-up, the bath for refreshment, which should be

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taken before dinner, as it aids digestion.

This bath should be deep and warm (or hot) and very languid—somnolent, in fact. The fagged gentleman should lie in the tub, submerged to the neck to soak the ache out of tired and stiff muscles, for ten or fifteen minutes, drinking a glass or two of water to induce perspiration, and thinking of pastoral scenes—daisy fields and woolly lambs—until he feels a little drowsy. Then, if he has time, a catnap in bed—let him tell himself that Napoleon could snatch five minutes' sleep on the battlefield—or, if he wants to come to with a rush, ten seconds under the cold shower and plenty of lusty towel work will do the trick. . . . Theater? Bridge party? Dance? Let's go!

This bath is up-to-the-neck immersion in water of body temperature so that it feels neither hot nor cold and is therefore not stimulating. Motion should be reduced to mere breathing, and when the bath is over the moisture should not be rubbed from the body but merely blotted. No briskness, no conversation, no reading, no worrying—bed! Try it and see.

With additional precautions, the "neutral" bath is used for habitual insomnia. Extreme cases are sometimes treated with the oxygen bath—water charged with oxygen gas—but for the average insomniac, who does his worrying in bed and lies awake to do it, the neutral bath has it all over a pill. For this the temperature of the water is a degree or two less than that of the body, and one should never go into it with cold feet. They must be warmed first. This bath should be taken in a quiet, warm room and last for from fifteen minutes to half an hour. All those things which irritate the sensitive insomniac should be avoided—ticking clocks, glare in the eyes, and drafts, which should be prevented by stretching a sheet across the tub. It helps to wet the face in cool water. Just at the end, the temperature of the bath should be lowered a few degrees, and the water should be blotted, not rubbed, from the body. Nervous wrecks find themselves sleeping like hibernating bears after this treatment.

We were talking to Hope Williams the other day—the blond Hope of Strike Me Pink. Ever since she was a mere chee-ild and went to Bad Nauheim with her mother, Hope has gone in for baths in a big way. As a combination actress and sportswoman, she finds this an excellent way to keep up the necessary supply of energy. *Every* morning she plunges into a tub of hot water in which half a pound of soda has been dissolved (very invigorating!) and finishes off with a cold shower lasting five or six screams. As many mornings as possible she wallows in "the best swimming pool in New York," has a mineral oil massage, an alcohol rub, the sun-ray lamp—and then even Jimmy Durante couldn't hold her!

A Few Extras

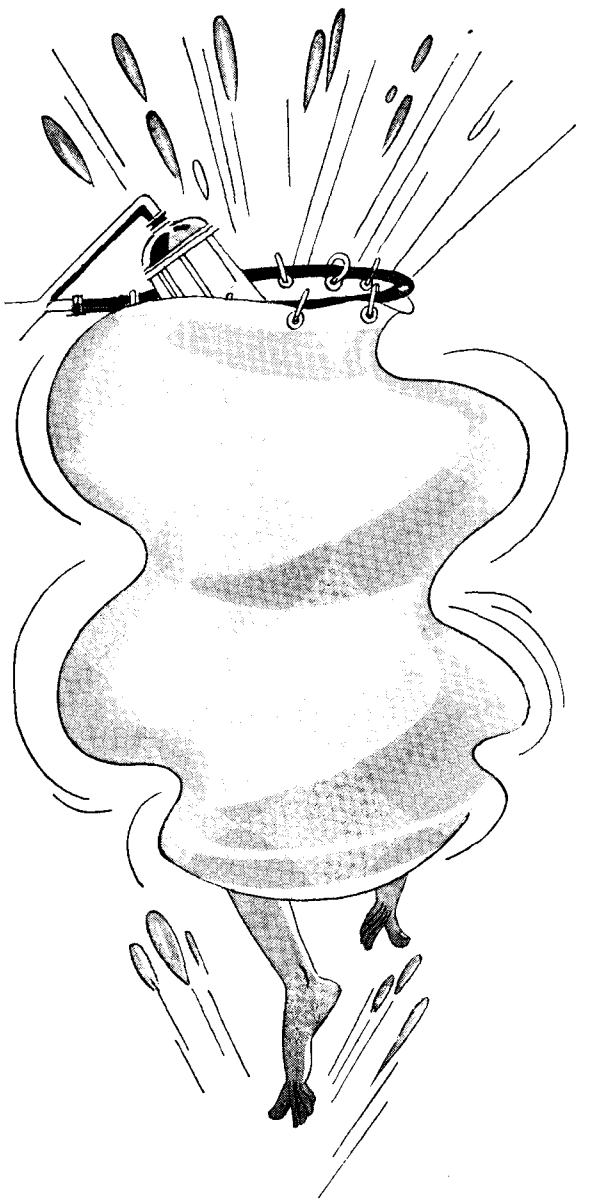
There are a few plusses that can be added to this regimen if time permits. The powerful stream of hot-turning-to-cold water played on the body from a long-distance hose, which feels like a hail of machine-gun fire, produces an uncontrollable desire to fight wildcats. The "salt-glow" is almost as arousing—and you can give it to yourself. Standing in a tub of hot water with a basin of coarse salt moistened with warm water beside you, you first wet one arm and shoulder with the bath water and then spread the damp salt over them and rub vigorously until the skin glows. Proceed in like manner over the whole body and finally wash off the salt and dry. If you don't feel ready to jump into the ring and take on Clyde Beatty's act, you have practically no circulation at all!

Another kind of bath on which Miss Williams is an authority is the after-exercise bath, often taken, in the part of the country where she summers—Buffalo Bill's country in Cody, Wyoming—for what is colloquially termed "Charley horse" and sore riding muscles. Miss Williams has a ranch out there where she personally "wrangles" a few dudes. Dudes are notoriously ambitious at the start, as optimistic as a first-time sailor the first day out. But Miss Williams knows her dudes.

"Take a bath as soon as you get off your horse," she warns them, "as hot as you can stand it. Start at 100° F. and work up to 110° F., then finish off with a cool 90° F.—say eight or ten minutes in all. You'll be able to eat your meals with the rest of us tomorrow instead of off the mantel."

We talk to a doctor or two about baths, among others Dr. Samuel Ginsburg, who makes a specialty of them—Nauheim baths, sulphur baths, electric baths of all kinds for the treatment of heart trouble, neuritis, arthritis, paralysis—we could go on like this for pages. However, he wasn't at all snooty about ordinary baths for ordinary people—quite human, in fact.

"Golfers!" he said. "There's a race of people who mistreat themselves. If the object of the game were to catch pneumonia or rheumatism, they couldn't go any differently about it. Hot off the course, they scramble under a shower, fling on their clothes, and dash off in an open car—one long draft all the way home. Bad—very bad! They should take a lukewarm shower, followed by a twenty-minute massage and an alcohol rub. This relaxes the overtense muscles and closes the pores—no colds, no pneumonia.



The cold shower should be accompanied by plenty of action

Tepid water and gentle meditation are for bedtime

A Sea Bath in Your Home

"If you want a home bath that approximates sea-bathing—which is more stimulating than cocktails—add from three to five pounds of common salt to a tub of water with a temperature of from 90° to 94° F., splash about for ten to twenty minutes, and dry vigorously. (Don't remove the salt by taking a fresh water shower.) Then lie in the rays of the sun-lamp a while—and you'll feel as though you'd spent the morning at the seashore. For the neutral bath to ward off insomnia, four ounces of pine needle extract adds a soothing touch.

"All the baths which cause profuse sweating—Turkish (hot air), Russian (hot vapor), electric cabinets and packs—are useful not only in the treatment of such conditions as rheumatism, Bright's disease, chronic alcoholism, etc., but they have a real tonic value for normal people. They help rid the system of waste, stimulate circulation and arouse sluggish organs to normal activity.

"The famous Bad Nauheim waters have been reduced to a chemical formula and may now be taken at home or at an institute—but only on a doctor's orders. And it must be remembered that the celebrated spas of Europe and those like French Lick in America aren't just baths—they're a whole regimen in which exercise, diet, rest and treatments of various kinds are as important as the medicinal baths themselves, which are given, not indiscriminately, but with hair-splitting exactitude as to length, time, number, etc.

"The sulphur bath—complete immersion for about fifteen minutes in a tub of water 100° F. in which one-half pound of sulphur has been thrown—is prescribed for fungus infections such as eczema, athlete's foot, etc. But these baths must be taken strictly according to a doctor's prescription.

"Hot mustard foot-baths, the mania of our grandparents, have their value in the early stages of a cold. A high level of resistance to colds may be built up by a course of baths in which the temperature of the water is every day reduced till the bather could finally leap, without flinching, from a cake of ice into a freezing lake—though this degree of stoicism is, of course, not necessary."

Certainly every normally healthy person should add a few of these many baths to his bath repertoire. We've gone a long way from the bath for mere cleanliness and are beginning to appreciate the bath for health. The famous Dr. Eichler used to open every lecture with the words which have become medical history: "Gentlemen, don't forget water. It may rust pipes, and run down breeches, but it is the foremost medical remedy!"

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Over the Hump

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Denver Lindley

On the field she saw Joe with his arm around the Lavelle woman

Illustrated by Ronald McLeod

JULIE STEVENS' pencil flashed down the supply list and checked the last item. She glanced at the passenger schedule: one off and one on at Reno. Okay. Time to start.

Erect and trim in her olive-green uniform, she seemed to personify efficiency. Prettier, though, than any demand efficiency could possibly make. And in her heart there was murder.

Standing beside the aluminum steps that led to the cabin of the transport plane, she could see the people outside the waiting-room—passengers, and friends who had come to see them off. Bright light flooded down upon them and flashed back from the center of the crowd—from the platinum-blond head of Aimée Lavelle. Flying east for an engagement in a New York theater. And surrounded here, as in Oakland, by a crowd of admirers. Why couldn't she have gone yesterday? Or tomorrow? Sometime, anytime, when Joe Morton wasn't aboard. And in the next seat, too.

The passengers were trooping toward the plane now. Joe was actually carrying one of Miss Lavelle's parcels. (More rubbish to go in the washroom alongside the orchids she had brought aboard at Oakland.) Julie's knuckles were white, grasping the rail of the steps as she helped the passengers get in. Joe, last in the line, tried to speak to her, but she deliberately turned away. That's what you got, she thought, for keeping yourself clean and efficient—nothing. Hospital training. Long hot hours in the wards. Hard work. Lots of it. Then stewardess on the air lines. Able to think and act in an emergency. Able to smile no matter what happens.

And then what chance have you against a hothouse flower with a platinum veneer and a sprinkling of diamonds? . . .

Co-pilot Smith is checking out on the radio. "Okay, Smith. Go ahead!"

Washed by the floodlights, Number Seven, eastbound, taxies to the end of the runway—low-winged, stream-lined, battleship gray, the last word in modern transportation. One after the other the motors are given the gun and respond in a full-throated roar. The brakes are released and Number Seven flashes past the airport into the night.

Julie glances at the new passenger, Mrs. Irene Smedley, in seat five. She has seen her before—six weeks ago, westbound for Reno, and with a different name. (That actress is saying something to Joe; she is offering him chocolates, and he is smiling. She isn't as young as she looks, either; probably old enough to be Joe's mother). . . .

Co-pilot Smith is making this hop for the first time. He is looking for the beacons and can't find them. Nothing but snow-capped peaks above a vague murkiness. The ground has disappeared. He touches the pilot's shoulder and points down. Cadwallader leans over and shouts one word: "Dust." The palms of Smith's hands go moist—flying blind over the Sierras! The plane is climbing, ten thousand, eleven, twelve. He glances at the clock: time to call Salt Lake.

At fourteen thousand feet they are well above the dust. Cadwallader levels off and calls for the stewardess. "How are the passengers?" "Okay, all quiet. . . ."

AIMEE LAVELLE is looking at the stars. The horizon has fallen away, and they are all about, blazing at her like the points of crystal spears. Their unbearable brilliance seems to transfix the plane and hold it motionless. Nothing moves visibly except the late moon struggling redly out of the east below. She pictures the pilot as a charioteer whipping his thousands of invisible steeds forward against the opposing army of the stars. . . .

Pilot Cadwallader is wondering if there will be hashed-brown potatoes at Salt Lake. . . .

Aimée Lavelle is drowsing . . . she is beside the charioteer, swaying with the heave of the car, swaying toward the charioteer. Her breast is bare, exposed to the cruel glitter of the spears. The charioteer's arm steals around her.

She rouses. It is the stewardess' arm, putting a pillow behind her head. A nice girl. She glances across the aisle at Joe. He is looking at her solicitously. His lips form the words, "All right?" Aimée smiles and nods. Once more she hears the thundering hoofs and feels the lurching car. . . .

Julie avoids Joe's eye. He has been trying to speak to her ever since the hurried take-off at Oakland. But she won't play. Not while he's dancing attendance on an actress.

She walks slowly down the aisle, stepping carefully over the girders. Most of the passengers are asleep.

She glances over her shoulder. Joe is still staring at that actress. Infatuated. Well, that was that. She had been a fool to think he was serious. Those last two trips meant nothing. "I always fly with you." That's what he had said. It meant nothing. Less than nothing. Just kidding the help. She bit her lip. One of the help—that was it. If she could wear a scarlet suit like that Lavelle woman—

The bell rings. Seat number two. That's Joe. Julie walks to the front of the plane, blind with anger. She bends down. "I want you to meet—" Joe is gesturing, pointing across the aisle.

Julie interrupts: "Don't disturb Miss Lavelle; she's asleep." Keeping her voice down, trying not to shout, trying to look as if she didn't care. Joe smiles and tries to say something, but the motors drown his voice. . . .

CO-PILOT SMITH was taken unawares. The plane soared over an unseen ridge, and suddenly Salt Lake was below them like a sunburst. He rubbed his eyes and looked at the clock: 11:38—more than a quarter hour ahead of schedule after a twenty-minute delay at Reno. He glanced at Cadwallader. The pilot was smiling. Proud of himself, Smith thought, and had a right to be. Cadwallader was thinking of something else—he had decided on a T-bone steak to go with the hashed-browns.

The ship descended steeply, rocking in the rough lower air. In a wide circle it glided inside the double necklace of rubies that marked the landing field.

Julie had adjusted the seat belts and handed down the passengers' hats. "Keep your chin up," she was telling herself. "Don't let him know he took you in." Aloud she was saying, "Half-hour stop. Yes, you're going on in the same plane."

On the field she saw Joe with his arm around the Lavelle woman. (Thank God, she wouldn't see any more of it; this was the end of her run.) Now he was actually kissing her. Julie turned away.

Someone touched her elbow. It was Joe. He pointed back toward the actress. "Listen, Julie, ask the stewardess on the next hop to look after her."

Julie smiled brightly. "Sure, Joe, I'll tell her. Have a nice trip!"

Joe's face fell. "I'm stopping off here. I thought maybe you'd have breakfast."

"Sorry, Joe, I can't. Why are you stopping?"

"I just came over the hump with Mother. We don't travel much together—for professional reasons. Even the greatest actresses aren't supposed to have grown-up lawyers for sons— Julie, what's the matter?" . . .

In the pilots' room they were congratulating Cadwallader. "A record run. Good stuff." Co-pilot Smith was trying to look as though mountains meant nothing to him.

"Getting too easy," Cadwallader was saying. "Nothing happens. Think I'll try South America."

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A Great Pair of Hands

By Bill Cunningham

The backbone of a major-league ball club is its scout—take the word of John J. (Muggsy) McGraw. The future of the game depends on the alertness of these astute traveling men. Meet a few unsung heroes, prospecting for treasures in the practically virgin jungle of Sauk Center and elsewhere

TEMPORARILY isolated, for reasons that are no essential part of this thesis, in a sleepy county seat out in the blackstrap molasses and sowbelly belt, I took the Toonerville trolley one afternoon late last summer to the near-by fair grounds which doubled in brass as a baseball park.

Wandering in through the dusty buggies and rusty flivvers, I transacted the necessary business at the rickety box office and plowed upward toward a seat in the ramshackle grandstand. In the pew next to mine sat an eldering gentleman, beneath the rim of an iron or derby hat, and behind a pair of rimless cheaters, or spectacles.

He held a program, a pencil and a couple of sheets of hotel stationery in his hands. I think it was those hands that caught me first.

"By their dukes shall ye know them" is the Scripture in sports. Here were big, capable, bespatulate feelers, fit for spearing line drives or nailing whistling grounders. From them, my gaze traveled northward to his pleasant and somewhat philosophical features. Although mellowed and matured, there was a famous fighting jaw. Although there were windows before them now, there were two instinctively keen eyes. I was only a kid when he was a king, but there was no mistaking that phiz.

"You aren't . . . I mean," stammered I, "aren't you Johnny Evers?"

"Why, yes," replied one of the most famous infielders who ever trod in spiked leather.

"Well, what in the world are you doing in this place?"

"I just came over from St. Jo," he said, "to take a look at a kid on this visiting ball club. He's a left-handed pitcher and they're going to work him today. He's been burning up the league around here this season. He pitched a no-hit game a couple of weeks ago and struck out eighteen men his last start. The class of ball in here isn't much better than semi-pro. The league isn't even Class D, still you never can tell. You pick up a beaut in these spots every once in a while. I had the day off and thought I'd come over and see what he looked like."

A scout, an ivory hunter, one of baseball's Trader Horns, plowing through the national pastime's canebrakes and jungles seriously searching for big-league material.

The Backbone of a Ball Club

To put a coda to that particular episode, John wasted his railroad fare.

"He won't do," he said after looking the clover-kicker over; "they'd bunt him out of the league in a week. He can't go to his left. He's too slow backing up first and third, and you can't teach speed to a guy with that sort of build. Big-league batters would smash that fast one of his back through the box hard enough to kill him, and that Sunday curve of his, while pretty good, isn't enough by itself. He hasn't got a thing to mix with it."

That was that. The famous old Troy-john had done his work for the day. His report would go into his ball club that night: "I looked over Pitcher So-and-so at Sauk Center today. He won't do."

But it's not always like that. In fact, more often than not it isn't.

August 31st is a key date in baseball, inasmuch as that midnight the player limit binding the major-league clubs jumps by league law from 23 to 40. Theoretically, at least, this regulation prevents the more wealthy and powerful clubs from outmanning the poorer and weaker through the serious stretches of the two pennant races, thus insuring better baseball in all towns.

But on August 31st, with the races virtually over—although, of course, sometimes they aren't—the bars drop, and the results of the scouts' seasonal prowlings become obvious in almost every major-league park. Here and there they are proudly and a little self-consciously hauling on their first suits of major-league flannels and taking their places for a few innings in the line-up while the managers, coaches, owners and fans try to make up their minds if the scouts have guessed right.

Sometimes they have, and sometimes they haven't, for that's the law of the game.

The major-league scout is the backbone of his ball club, and I have that on no more puny authority than that of Mr. John J. McGraw. (Call him "Muggsy," as some of the sports writers used to, and you'd better start running!) The scout is the unseen, unsung and unwritten-up hero behind baseball's blustering drama. He spends his days and also his nights in the thickets, far from the place he draws his checks. Barring lighthouse keepers and forest-fire lookouts, his life is probably the lonesomest on the face of the earth.

He's usually some superannuated horse-hider who's been through the mill and who knows a ball player, as an old jockey knows horse flesh—from the set of build and the swing of gait.

A playing past, however, isn't strictly essential.

Dick Kinsella, with the Giants of another generation, for instance, was probably the greatest scout who ever lived. In his time he turned up such historic finds as Hubbell, Walker, Doyle, Merkle, Fletcher and a long list of others who flashed to lasting fame in the Polo Ground spangles, and if Kinsella ever played the game, himself, there's nobody around now who can remember it.

But of the forty-five salaried scouts now attached to major-league baseball clubs, most were players, and great ones, in their days. The fans of yesterday will remember Hugh Duffy, John Evers, Fred Mitchell, Bill Bradley, Joe Engel, Chick Fraser, Jack McAllister, Nap Rucker, Bobby Wallace, Jack Ryan, Charley Barrett, Joe Becker and similar names freckled down through the lengthy list.

Those are the immortals of yesterday, now spending their todays beating through the bushes for the immortals of tomorrow.

Their job is not only ticklish—it can be disastrous. New material is vital. It must be found and kept coming, but so keen is the competition for, and so limited the supply of, usable major-league neophytes that even an ordinary ball player costs a young fortune, while the price tag on a star may run into six figures.

Willie Kamm cost the White Sox $100,000. Connie Mack paid Baltimore $100,500 for George Moses (Lefty) Grove. Koenecke and Cissell were $75,000 beauties, while Koenig, Combs, Woody English, Mickey Cochrane and Averill cost their respective major-league clubs $50,000 apiece. That will give you an idea, and even in these times, with expenses curtailed and every nickel held so long the buffalo sits down for a rest, the Boston Braves recently paid $25,000 for an outfielder, Joe Mowry, who was considered a good player but not a great one, in the American Association. The Braves didn't buy him for a great player. They merely needed another outfielder to plug a hole in their line, and $25,000 in cash is the price of a plug even in these deflated days.

Some scout has to pass upon each of these prospects and to assure his club owner that the money demanded was a fair price. In the cases cited, the scout chanced to be right, but suppose he hadn't been. It's easy to see that, playing with figures such as these, a couple of bad guesses upon his part could easily wipe out an entire season's profits, and enough of them could put a club into bankruptcy. Not only could, but have.

Studying bush-leaguers from the side lines is the scout's job

Expensive Experiments

The Chicago Cubs, for instance, paid $128,000 in six years for shortstops after Joe Tinker finished in 1914. They bought on scout approval, tried and discarded eight before they found Hollocher in 1920. The Cubs chanced to be owned by the multimillionaire Wrigley, but that sort of drain on an ordinary ball club would have pulled it pretty close to the line that is red.

The Red Sox management that recently had to give up and sell out was started on its road toward financial misery by $50,000 in good coin, paid Tulsa for a shortstop known as Dudley Lee. Dud was a nice boy and a great little minor-league ball player, but the scout who stamped him as major-league stuff simply misread the signs. The purchase price was a total loss. The boy wasn't even good enough to trade.

A scout, say the managers, can make much money for his club saying "No" and saying it firmly and finally. Still there are cases on record where a scout has been too conservative, and that brings to mind a player-buying inci-

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A scout knows ball players, like an old jockey knows horse flesh—from the set of build and the swing of gait

dent concerning the Pittsburgh club.

Kansas City had a brilliant young outfielder by the name of Glenn Wright. Pittsburgh began to dicker for him, and the price set by his owners was $35,000 cash and two pretty good ball players.

The Pirates sent their best scout over to size up the situation and he reported that, while he liked the young man and thought he had the makings, he wouldn't take the responsibility of saying he was worth that sort of price.

Barney Dreyfuss, the Pirate owner, and Bill McKechnie, the manager, decided to go over and take a peek for themselves. After watching Wright in action, they overrode their scout's veto and made the purchase, the young man to be delivered the following year.

As matters worked out it was a brilliant decision.

Before he even reported, the Yankees offered Dreyfuss $75,000 cash for him, and in the Pirate uniform he became one of baseball's brightest stars. He was easily worth $200,000 to his ball club, and he's still a great player, although a few years have passed. His present portfolio is that of shortstop for the Brooklyns.

So, you see, there's such a thing, too, as being too careful.

High-Powered Salesmen

The scout must be something of a diplomat in his dealings with the minor-league presidents, for it's they who sell him the ball players. He must be on cordial terms with them and, at the same time, prepared to be firm, for, according to major-league clubs, the minor-league prexies are the highest-powered salesmen in the world.

Some of them have made tremendous fortunes selling ball players. The late Jack Dunn, of Baltimore, for instance, made more than a million dollars selling baseball flesh to the majors. Ruth, Grove, Bishop, Earnshaw, Shore, Maisel and Boley are only a few of the stars he sent up.

The picture has changed a little in the minors of late, but it wasn't long ago that sales to the majors were the big plums of minor-league management. To this end, a visiting scout was wined and dined, pulled and palavered over. It was the usual scene, familiar enough in other lines of business where the attempt is being made to sell an expensive bill of goods.

The scout had to watch his host and his champagne consumption.

But there were other and more serious things that he had to watch, too, and that brings us around to a brief discussion of just what a scout does watch when he sizes up a ball player.

First, if he's seriously after a man with an idea of buying him, he goes to the club president, with whom, as previously explained, he is, or tries to be, on cordial terms. He asks then if the man can be bought, if any other club has a string of any sort on him, and he may even ask some idea of the club president's price. This is invariably put high by the owner in these preliminary parleys.

If the player is free and on the market, the scout then proceeds to put him under the microscope. He seldom makes up his mind on what he sees in two or three days. Ten days or two weeks is the usual period spent peering at a player with a price tag on him. The scout, desirous of seeing the prospect under as many varying conditions and circumstances as possible, trails the team from town to town, and he'd prefer, if possible, to have the young man unaware of the fact he's being watched.

Of course, he studies the player—all his tricks and traits, his fortes and his failures. He watches and records as vitally significant a dozen different things the layman wouldn't notice—such things, for instance, as the way a shortstop moves on a ball hit between himself and second, whether a pitcher can field his position as well as hurl from it, how long it takes a catcher to get out of his mask, and whether he pegs from the squat, or has to get to his feet; the length of a first baseman's arms; how many steps an outfielder takes when he throws, and similar data that would seem inconsequential but which tell the scout the story he's after.

He's noting carefully, too, the size of the ball park, especially if he's watching a hitter or the work of some outfielder. If the belting beauty under observation has amassed a record for homers, the scout is interested in seeing how far back the fences are. He also wants to see the type of ball he smashes. The national pastime's missile isn't standardized. In fact, it's about the most unstandardized thing there is, every league using its own particular brand and most of those brands varying sharply in liveliness. The National League ball is the slowest and deadest. Most of the minor-league onions are as fast as greased lightning. This is done deliberately. The minors want to sell players. They want those players to look as good as they can. A bloated batting average is a player's best advertisement, hence they give their lads an apple that will travel.

Diamonds in the Rough

The result of this is that many minor-league fence-busters can't hit their weight in the majors, and the difference in pitching isn't all of the reason. Conversely, a weak major-league hitter, suddenly dropped to the minors, often starts belting the ball all over the premises.

It's almost come to the point now where the scout takes his own bat and ball with him. And some of them have, at that.

Fred Mitchell tells about a hard-boiled scout who'd been watching a shortstop. The scout decided it wasn't humanly possible for a player to be as good as this lad looked on ground balls and thought there must be something phony about

BOSTON NATIONAL LEAGUE BASE BALL CLUB
Braves Field, Boston, Mass.

Scout John J. Evers
Date July 18, 1932
City Fort Worth
Size of Home Grounds and Fences large
Player's Name Gyselman
Position 3rd Club Albuquerque League Arizona-Texas
Bats Right Throws Right
Age 21 Weight 175 Height 6-1
Winter Residence Belongs to Mission Club Coast League
Habits Good
Married or Single
Previous Experience

FULL REPORT AND RECOMMENDATIONS

This youngster is very tall and rangy. Good pair of hands, runs fast, fields nice. Nice stand at plate. Hits well. Hitting .370 in this league but league isn't very fast. Should get in touch with Baerwald Mission Club on this boy. Can't miss.

A report on a rookie by Scout Johnny Evers, one of baseball's famed old-timers

him, although he couldn't tell what. So he got himself a bat and a half dozen baseballs and spent an hour one morning driving grounders at the player. He hooked 'em and sliced 'em, topped 'em and tipped 'em. He hit every sort of wicked ball that can come off a bat, but he couldn't fool the kid and he proceeded to sign him. That incident occurred so long ago that it's almost completely lost in the mists of antiquity, for the player was Rabbit Maranville.

Then they tell how Joe Cantillon, ordering a scout down into the brush to look over some highly press-agented young pitcher, thundered at his employee, "Take a good stout bat with you. Get him out there and make him pitch to you an hour. And if you can get so much as one foul off him, leave him there!"

But when the scouts get through all these things, there's another matter they investigate now. That matter is the young man's personal habits and morals. The movies have their famous "morality clause." Baseball doesn't call it that but it amounts to the same thing. Baseball didn't use to have it. Baseball used to be tough. And baseball came to no official agreement about it and has no such agreement yet. But there it is.

A scout's official report is a terse but interesting document. It is duly mailed in on a printed form which has blanks to be filled in beside the following headings: Scout, Date, City, Size of Home Grounds and Distance of Fences, Player's Name, Position, Club, League, Bats (Right or Left Handed), Throws (Right or Left Handed). Age, Weight, Height, Winter Residence, Habits, Married or Single, Previous Experience, and Remarks.

The real lowdown is in the "Remarks."

Here are two bona fide examples I recently copied from actual scout reports. "This youngster is very tall and rangy. Good pair of hands, runs fast, fields nicely. Nice stand at plate. Hits well. Hitting .370 in this league, but league isn't very fast. Should get in touch with Baerwald, Mission Club, on this boy. Can't miss."

That was young Gyselman and that report of Johnny Evers' brought him into the National League this season.

The other, and typical one, was on a pitcher a team didn't buy. It ran:

"Best ball is side-arm fast ball. Sinks a little. Fair curve ball. Good delivery. Good fielder. Good pair of hands. Nice size for a pitcher. Has been going good. Looks as if he might have a chance. Bats and throws right-handed. Is 23 years old, weighs 185 and is 6 feet tall. A fair prospect."

You'll note that "good pair of hands." It's in every report. The prospect has either a good pair of hands or a bad pair.

I asked a famous manager what the phrase means.

"Everything," he said, "to a man fielding a ball. A 'good pair of hands' is a pair big enough and strong enough to stop a ball and stop it dead. Not only to stop it but to hold it securely. In baseball, the hand is quicker than the eye. It has to be. A real ball player must move his hands by instinct. They must swing immediately into the path of the ball, and once there they must stop it. A man with weak hands may stop the ball, but it will bounce out of his glove and he has to pick it up and throw it. That little delay, short although it may be, usually spells the difference between 'out' and 'safe' at some base. That's what they mean by a good pair of hands and no ball player can be great unless he has 'em."

And so the scout reports.

They seldom make the great finds that Bob Connery did when on an excursion for the Cardinals he paid a little Texas team $700 for a kid named Rogers Hornsby. But they do find 'em and they'll keep finding 'em, for baseball feeds exclusively from such fodder and baseball must live.

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The Crowd Pleaser

By Day Edgar

Popularity pays. Oh, yes? Let's see what happened to the Dutch Adonis, who was almost as popular as a fire in a powder factory

THE first time I set eyes on the boy he's falling out of a taxi. Not drunk, understand, just a stranger in the city.

I'm walking out of my gym that day, bound for lunch, when this taxi stops at the curb. The driver jumps down and jerks the door open. Out sails the passenger, head first like a diver, and lands on his belly. He hops up quick because he sees the driver's got a grin on his face.

"If I thought you did that on purpose," the boy barks, "I'd tear your head off."

"Your fault, buddy," says the driver, backing away. "There's no handles inside them doors, and you're not supposed to shove."

"Then forget it," the boy says, "and fetch me that hat."

While he's brushing off his knees the driver brings him the new straw lid. The boy slaps it on and tells the taxi to wait there. Then he steps up to me.

"My name's Lew Haupt," he says, "and I come from Mahanoy City."

"I don't blame you," I cracks. "I've been there."

"I saw you," he says, nodding. "It was the time you brought Jimmy Allen along. I fought in one of the prelims that same night. Of course you wouldn't know about me in a city like this, but I know you. I've been wanting to see you for two years," he says, taking a big breath, "and now I'm here at last."

I can tell what's coming next, but I don't let on. In the fight game my policy is to admit nothing.

"From now on I'd like you to be my manager," the boy says. "Up home I fought seven times and won six."

"What about the other?"

"That one I lost."

"A raw decision, of course?" I asked, and then this Dutch kid fools me.

"The decision was correct," he says, "but I could beat him today."

"How do you figure it?"

"The night I fought him," Haupt explains, "my father caught me when I was leaving the house and gave me a beating."

"You took it?" I asked him.

"Took it?" says Haupt. "Listen, my father weighs two hundred and he don't drink or smoke. I took it, all right. Then I sneaked out after he was in bed. I had to walk from our farm into town, and when I climbed in the ring that night I could hardly lift my arms."

I'VE been sizing this boy up, understand, and he's the kind a crowd will like on sight. I mean he smiles easy and his face, which seven fights ain't marked up yet, would make a salesgirl envy his complexion. He's got nerve, too, as I find out when he asks me to lead him to my gym right away.

"Say the word," he offers, "and I'll work out with Jimmy Allen himself."

"Son," I says, "Allen would stab your ears loose."

He lets it go at that and shows me a white envelope full of clippings from some up-state papers. The write-ups don't say much about him because he's only fought in prelims. The names and weights is all they give and the winner. I read where Lew Haupt has won six and lost the seventh. Then I notice something. The clipping about his last scrap is two years old.

"What you been doing since then?" I ask, and for a minute he don't answer. He looks down the street like he's thinking up a good one.

"I was trying to get grace," he says.

"Grace?" I barks. "Who is she?"

"I knew you wouldn't understand," he says. "It was my father's idea. You see, my father thinks fighting's a sin. He claims I'm doomed to hell's fire. I told him I'd rather fry some day than crate cabbage all my life, but that only made him work all the harder to convert me."

"How?" I ask him.

"How?" says Haupt. "By beating me, of course. Every Saturday morning he'd come in and lock the door and ask me if I had got grace yet. I tried, but it was no use. And when I'd tell him the truth he'd pound hell out of me again."

"So you run away?"

"At three o'clock this morning," he says. "I came straight here to see you. I want to make good in the ring and live in the swellest hotel in town. I got two hundred dollars to tide me over."

By now I have put off my lunch long enough, but any boy who wins six out of seven is worth looking over. So I tell Haupt to show up at the gym next morning, and he jumps in the taxi. He leans up front and says something to the driver. And just before they shoot away down the street I hear what the driver says.

"The swellest?" he shouts. "The Belmar, buddy, the Belmar!"

THE trouble starts with Haupt's first bout under my management. Jimmy Allen is fighting that night, and Haupt's in one of the prelims. Being busy with Jimmy I put two handlers in Haupt's corner. I want to watch the kid's progress, so I slip out to the ringside when his bout's on.

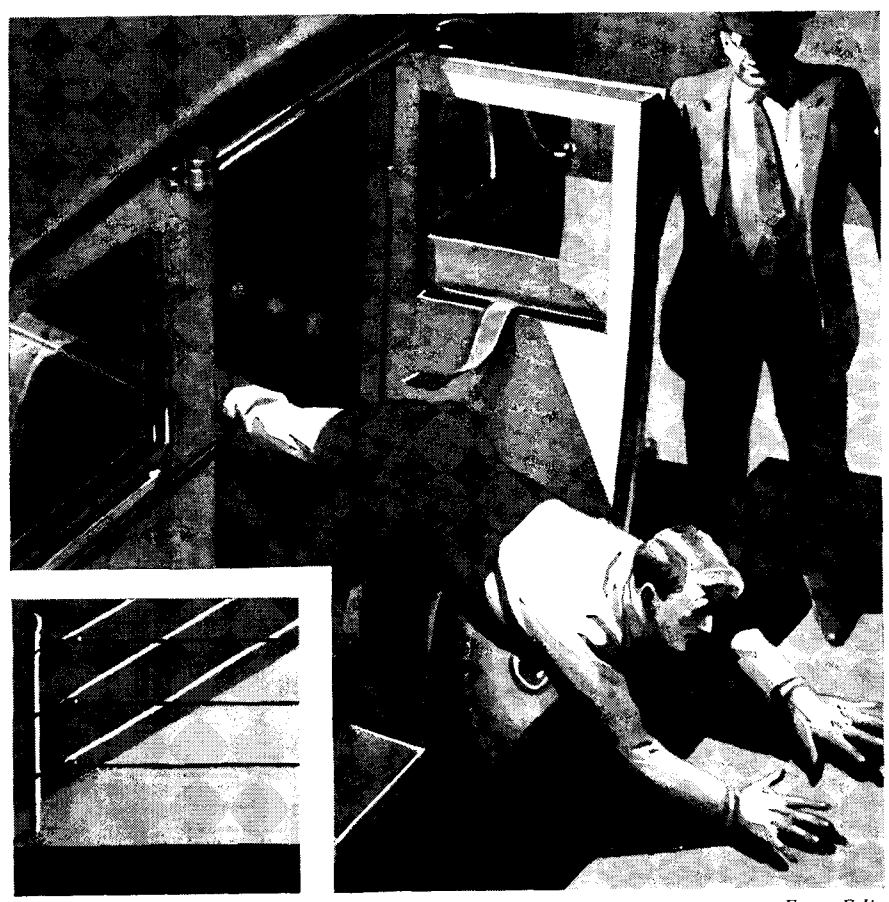
He makes a fine appearance, especially after he pulls his bathrobe off. He's tall for a welterweight and has grand shoulders. There ain't a mole or a mark on him. Like all them Dutchmen, his hair's gold as a girl's, and when it comes to looking handsome not even Tom Loughran has anything on this boy.

At the bell he gets away to a nice start, boring in every minute. The fans are with him. Then in the second round he makes a bad move. As they're coming out of a clinch Haupt is shoved off balance. The other boy leans over to help him up—and Haupt makes a pass at him! The crowd lets out a boo. Maybe the razzing rattled Haupt, or maybe he's so anxious to win he don't hear the bell. Anyway, he throws a couple punches after the round's over and the house is booing while he walks to his corner.

After that he goes along fine, but opening the sixth he forgets it's the final round and piles in without waiting to shake hands. The fans start riding him again. They even boo when the referee lifts Haupt's arm. He has won by a mile, understand, but he hasn't pleased the crowd. I see another mistake coming, so I run over to the corner where he's about to leave the ring.

"Lew," I yell, "go shake his hand!"

He stops, with one leg through the ropes, and looks at me. There's so much booing he can't hear.



Franz Felix

Out sails the passenger, head first like a diver

"What's wrong with you?" I shout. "Get over there and shake that boy's hand!"

Then he starts across the ring, but it's too late. The other boy's gone, so Haupt comes back. The crowd thinks he snubbed the loser on purpose, and they're still booing when I lead him out the aisle.

"Son," I says, "don't you know better'n strike a man when he's helping you up?"

"How could I tell?" says Haupt. "I thought he was bending over to hit me one."

I LET it drop at that because the windup will be starting soon and my place is with Jimmy Allen. I tell Haupt to go out when he's got his clothes on and sit in my ringside seat.

"This is your chance," I says, "to learn ring manners from an expert."

I hustle across to Jimmy's dressing-room. He's sitting there in his blue bathrobe. His brother, who likes to help me handle him, is waiting too. I look at Jimmy's hands again, and after a while we start for the ring.

The fans along the aisle reach out and slap us on the back as we go by. Up in the gallery our band—the Jimmy Allen Brass Band—is playing away, which makes great ballyhoo for all Jimmy's fights. They're banging out Hail the Conquering Hero now, like they always do when it's time for us to show up. Then the fans see us and the cheering drowns out the music.

Jimmy jumps up through the ropes, me following. He throws his hands over his head and shakes his gloves to all four sides. The crowd goes wild. Our ovation was never better. I look down and see Lew Haupt sitting where I told him. I figure he'll learn by watching the reception Jimmy's getting.

The other man climbs in—it's Leo Crago—and Jimmy trots over to shake hands. While he's back in his corner, waiting for the bell, Jimmy looks out over the crowd like I taught him.

"Hello, Bill!" he calls. "How's the boy, Joe?"

THE warning bell rings and I climb out. Between rounds I sit with my towel alongside of Lew Haupt, and for his drilling in ring manners I couldn't of picked a better fight. In the second Jimmy throws a right that cuts Crago's eye. Most fighters would start gunning after a technical K. O. Not Jimmy Allen. He switches his attack to the body. The fans see what he's doing, so everybody claps his sportsmanship.

Another example happens in the seventh. Crago's foot hits a wet spot and he falls against the ropes. Instead of trying to shoot one over, Jimmy drops his hands to show the fans he's not taking advantage of Crago's hard luck. Then he steps back, and the crowd applauds again because they love that.

"Lew," I says, "the opposite from what you done."

"If the other fellow falls down," says Haupt, "that's his fault. Allen might of won the fight right there."

"And lost the crowd," I says. "Hit a man when he's stumbling, and every fan in the house would be off you."

Crago makes a strong finish that almost gets him a draw. The fans are all pulling for Jimmy, which helps when the officials have a close decision to make. So Jimmy runs over and shakes the loser's hand and slaps him on the back. The fans trail after Jimmy, like they always do, as he goes up the aisle

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with me and his brother on both elbows to push him through. Even now Jimmy's missing no tricks.

"Hello there, Joe!" he shouts. "Hello, Harry!"

After Jimmy starts home I make Lew Haupt walk to my flat with me. I can always talk my best on my feet, so while we're tramping along I have a discussion with the Dutch kid about his future.

"Lew," I starts in, "you just watched a real crowd pleaser in action. Don't think he got that way by accident, because it's took five years, slow but sure, for Jimmy Allen to get where he is today."

"Five years?" says Haupt, surprised.

"I found him fighting prelims up at the Sportsmen's Rink," I says. "You know how much the purses were? Ten per cent of what tickets you sold among your friends. Since then we come up step by step. Jimmy done the fighting, I smoothed the way. And you just seen how he's got all the fans pulling for him."

HAUPT acts like he don't think this helps much, so I make it plain right now.

"Plenty of good fighters," I tell him, "don't get the bouts others do with records nowheres near as good. That's because of the fans. If they don't like a fighter, what good's his record do the promoter?"

"Suppose he keeps on winning?" says Haupt, but I explain winning alone ain't enough.

"Jimmy Allen can tell you that," I says. "Every rooter means another ticket sold, and I'm always working to add more rooters to Jimmy's personal following. That's why he swears by me. That's why there's never been no contracts or a scratch of the pen between us. Jimmy knows I'm always talking him up. Hardly a day passes I don't get him puffed in one of the sport columns. Cliff Fowler, Ed Pollock, McCurley, Jaffe, McLinn—I work 'em all because a fighter's got to keep before the public, making one friend today and another one tomorrow."

"Take a long time," says Haupt, "to fill a hall at that rate."

But I got no argument with the boy's work. He shows up every day at the gym, and this Dutch boy, understand, is good. I don't tell him so, because my policy is to admit nothing, but he's the best welterweight prospect I've found since I dug up Jimmy Allen.

THEN one day Cliff Fowler's there. Cliff's the best sports writer in town—him or Ed Pollock, take your choice—and a special friend of mine. I did him a little favor once, so he often drops in and gives me or Jimmy Allen a puff in his column. This time I introduce him to Haupt and he watches the workout. Cliff sees how expert the boy is at avoiding punishment, and he speaks about it afterward. Haupt just smiles while he mops that good-looking face of his with a towel.

"My father taught me that," Lew says, "even if he didn't know it."

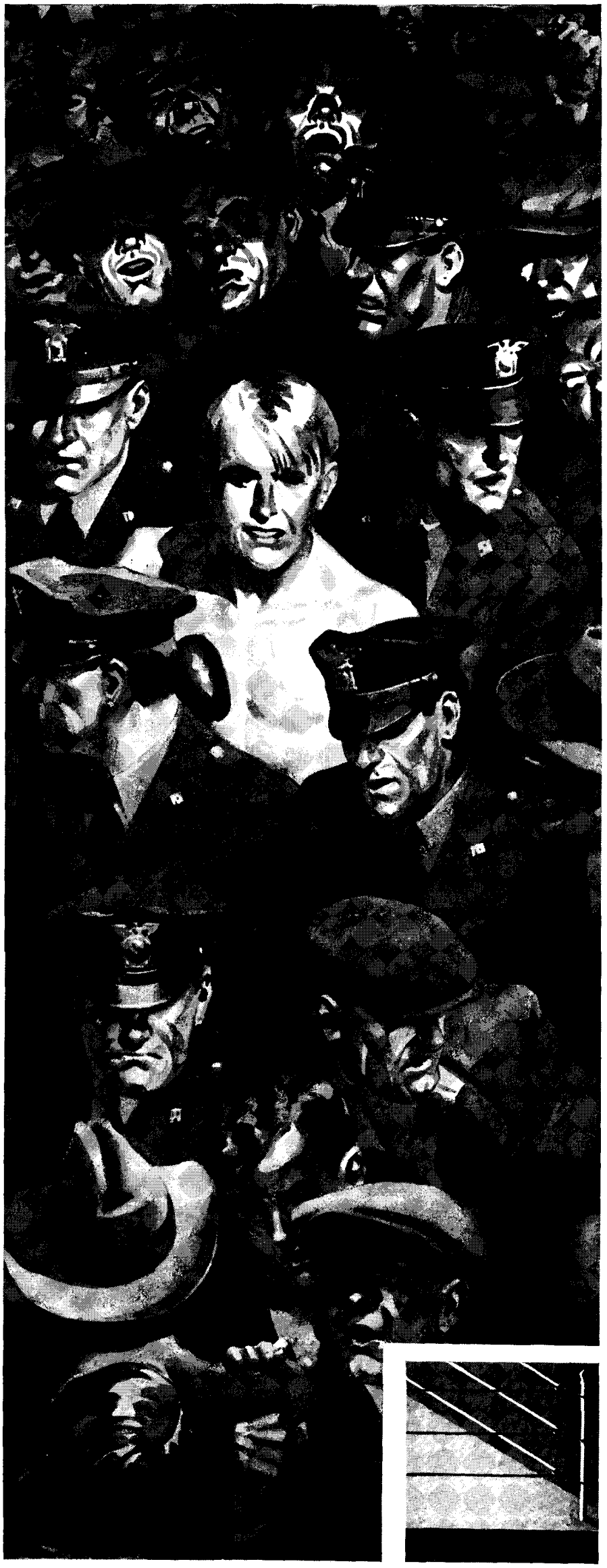
Jimmy Allen, who's just got dressed after his shower, is leaving with his brother. He sees Fowler and hustles over to shake hands.

"A fine column this morning, Cliff," he says. "One of your best."

Cliff sticks around a while, talking to Haupt. I can see he takes to the boy, so I remind him to watch the bout with Steve Rhodes Friday night, which I'm predicting Haupt will win going away.

I turn out to be wrong, but it was the worst kind of a break. Before the fight's a minute old, Rhodes knows he's in for a lacing. He's getting a body drubbing, so he starts going up on his toes every time they get in close. He wants a quick way out, understand, by taking one below the belt. Lew ain't wise to the trick and just as Lew starts a punch for the kidneys Rhodes jumps up extra high. Then he's on the floor, twisting around while his seconds claim a foul. I hop in the ring, but the referee didn't see it and my squawk does no good.

All the crowd knows is they wanted six rounds of entertainment and got less than one. That makes Lew the goat and they cut loose a loud razzing. I decide right then to pull him out of local circulation till the fans can forget. So I don't use him again until after the four of us start off on the trip I been arranging.



Half the house is howling at his heels. The cops get him to a taxi

IT WAS the best I ever took. We stopped first at Reading, where Jimmy Allen beat Herb Krespach and Haupt won a prelim. After that it's Pittsburgh, where both my boys copped again, and then we shove on toward Scranton.

There's an extra reason this trip's good business just now. At home I can only let Jimmy Allen fight about once a month. Too many matches will wear out his popularity. But on the road it's safe to fight as often as the Boxing Commission allows, which is once every five days. This just suits Jimmy, because he's always been hot after the money. We've got his brother along too. Jimmy likes to have him, and I don't mind the extra expense.

For Haupt, understand, this trip's the best experience in the world. I work him in a prelim every time Allen fights. The boy's improving fast, as hard a target to hit as I ever seen. Most youngsters will duck down three feet when they're dodging punches, but Haupt only moves his head enough to make them barely miss. That means he's always set to throw counter punches, which he done so often in his Scranton bout that he put his man away in the fourth round. Then Jimmy Allen beats Bud Proleski in the wind-up, so on the train next morning I'm feeling fine, with no signs of my neuritis, as we're riding north for Binghamton.

JIMMY'S playing cards with his brother back in the Pullman, and me and Lew are sitting in the club car. Lew's looking out the window. His chin's on his hand and he's watching some green hills far away. Then he gives one of them deep sighs.

"You thinking of some girl?" I kid him, but he don't even turn his head.

"No," he says, "I was thinking about the farm."

"Forget it," I says, quick. "You got a bright future now, Lew, with good money and the gay hotel life."

"That's what makes me sad," he says. "I should of run away years ago."

"Then you ain't homesick?"

"Homesick?" he barks. "Nobody was ever homesick for a jail. All my home ever meant to me was a beating once a week. That and a new pair of overalls when the old ones fell off me."

In Binghamton I get a real surprise. The wind-up's about to start, and Jimmy Allen's doing his stuff while he's waiting for the bell. He looks out over the crowd and waves and calls a fan here and there by name. Haupt, sitting at the ringside, is watching Jimmy close. He turns quick and looks back, trying to locate each fan Jimmy hails. After the fight me and Lew's standing in the train shed with our bags.

"Allen knows people wherever we go," Lew says.

"Yes," says I, "he's got plenty of friends."

"Their names are always the same,"

(Continued on page 36)

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How to make a Gangster

Continued from page 13

Mr. Landesco knows his way about in Chicago gangdom. For, under the auspices of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology and the Social Science Research Committee of the University of Chicago, this able, amiable, smiling man has been studying Organized Crime in Chicago.

Today, because of his vast acquaintance with Chicago's underworld, he is acting as adviser, under Governor Horner of Illinois, to the Illinois State Board of Pardons and Paroles. It was Mr. Landesco who, not long ago, began the study of children in the districts where gangdom begins. Mr. Landesco, learning by study, conversation and observation what Mr. Davy Miller learned directly by growing up, agrees with Davy Miller that the only way to be a real gunman and gangster is to grow up one.

Let's listen, for example, to the 13-year-old gang-district Chicago boy who proudly told Mr. Landesco, in the presence of a stenographer, his version of the history of the famous "Forty-two Gang" in Chicago—a story that covers, in the boy's few hundred words, years of amazing crimes; told the story and also explained unerringly, but unwittingly, how crime begins and how gangsters are made. See how this boy from the gang district begins with the deeds of mere children, back in what to him were the legendary days of roller skates and bicycles:

Kindergarten Crime

"First," he said, "some kids had skates. The guys that didn't have skates, they went to rob skates; after they robbed skates two guys went to rob coasters. Then one boy wanted to buy a bicycle, so two punks went to another part of town to rob a bicycle for him. These were small bicycles. The bigger guys wanted to buy big bicycles. And the punks started to go out for big bicycles and sold them for five or six dollars. Then they started to break in flats and take anything they could find.

"After they found it was getting hot, the guys started to make basements and taking wine. Afterwards the basements started to get hot. The owners were putting bells at the doors. Then the guys started on pocketbooks. Then a car was parked; then one guy jumped in and got the car going. Then when this happened they started going out for more cars. They would go in one car and come back with two. Then they learned how to open the ignition on a shift car. So when they got the shift cars the guys began going out with guns. They would go heisting stores, wagons and things to make dough.

"Then all the hoods that robbed began getting in touch with each other and they started hanging out with each other. They started going on hauls, and making places together. Then they had a beer party. After that they had about forty-two guys and they hanged around Laflin and Taylor Streets. When a fight started all the guys joined it. Here they got the name 'Forty-two' because they were forty-two guys.

"Then one of the guys that we always called 'Babe Luck' got a car. He began getting kids to rob tires, cars. He used to give them a fin for tires and machines. He would give them a key to start the car and he would be in back of them and look out for the cops. Then when he got down to the neighborhood he would park his car and get in the hot car, and he got other guys. Three other guys and he went out heisting joints. If they got a lam they didn't care because it was a hot car. He used to do this every week. So the kids got wise and they wouldn't go and rob more cars for him, so he had to go alone.

"So once he needed tires for his car, so he saw a car like his and he thought he would take off the tires. So he took a wrench and he was taking off the tires. While he was taking off the nuts, the cops came by. So the cops shot at him and he started running. He ran a half a block and fell. He couldn't run further. So the coppers took him to the hospital. He lived a couple of hours and died. The guys sent him flowers. . . .

The Club Breaks Up

"Then the gang started breaking up—guys going to jail, getting married. There were five guys left. They were Cats, Bo, Louis, Tony and Hank. My cousin and two other guys went to rob the express. So my cousin cut the telephone wires and had two guns in his hands and was on the look-out while the guys were taking the money. They got $80,000 cash. So while the train was starting the two and him jumped on the train. One copper got him by the coat and pulled him off and arrested him. The other guys got away.

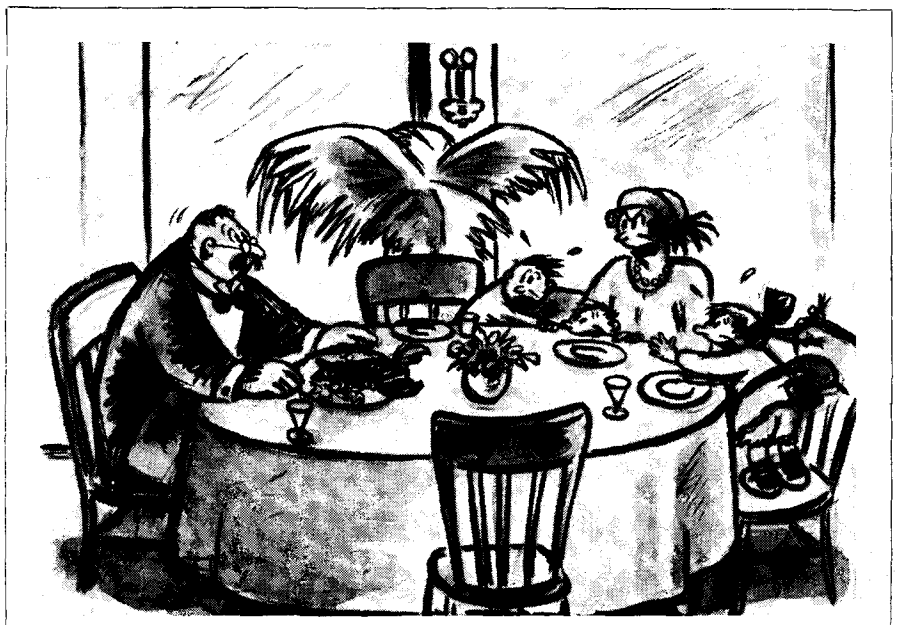
"The cops wanted him to beef. They hit him over the head with blackjacks, guns and everything, and he wouldn't beef. Nobody knows who the other guys are. So they made him serve for ten years. He served about seven years and he'll be out next year. When my cousin comes out he made up his mind to put up a bakery with the money he got. He still has the money. I know; I heard the guys say so.

"Then Bo used to get tough with the cops. One day a paddy-wagon came to take him. He punched one cop and knocked him out. When the other copper saw this he went away. They were yellow.

"So in the summer time Cats and Bo had a machine apiece. So they went by a store and robbed eggs. They put them in the car. When they saw a guy dressed up they threw eggs at him, just for fun. They always done this. So one Sunday night this guy Bo went to a dance. He had a girl. She lived on Loomis. And there was a guy. They called him Red. He was married and had three kids. He was there, too. This guy liked the girl, too; so this Red went home and got something because Bo punched him. He came back and had something in his coat. While Bo was dancing with the girl, this guy pulled out a knife and stabbed him and Bo chased the guy and punched him and fell on the floor. Bo fell to the floor because he was losing blood. So when he was stabbed some guy took the key of his car, a new one, and blew town and went to Canada. This guy Red was chased by the other guys and they got him and they kicked him all over the hall. Bo died.

"Then Tony had a big car. One night he got drunk. Him and a couple of guys, they were driving around. They were on Ashland, and he wrecked a lamp post, and the wheel stuck him in the stomach. The other guys didn't get a scratch. He lived a couple of hours and he died.

"Then Hank was a little punk. He was about seventeen years old. He robbed stills, basements, stores, flats, and heisted guys. So he was a game guy. He got a big sedan, a fast one. He used to get lams with it. So one day he brought it and had it painted black. When he went back to get it he got in and ran away without paying the guy. They call it the black coffin. One day a car pulled up to him. So they called him and Al, and two other guys were there in the car. They took him for a ride. Because he was a double-crosser. He double-crossed the gang. When they found him his head was in the mud and fifteen slugs in him. The cops were looking for the guy who did it."



"Why do you order those lobsters when you know they scare the children?" *Frank Owen*

A Thirteen-Year-Old Gang Boy's Slang as Used in Above Statement

"Heisting"—robbing.
"Hoods"—a new self-imposed term of pride, contraction of "Hoodlum."
"Fin"—five dollars.
"Hot car"—stolen, therefore dangerous.
"Lam"—chase by police.
"Beef"—to confess.
"Paddy-wagon"—patrol wagon.
"Punk"—young boy.
"Rob"—to steal.

"Inheriting the tradition of the gang as this boy had done—that's what makes gangsters," said Mr. Landesco after he had read to me this boy's saga of the "Forty-two Gang."

Mr. Landesco at this moment is preparing for publication by the press of the University of Chicago an astonishing book, consisting of the first-hand conversations of children in the gang districts. One of Mr. Landesco's most remarkable assistants in this five-year-long study of children in gangdom is Corrado De Sylvester, a student who was raised in the west side of Little Italy, in Chicago.

"I was able to have a long talk with De Sylvester, who can tell you a thousand tales of the lives of these children.

Education

"In the first place," he told me, "don't think there's anything very mysterious about these gangsters. They love to see their names and pictures in print. As children, they're just boys—wild boys, playing at crime.

"And they have cars. Sometimes the cars are stolen ones, but the aim of every boy is to buy a 'clean car' of his own. He will commit no crimes, if he can avoid it, in his own car.

"Now there you have the combination. A playful spirit of crime, a gun and an automobile. Whoopee! Anything can happen then. All the boy has to do is to act the way he hears that the bigger boys act in robberies and hold-ups, or as he sees actors play crime parts in movies, and that boy, abruptly, becomes as deadly as a cobra.

"The younger they are, beginning, say, at from fifteen to seventeen, the deadlier they are. The older ones, say those in the middle twenties, who have already made their records, proceed more carefully with their crimes, but the kid with a gun is out to win his spurs. He's the kind who'll stop at nothing. It's actually the boys of fifteen or sixteen who give the police the biggest battles. They don't use their brains; they'll shoot it out with anyone. They're not afraid of being killed or hurt. They don't know how to get out of jams, either, with the aid of lawyers or police. All they know how to do, at first, is to kill.

Recreation

"If you're a good enough 'hood' to have a police car chase you whenever you turn out in your car with a group of your friends, then you're 'top.' One game the boys play is to go out looking for a 'lam,' as they call it. That makes them heroes with everybody in the community. In a playful moment, looking for a chase, five or six boys may get into someone's car and scout around until they find a police car cruising. If the police do not pay attention to them, they are likely to beg:

"'You big stiffs, give us a lam.'

"These boys are astonishingly good drivers in their own districts. They practice by the hour what they call 'whipping corners'—turning short corners at high speed.

"They can shoot into a narrow alley at forty or fifty miles an hour, like a train going into a tunnel. They know alleys in which they can smash police cars up against dead-end walls. They know places where they can dash out of an alley and turn up onto the sidewalk while the police car swings out into the street and perhaps winds itself against a pole or strikes a building. All of this trick driving involves what the boys call 'whipping.'

"It's almost impossible for a police car, driven by calm, careful men, to catch these crazy kids.

"If the chase is just an ordinary lam—the police having nothing on the boys

(Continued on page 32)

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Collier's, *The National Weekly*

The SOUTH PREFERS INTERNATIONALS

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How to make a Gangster

Continued from page 30

at the time, except perhaps the desire to squeeze money from them, or if the pursuit grew out of the playful but challenging invitation, 'Gimme a lam,' the boys will not shoot. But if the police have started the chase themselves and one or more boys in the car are really avoiding arrest for a known crime, then the big thrill comes for them —the 'lam, with rods,' which means a gun-chase. Then they go 'whipping' about their district, bullets flying everywhere, shooting at the police car whenever they get it out into the open behind them, and then dodging into alleys to shoot broadside at the police car as it goes past them. That's all play. But when they take their cars, their guns and their expertness with these tools into 'work,' they become as dangerous as jungle killers.

"The robbery of a house party at the mansion of William H. Mitchell, at Lake Forest in 1931, is one of the best illustrations I know of the wildness and the spirit of criminal play of these youths of gangland.

"This Saturday night robbery was originally planned by experienced men. It was to be a six-man job. They intended using the car of a younger 'hood,' named Frank Trefano. He was to be the 'wheelman,' because it was his car and he would run the risk of losing it. At the last moment the experts decided that the job would be too dangerous.

"But Trefano was building up a record. He explained the plot to three boy friends, Nick Maentanis, Joe Porello and Paul Ross. Without any rehearsal or planning the three youths went at the job which six expert hold-up men had thrown over.

Business

"The hosts and guests at the Mitchell house party were dumfounded to see three youths enter with guns. The boys took their time. They took jewels from the women's hands, necks and ears. One boy even took apart a gentleman's ear trumpet to see whether jewels were hidden in it. After more than an hour the boys left the house, expecting to get into Trefano's car and ride away. But, though the car stood there, Trefano had run away. A servant, sneaking away through the shrubbery to give an alarm, had frightened him. The three boys got away on foot, but were caught later through Trefano's car license.

"Any of these three boys, that night, might have pulled his trigger any moment if he had become alarmed."

I asked Mr. De Sylvester to describe the youngest and wickedest "hood" he had ever known.

"Well, the boy they called 'Babe Luck' was one," he said. "He was most undoubtedly a killer at fourteen. He drank, had women and engaged in all the vices at that age. He took part in big robberies. He hired boys to steal cars for him to be used in robberies. He would pay from ten dollars to twenty-five dollars for the use of a stolen car and would return the car to the punks who had stolen it when he was through with it. But he had his own 'clean' car, that the police could not take, paid for to the last cent, before he was sixteen.

"You notice he was mentioned by the thirteen-year-old boy, who told the story of the 'Forty-two Gang.' He had the back of his car seat lined with steel. He would invariably try to get into arguments with the police. 'Gimme a lam' was his challenge to them. 'Babe Luck' was the hero of every kid in town who knew real gangdom at first hand. He always said, 'I want to be an Al Capone.' But he was through at seventeen. He tried to hold back part of the proceeds of a robbery. His gang took him for a ride; he didn't die in a hospital, as the 13-year-old had it."

Mr. Landesco and Mr. De Sylvester, in their studies, placed boys in four groups: those under nine, those between nine and fourteen, those between fourteen and seventeen, and those from seventeen to twenty-two.

"The vicious, dangerous boys are in the fourteen to seventeen group," said Mr. De Sylvester. "Bright boys of this age group all have cars and guns. I've known five or six of them, with sawed-off shotguns and revolvers, to get into a car to head for a bank robbery. On the way to the bank they were given a chase by the police, with guns blazing on both sides, but got away. They doubled in their tracks behind the police cars, went to the bank and took between $3,000 and $4,000."

A Code for Stripping Cars

"What can the little fellows under nine get away with?" I asked.

"The first thing to remember," Mr. De Sylvester said, "is that there's always someone ready to buy what the boys steal. There's a fence for everything, from a stolen car down to a piece of silk torn by a child from a car curtain.

"Let's say some of the bigger boys have stolen a car. This may be because someone has offered them fifty dollars, for instance, for four wire wheels wherewith to disguise some other stolen car which had wooden or disk wheels. The boys bring the car to their home district and 'put it down on its transmission,' as they say. Having filled the order for wheels, the bigger boys take their fifty dollars and consider the job ended. And now come the boys between fourteen and seventeen. They take the lamps, the carburetor and the distributor; maybe the starter. They know where they can sell all these parts.

"Boys between nine and fourteen, not yet expert with machinery or tools, take, perhaps, the gasoline, the horn, the tools and the spark plugs. They may even cut away the open wiring. They can sell these objects of loot for small sums.

"And the police have found little boys, under nine, cutting or tearing away the upholstery and curtains, and then throwing stones at the car windows.

"A stolen car, standing on its transmission in Chicago these days, is picked by boys as a camel's carcass in the desert is picked by vultures."

During a short ride one morning with a photographer, I came across a de-wheeled and partially stripped car, which would undoubtedly be further picked if the police did not rescue it, during the smaller school-children's noon hour. The wheel stealers had not gone to the pains, as the photograph shows, to remove two well-worn tires from the car's rear rack, proof that they had stolen the car merely to get a certain type of wheels. Anyone could select and remove any part of the rest of the car that he wished.

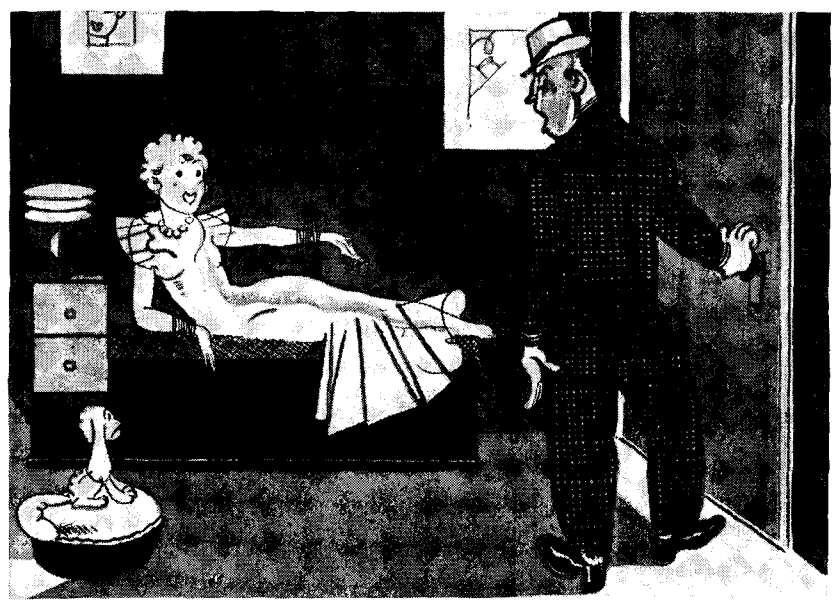
"In fact, many of the things they steal are ordered in advance. They merely go out and fill orders."

Just as they steal to order when they are younger, so they kill to order after they get their first taste of blood. It is from among them that the underworld gets its "gorillas."

"These boys are always talking about doing a job for so-and-so, some syndicate man or racketeer. I've heard them say that Al Capone and the big shots wouldn't hire them because they were too wild.

"'I don't want any of you stars among my muscle men,' Al Capone is credited with saying to some of the youths I've talked with. 'You get drunk, you take dope, you lie and double-cross and you can't be depended upon. You're all crazy.'" Mr. Capone, it seemed, wanted *good* bad boys.

"Yet the dream of most of these boys who are not independent enough to go out on their own is to be hired by someone to go out and shoot up places. That makes a wonderful night of it."



"Butch, dear, how can you say the Catalano boys aren't your friends—they've both taken out life insurance on you!"

Joseph Morgan

Buying an Arsenal

"Where can boys of twelve get guns?" I asked De Sylvester.

"Guns are the easiest of all crime tools to buy," he said. "For $2.50 or $5 a boy can buy a good revolver. It's probably a 'hot gun,' one that has figured in a robbery or killing and that might get the seller into trouble.

"Why, even little-used machine guns sell as cheaply as $50, though a new one costs $170. This low price will be because the machine gun, which has many hidden identifying numbers stamped deep into the metal on many of its parts, has been used in some specially desperate crime and is red-hot. It gets lost down among the punkies."

Why don't the police arrest the boys?

The stories of all these boys run parallel in answering this question.

The police rent street space to the boys. That's what it amounts to. The boys buy freedom. Or, to put it another way—the boys split their income with the coppers. They do not split on any certain deal. The stories of all the boys run to the effect that they merely come across at reasonable intervals, such intervals being fixed by the cops themselves. A "lam" usually winds up with men in a police car collecting money from boys in their own car. Here's what one noted "hood" told De Sylvester:

"Our big money," he said, "we kept in our watch pockets." (Big money, even with the fourteen-year-olds, may be from a $100 bill up.)

"'How much you got on you?' a cop would ask.

"'We got so much. Talk business or take us to the station.'

"Money buys any copper in this city I ever met. Any time we were picked up on the street it was $25 to $100 for the two of us. If you didn't have it you'd go down. I can say I have paid out to coppers $7,000 to $8,000."

Well, there you are. We've wound up the article with big boys, though we started with the little ones. But all the way up, from little to big, all the law or its symbols that boys of gangland and gang districts ever see is crooked law, crooked policemen, crooked lawyers, crooked writs, crooked politicians, crooked officials, crooked everything—probably crooked fathers and mothers, for many of these gangsters and killers go on living in their homes long after they have become celebrated criminals.

A black, terrible world, right in our midst! But it isn't a world of gangsters and killers alone; it takes more than gangsters to create it and perpetuate it and round it out to its full menacing and, at present, cyclonic proportions.

Give the Kids a Break

It's hard enough, we know, to enter the world of our everyday, happy-go-lucky children, even when that world lies in our own homes. But when we come across a children's secret world, so black and so poisonous that all its heroes are boy criminals, all its favorite entertainment and distraction gangster and gunman movies—when it doesn't get the real story, straight from the mouths of killers themselves—when we get a children's land in this America so incredibly evil that it produces nothing but crime, murder and criminals, isn't it time that someone, in power somewhere, got out a mop and pail of disinfectant and wiped out a clean pathway for these American children toward the sunlight?

Wipe away thieving policemen and crooked officials; wipe away criminals who have power over public officials or actually become public officials themselves; wipe away the firms that make machine guns to sell to whoever will buy them; wipe away all motion picture makers who set forth in return for the pennies of youth the lustrous adventures of crime; wipe away everything that lures a child toward crime.

In this world of which Davy Miller was speaking almost every pathway is blocked for a child, boy or girl, except the road toward vice and criminality. And our gangsters, who kidnap us, come up toward us by that road.

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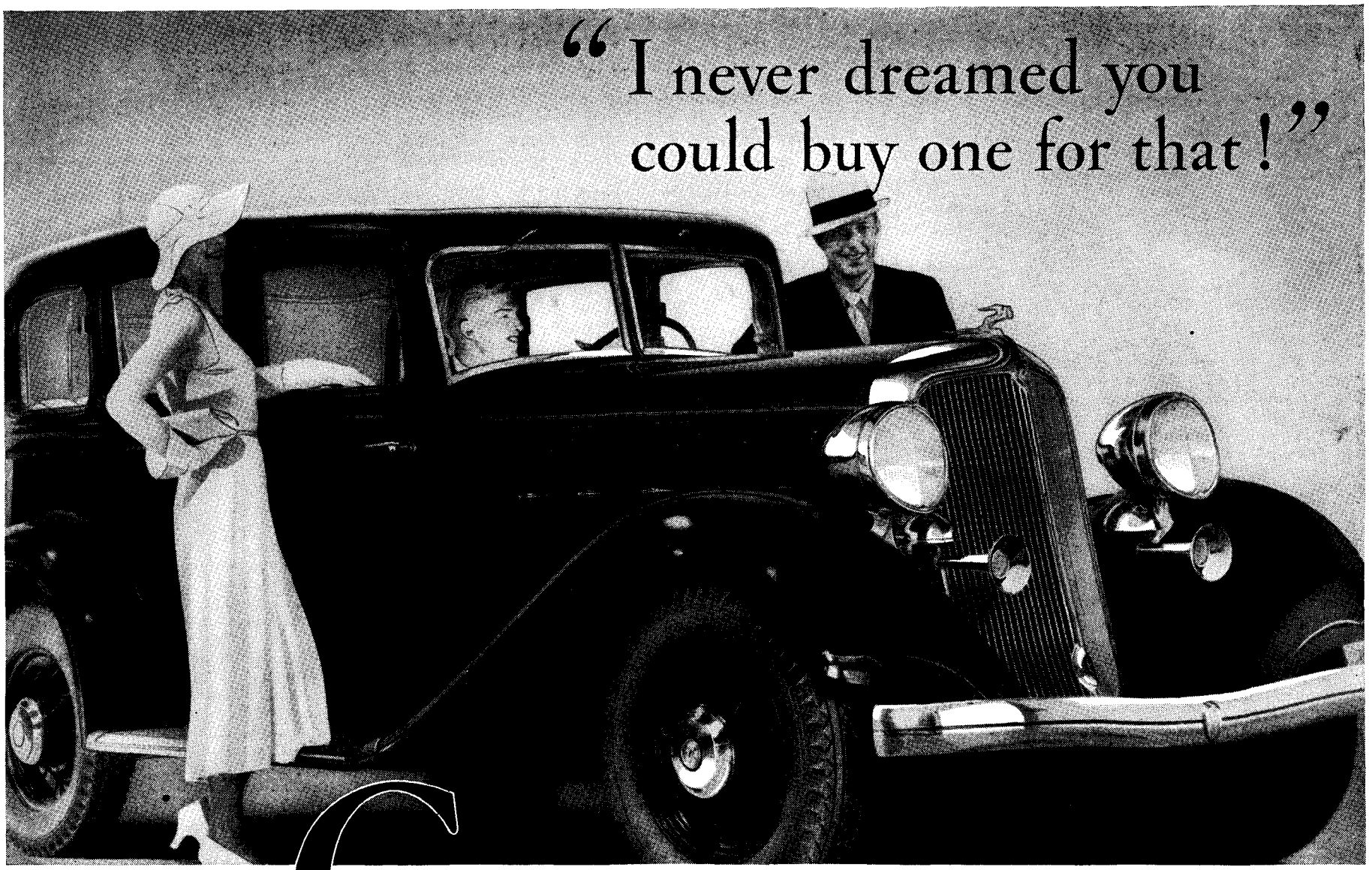


A CHRYSLER for $785

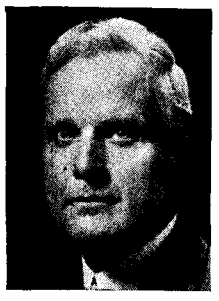
History's lowest price
History's highest value

"OF COURSE I want a smart-looking car . . . but even more than that, I want a car that's fun to drive . . . a car that gets out and does things . . . a car that's up-to-the-minute.

"That's why I like the 1933 Chryslers better than any car I ever tried.

"They have everything, these 1933 Chryslers . . . including amazingly low prices that just make you blink with pleased surprise.

"They're big, roomy cars . . . yet they're nimble as a jack-rabbit . . . they handle as easy as wishing.



"Those self-servicing features looked good to me—"

"You don't have to touch the clutch . . . you don't have to tramp down on those hydraulic brakes. The gears shift like silent magic. And the car takes off down the road like a radio wave.

"I'm interested in new developments in engineering. And I think Chrysler has some of the most practical ones I've seen. Those alloy steel inserts that practically eliminate valve grinding. The Oilite disks that keep springs lubricated forever. Those new T-slot pistons they say will outwear the car.

"All those things mean value. And when you line them up with the lowest prices in history, I figure it's common-sense and pleasure all-in-one to buy a Chrysler now.

"I'm ordering a Chrysler . . . and I predict that once you get behind the wheel, you'll agree that there's nothing on the market that gives so much for so little."

"I'm crazy about its smartness and ease of handling"

★ Chrysler Six; 83 horsepower, 117-inch wheelbase, six body types, $745 to $945. Royal Eight; 90 horsepower, 120-inch wheelbase, six body types, $895 to $1125. Imperial Eight; 108 horsepower, 126-inch wheelbase, five body types, $1275 to $1495. Custom Imperial; 135 horsepower, 146-inch wheelbase, six body types, $2895 to $3595. All prices f. o. b. factory. (Special equipment extra).

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Front-Wheel Drive

Continued from page 19

that litter. I'll send for him. I'll give you him and nine hundred for this snoring behemoth here on my lap."

It was a splendid offer. A first-choice pup by international champion Max Polizeidiener was worth three hundred even today.

And so it finally was agreed. Nine hundred and the Dobermann for Moses. But not because the deHavins were convinced that they had need of any Dobermann Pinscher dog to guard them.

The judge said, "Shall we spoil this pleasant evening with further business?"

And Nora deHavin said: "No, no! Not tonight, Judge. You and the A. B. fix up everything tomorrow. But leave Moses here with us tonight."

So, after another hour of bulldoggery, the judge bade them goodby, and his car rolled down across the moon-drenched lawn. And Moses, charging after it, plunged into the white trees, too, taking his short cut through them to the gates.

The judge knew all about the formalities of farewell.

"Be sure you tell him to go home," Becky deHavin advised. "He seems so thoroughly to approve the general dimensions of your lap. No doubt he counts you in his gang, and he might follow if you did not send him back."

THEY were good salespeople, the deHavins; but when the dog and car had passed from sight, the Skipper said, "Sign articles, A. B. Sign air-tight articles, in which it is agreed he sells Moses back to us, if, as, and when. I'm going upstairs now to see if the youngsters are asleep; and if they are, I think I'll have a grand bawl for myself. You wait and let him in when he comes back."

So Becky deHavin waited. He waited five minutes. Ten. He looked up from his book. Fifteen. A bit uneasy, he arose, and went out on the porch, and looked down across the steep slope of the moonlit lawn. And there he saw him coming.

At first he could not be quite sure that it was Moses. He moved so very strangely, so unnaturally, at snail's pace—a shadow in the shadow of the birches. Then he could see him! He was in the moonlight and fear and pity put a sudden tightness at deHavin's heart. It was Moses, all right; but coming slowly—ah, so very slowly.

A grisly hand was trying to get a grip on Moses—trying to hold him back. But that grim hand, which brings low every head, had yet to break the strength of those stout front-drive legs; had yet to bring that great head to the grass.

But Moses was going home. Those were the orders. It was expected of him. Try to stop him then!

Becky deHavin cried out, "Nora! Nora!" and leaped the porch rail and the shrubbery to the lawn.

Then he called, "Here, Moses! Here, Moses!" as he ran.

But there came no answering scramble of glad, swift galumphing. There came no bully-boy, swashbuckling roll of bulging shoulders, no rocking sway of barrel chest, no jaunty flip of forepaws. There came no merry flicker of back feet, skimming the ground with scarcely any lift. There was no lifting of back feet at all. But just the same they came along. Just the same the whole back end came along, trailing behind it a dark streak that glistened in the moon. Confronting odds more terrible than any bull his ancestors had ever fronted, with bulldog guts, with bulldog front-wheel drive, big Moses was doing, like a bulldog, the thing expected of him. He was going home. . . . "A Dobermann," the judge had said, "will do stuff for you in a pinch no bulldog ever could." Yes, Judge. No doubt. No doubt. But, on the other hand—

THE judge had gotten halfway through the birches when a figure stepped out from their shadows. He could have run right past the man; but that would not have been Judge Harrow. This one was headed, doubtless, for the home where the judge had just been guest. The judge pulled up, to stop him right there, if he could. The judge had seen the thing the fellow carried in his hand. It was no thing for mere intimidation, but for use.

"You hold trumps," said the judge. "What's orders?"

"Get out!"

The judge got out.

The man said, "Higher. That's it. And remember this; I'm nervous; especially my right front finger." After a while he said, "Hell! This all you got? Well, get a wiggle on, then; get in there again. Drive back to the house. What you got back there?"

"It's not my house," the judge said. "But I know them well. They're broke. They've sold their jewelry and silver. I'd pass it up if I were you. Besides," the judge lied now, "they've got three or four man-eating bulldogs there that have the run of the house. I'd hate to see a promising young professional man like you get chewed to pudding meat."

And just then, as the judge said that, back of him came a crashing in the undergrowth as though a bull were charging through the trees upon them. It was a bull. The bushes at a curve in the road trembled and were thrust apart, and the bull came smashing into view. A cobby, dragon-headed, little bull. Moses had heard the voices. He was coming back to look into the cause of this delay.

He broke through into the moonlight not far from the car, and when he recognized his friend the judge, he flattened down his ears, opened his ferocious trap in the pleasantest possible smile, and stepped on the gas. And the stick-up artist saw coming at him, not a good natured, happy-go-lucky friend of the cock-eyed world, with nothing but a joyful greeting in his heart; but instead, to him, a scowling demon, rushing through the night to tear his throat out.

And so he shot old Moses.

Before the judge could ever raise a hand or say a word, he saw the back end of the dog drop helplessly, as though some hideous great club had smashed it down.

What can you do when the other fellow has a gun? You have no chance. All you can do is take his orders. Judge Harrow knew it. No one better. But this one had shot down Moses. And so the judge went into him, head on and both hands slugging—and once again heard the bark of the automatic.

When the judge came to, something inside him hurt. He was weak, too. Bleeding inside, he guessed, for there was no great wetness through his clothes. The car was there. He tried to get into it. But something shot loose in him must have pulled far out of place, for with the effort he went very faint. But finally he made the driver's seat. Just then he heard labored breathing. He looked down. And through the open door he saw two stout brindle legs upon the running board. Moses wanted to go along. Moses was trying to climb into the car. But he couldn't make it. That back end, where the torture throbbed, would not come up. If some one, now, would only hold down on his head. But no one did it. Judge Harrow couldn't, though God knows he tried.

"And thank you again for such a marvelous dinner. Goodby-e-e"

Laurence Reynolds

JUDGE HARROW said, "Go home! That's a good dog. Go home!" Then, as he reached for the horn button, he passed out again.

And so old Front-Wheel Drive went home.

Becky deHavin reached him, and he said, as clearly as he could: "That's a good dog. You came home, didn't you? Like you were told. All right. Lie down. Good dog!"

Then he heard the Skipper running up behind him, and he said, "You take him, Skipper. I'm going over his trail!"

When the Skipper picked him up he did not whimper. They never whimper. The Skipper carried the great dog up the steep lawn to the house, cradled, feet up, against her breast.

The trail her husband followed was a plain one.

JUDGE HARROW is as tough as tough. The shot-up insides of him mended, and the time soon came when he could be taken home.

Becky deHavin, standing with his wife beside the judge's car, said, "Well, Judge, it was nice to have you. But don't wait till you get shot before you come to stay with us a while again. And now I guess I'll have to be the substitute galumpher. Somebody's got to beat you through the birch grove to the gate. The old farewell committee still has his plaster-paris pants on, and I doubt if he could make it."

"If he were here to see me leave," the judge said, "I'll bet he'd make it somehow. We got to be great friends, upstairs there in the men's ward, together. Besides, he considers this God-speeding of your visitors his job. And what's a splintered pelvis and a cast between a bulldog and what is expected of him. . . . And that deal for him, by the way, still stands. Oh, yes it does! You can't back out of it just because he made a hero of himself. Want to keep him, now, eh? No chance. Twelve hundred was the figure. I'll make it cash, no trade in, but not another cent. Verbal contracts are binding; and I've got your wife for witness!"

"Fraud!" accused Becky deHavin. "The veterinary says he'll walk again; but he's a cracked-up bulldog, and you know it. We couldn't let you buy him now. He isn't worth a dime to your kennels, either as show dog or as sire."

"Well, then," the judge asked, "what's he worth to you?"

The Skipper said: "Five million dollars!"

"In that case," said the judge, "he ought to be first rate collateral for a loan. How's this? I'll lend you that twelve hundred, and you sign him over to me. And what's more, I might even let him stay here with you as a guard dog—if you'll pay me for this with his keep. But you'll have to sign some sort of an agreement not to stint his feed, nor kick him down steps more than twice a day."

It was a deal. Sound business, too. What better security could a man find for a loan than bottomless courage and bulldog honesty?

AND so they took the twelve hundred dollars, *and* the eleven hundred for the Wrecking Crew, *and* the twenty-seven hundred for the Skipper's last chunks of ice (including the jolly old engagement ring, which, after all, really had outlived its usefulness), and they paid the mortgage company its man-eating six per cent.

And thus it happens that the friendly, sweet old house, back of its fairy wood of white-barked trees, is still the Skipper's home, where she lives, a happy warrior, fighting for it, with her lucky A. B. husband and her lucky kids—and with the next five thousand swiftly coming due. But before it actually does come due, who knows? At any rate, that sturdy house behind the birches faces the future bravely; for it has always held examples of how to front terrific odds, unscared—of how not to turn tail—of how to stick to it to the last dregs of strength. Front-Wheel-Drive Moses lives there now. And lovely Skipper.

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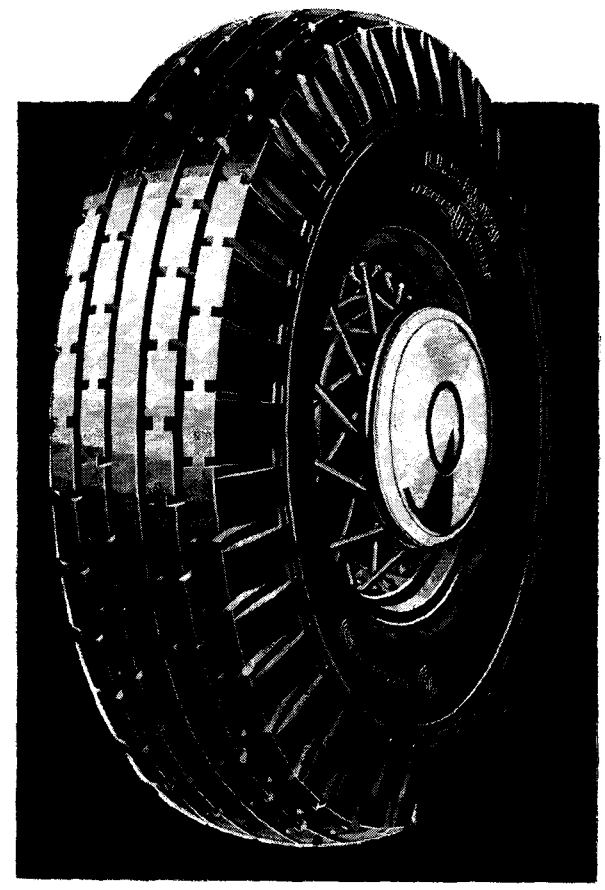
. . . If tire miles *were sold by the gallon* more miles *would* cost more . . . *but with* TEMPERED RUBBER *you get 7% to 36% extra mileage at no extra cost . . . only* U.S. *builds* TIRES *of* TEMPERED RUBBER



United States Rubber Company

WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF RUBBER

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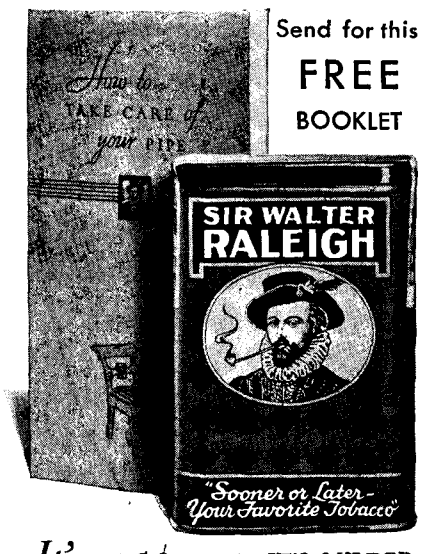
What killed the Canary?

"IT'S as plain as the pipe in your face," the wife insisted, and she was right. But no canary ever fainted from *good* tobacco smoke.

Husbands, let this be a lesson. Give that musty old briar "the bird." Pick yourself a good pipe . . . and a good, mild smoking tobacco. Specifically, try Sir Walter Raleigh's satisfying mixture of rare Kentucky Burleys kept fresh by gold foil. It has marched to the front in four years. And it has marched pipe smoking to the front of the house because of its fine fragrance and richness which men and their wives so greatly admire. Any tobacco store will sell you this tobacco that will turn the saddest canary into a bluebird of happiness.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. C-39



Send for this FREE BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

The Crowd Pleaser

Continued from page 29

says Lew. "It's always a Joe he hollers to, or a Harry or a Bill."

"Well," I stalls, "lots of people are named that."

"Allen couldn't know all the men he waves at in a crowd," Lew says. "He just hollers 'Hello, Joe!'—and there's bound to be a Joe out there somewheres. Then the other people look around, and this Joe's proud to have everybody think he's a friend of the great Jimmy Allen. Ain't that the idea?"

"It is," I says, "and now keep it under your hat. Jimmy's made hundreds of friends that way. It's one of the popularity secrets I'm going to start you using soon as you're working in front of the home crowd again."

"When's my first fight at home?" he asks.

"A week from tomorrow," I says.

"How long do I have to fight prelims?"

"About a year more," I tell him. "Then comes the semi-finals. And pretty soon, if you build yourself a good personal following, you'll be topping bills at the National with the best of them."

"What'll they pay me for semi-finals?"

"The purse," I says, "depends on how many friends you can drag in. The crowd pleaser is the boy that gets the money. So watch your ring manners, son," I says.

I WON'T forget that night at the National. Things, understand, was too rosy to last.

In the first place the Jimmy Allen-Young Ravoldi match is about settled. What's more, my neuritis ain't been with me for a month. And for good measure Lew Haupt's in great shape for this new start in front of the home crowd. So I have reasons to feel satisfied that night while I'm taping up Lew's hands in the dressing-room. Then somebody knocks on the door and shoves it open.

In comes a cop. Behind him's a big man with broad shoulders who's wearing black clothes and a black felt hat. Then another cop comes in. He points at Lew and says: "Is this the fellow?"

The broad-shouldered party, who's looking straight at Lew, don't even answer.

"Lewis," he says, "put your clothes on."

"Keep off me, Pa," says Lewis.

"Put your clothes on!"

"I'm twenty-one now," Lew says. "You can't touch me."

His old man's face, which is a heavy, clean-shaved one, turns purple. He lifts an arm like Carnera's and points.

"I won't have it on my conscience that I failed in my duty," he says. "I'm going to take you home, Lewis, and put grace in your heart if I have to beat you within an inch of your life."

While his old man's talking, Lew edges over toward the nearest cop. He's watching his father like a hawk.

"It ain't my soul you're worried about," he says. "You like to fight. That's why you gave me all those beatings you're—"

That's as far as he got. His father throws a right for the boy's face with two hundred pounds behind it. Lew moves his head just barely enough, the same slick way he does in the ring. The punch takes the cop on his Adam's apple. He goes down like a stone, but he staggers up again. Then the two cops haul Lew's father away, using their sticks a little, and I look at the boy.

"You done it on purpose?" I ask, and he nods.

I'm hoping the bad luck's over by now, but in the ring Lew keeps fighting after the end of the first round and the second too. In the third their heads come together hard. It's nobody's fault, but Margotto turns his face to beef to the referee. Before he opens his mouth he's laying on the canvas, out cold.

In our corner, with the whole house booing, I'm bawling Lew out. He just scowls at me.

"The rules," he says, "are to protect yourself at all times."

"You Dutch fool!" I barks. "Listen to that crowd!"

"To hell with the crowd," Lew says. "Am I to quit fighting because Margotto wants to chat with the referee?"

Cigarette boxes and trash are sailing down from the gallery at us while I'm rushing Lew up the aisle. I put him in the dressing-room and go out after Cliff Fowler. I figure he'll have some influence over the boy. What's more, he can stick up for Lew in his column, which carries weight in this town. Cliff comes back with me. We find Lew lacing his shoes, and I tell him Cliff's going to give us a break in his write-up.

"What else can he do?" Lew says. "I won, didn't I?"

"Officially, yes," says Cliff, "but I doubt if—"

We try to reason with him, and then he pulls his worst crack at Cliff.

"Print anything you want," he says, reaching for his necktie, "because nobody ever reads your column anyway."

"Haupt," I yells, "you got the worst ring manners I ever saw, and outside you're even worse. You'll never get nowhere in this town, so from now on me and you are through."

I slam the door and go watch the wind-up. When the fight's over one of the ushers tells me Garrels wants me in his office. The Allen-Ravoldi bout is ready to be signed up, so I go in. Garrels is there, and Jimmy and his brother too. Before I can start talking I know something's wrong. And then I find out why Jimmy always wanted his brother to be in the corner with me and come along on our trips.

Jimmy Allen is dropping me. Starting now, he's having his brother do his managing.

"The dirtiest trick in years!" Cliff Fowler says. Allen was willing to share the lean days with you, but not the fat ones. Say the word and I'll blister his hide in print for the next six months."

"No, it wouldn't do."

"He makes a racket out of friendship," says Cliff, "and I'd like to shed some light on his methods."

"If you pan him now, Cliff," I says, "everybody'll know I put you up to it."

NOW and then, as time passes, I hear word of Haupt. Sometimes he gets a prelim at the Sportsmen's Rink and sometimes for Garrels at the National. There ain't much improvement, which I see by Cliff's column.

Then a semi-final at the National between Irish Patsy Kaufman and Will Thorne fell through. It was that time Thorne got smashed up by a truck when he left the Commission's office after weighing in. The notice was short, so Garrels gave Haupt the job—for thirty dollars! I heard the price when Cliff Fowler dropped around after the fight.

"At that figure," says Cliff, "Garrels needn't care how few admirers Haupt dragged in."

"If it's smart to fight for car fare," I cracks, "then Haupt is a very smart Dutchman."

"Kaufman was out on his feet at the finish," Cliff says, "but no decision ever pleased a crowd less."

"How did Haupt behave?" I ask.

"Worse than usual, if that's possible," says Cliff. "I can see why the urge to win would make him hot-headed, but what's the sense of thumbing his nose at the gallery gods?"

"He do that again?"

"He did," says Cliff, "and I thought the booing would blow me out of my seat."

"On the road he was a regular crowd pleaser," I says, "but he'll never be a hero with the local fans now. Forget about him. He's give me enough headaches already, Cliff. How's the tickets selling for Allen's fight with Ravoldi?"

"Fair," says Cliff, "but Garrels is worried just the same. The Allen brothers held out for eighteen hundred."

"Unless Ravoldi brings half of Baltimore with him," I says, "that's five hundred too much."

"In my opinion," says Cliff, "Allen's friends are getting a little weary of seeing him do his stuff. In fact, it won't surprise me if somebody's told to sprain a wrist in training."

Cliff called the turn. Word comes out that Ravoldi has hurt his back, which means the bout's been dropped for business reasons. Garrels starts hunting a substitute, somebody he can get so cheap even half a house will make money. Then the sports pages announce Allen's new opponent is Lew Haupt, the Dutch Adonis.

THE Jimmy Allen Brass Band is marching in with a big crowd following when I get off the trolley. The green uniforms and white hats make a snappy showing, and I think how I could use the money now I spent out of my own pocket on them uniforms and some of the instruments too.

After a while some fan who knows me comes up. He's got a paper in his hand and he gives me a funny kind of a grin.

"I just read about you," he says, "and I'd like to know if it's true."

I have no idea what he's driving at, but I see which paper he's got. So I wink, like I know all about it.

"If Cliff Fowler writes it," I cracks, "ain't it always true?"

"Pretty smart, pretty smart," the fan says, grinning again. I wait till he's gone through the crowd. Then I hustle in to the stand inside and get a copy of the paper myself. I can hear the band start up Hail the Conquering Hero. I open up at Cliff's column and start reading:

"There is a sorrowful lesson to be learned from the Jimmy Allen-Lew Haupt fight, billed to headline tonight's card at the National A. C. And the bigger the crowd, the sadder the lesson.

"It is an open secret that the cash customers stirred up no dust in purchasing tickets for the match scheduled between Allen and Ravoldi. But after Ravoldi conveniently sprained a back muscle, Haupt was announced as Allen's opponent. Some mysterious power started working, for the customers promptly stormed the box office. By yesterday only a millionaire or a politician's friend could obtain one of the coveted pasteboards."

The cheering inside starts up all of a sudden. I know what that means, so

(Continued on page 38*)*

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Will your children be able to choose the work in which they will have the best chance for success?

ASK that small boy of yours today what he is going to be when he grows up. You may smile indulgently when he tells you proudly the kind of hero he intends to be. You may wonder whether he would get the most out of life in business, in a profession, or as an expert in some particular line in which you are interested.

But one thing is sure. He will find himself, more surely and more quickly, if he has an adequate education before he goes to work than if forced to complete needed education after working hours.

The boy who has not had sufficient training may be denied employment for which he has natural inclination. Oftentimes he is told he is lucky to get any kind of work. If he would win a high place in one of the professions, he will have a hard struggle without university training.

In laying out your Program of Protection which provides financial safety for your wife and a future income for yourself, are you making sure that your children will have a better chance to succeed, thanks to an assured education?

You can own, by making small monthly payments, a policy which will do just that—assure your children of the education you want them to have. Ask a Metropolitan Field-Man about the Education Policy—or mail the coupon.

Have a well-rounded Program of Protection. The Metropolitan's contracts afford a means to

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"Gee, honey—I get such a kick out of watching Mildred over there with her new flame"...
"Yes, Dave—it's thrilling—he's so obviously fallen. You helped in that, Dave."
"I? Why?"...
"Well, you know—the time you got brutal. And showed Milly that ad about the seven stains"...
"Oh, that! Well, maybe you're right. She sure has those teeth men-love-to-see—now!"

Don't let the 7 stains
dim the beauty of *your* teeth!

THE loveliest teeth in the world can lose their dazzle at the dining table. Can . . . and *do!*

For everything we eat and drink, from soup to coffee, leaves stains on teeth . . . 7 different kinds of stains, all told.

Some are tell-tale. Like blueberries. Others become visible only over a period of time. Yet ALL are a threat to beauty.

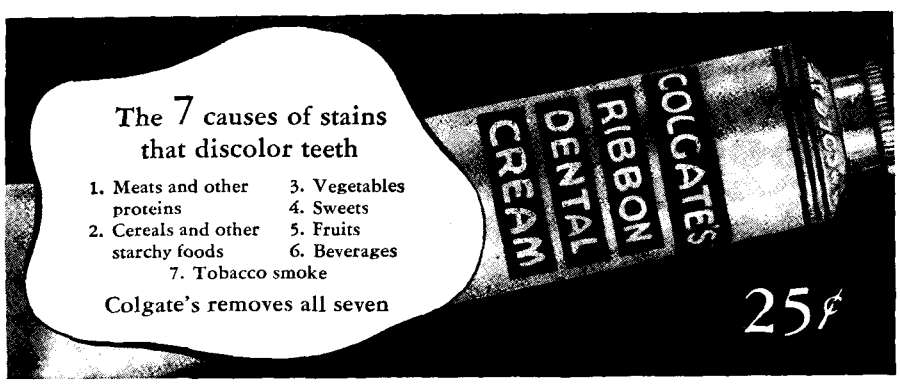
Though you be neat as a Dutch girl—though you conscientiously clean your teeth three times a day—those stains still may linger.

Why? Because all 7 stains will not surrender to the *single* cleansing action of many toothpastes. It takes TWO actions to rout them all—the TWO actions that Colgate's gives.

First, an *emulsive* action that loosens and washes away many of the stains. Second, a gentle *polishing* action, that safely rubs away other and more stubborn stains.

Isn't it worth 25 cents to have lovelier teeth—a more attractive smile? That's what a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream costs. Buy it. Try it—for 10 days. And let your mirror *prove* the difference it can make.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth—use Colgate's after every meal. See your dentist regularly.



The Crowd Pleaser

Continued from page 36

I shove the paper in my pocket. When I get to my seat Jimmy Allen's climbing in with his brother. He salutes them on all four sides and gets a good hand from the crowd.

Then there's a long wait. The referee—it's John Reilly—begins walking around the ring, snapping his fingers. Garrels sends an usher running back to the dressing-rooms. The fans start hollering for Haupt to come on out and take his licking. Finally he shows up. He's strolling like he has all the time in the world—and what a razzing he takes while he's climbing up through the ropes!

THE Dutchman don't even rise off his stool when the referee, who's announcing names and weights through his microphone, points at his corner. Jimmy Allen, a smile on his face, comes across the ring with his hand stuck out. Lew stands up and turns his back on him. The crowd's in an uproar as Jimmy goes back to his corner. While he's waiting for the bell Jimmy looks out at the crowd and lets on to spot some fan he knows.

"Hello, Joe!" he calls. "How's the boy?"

That good-looking pan of Haupt's shows he's very disgusted. He walks over and taps Allen on the shoulder. Reilly told me afterward what the Dutchman says.

"Joe ain't here tonight," Haupt cracks. "He's home with Harry and Bill."

The gallery can see from his attitude he's riding Jimmy and they're still hooting and booing him when the bell rings.

Well, I've seen hundreds of bouts but never one like that. Jimmy fights his regular fight, jabbing and getting away. Haupt keeps boring in, round after round. He runs into a lot of leather, which don't hurt because he's so good at rolling with the punches. He's landing some of his own, but that only makes the fans holler all the more for Jimmy to knock his face off and kill the Dutch so-and-so.

In the fifth Haupt's mouth starts bleeding from the jabs. He's still strong and keeps boring in. Jimmy's slowing down but he holds his lead in the sixth and seventh. All he wants now is to play safe till the tenth is over. He's doing this as they go into the eighth—and that's when it happens.

Near a corner Haupt is crowding Jimmy against the ropes. Then the Dutchman trips over his own feet. Jimmy drops his hands quick to show he's giving Haupt a chance to recover. At the same time he's sliding out from between Haupt and the ropes. The fans don't know it, but this is one of Jimmy's ways of getting out of a tight corner. Dropping his hands makes it look like bad sportsmanship if the other fellow starts a punch. Haupt is wise, and he throws a quick right that lands on the jaw, but high. Jimmy goes down—and there's the terriblest roaring storm of boos I ever hope to hear.

Jimmy gets up, with rubber legs, at five. Before another blow's struck his brother rushes in the ring claiming a foul. This is wrong. What Haupt's done may be bad ring manners, but it's no foul. Jimmy's brother himself is the one commits the foul, understand, because a second entering the ring before the round's over disqualifies his own fighter.

John Reilly—honest as they come and not afraid of any crowd—lifts Haupt's arm. This is too much for Allen's friends. A bottle, aimed at Haupt, sails down and smashes on that iron cover over the lights. The cops jump in the ring. I hear noises behind me. I look back. Then I know this is no place for a man my age, because the hotheads are dropping down from the gallery and moving toward the ring.

With my neuritis I have no easy time getting out of that free-for-all. On the sidewalk a mob's gathering by the entrance because they can hear the riot going on inside. Then the crowd opens up and out rushes a circle of cops. In the middle is Haupt, not even wearing a bathrobe. Half the house is howling at his heels. The cops get him to a taxi. The crowd tries to stop it but the taxi pulls away, a cop on each running board holding his stick ready.

I edge through the mob to Sergeant Paul Terry, an old friend of mine. To me it looked serious, but Paul bites a corner off his plug tobacco and shakes his head.

"They're just letting off steam," he says. "A crowd likes to hear itself howl. Now they'll go home to their wives in a better humor than what they come with."

Then I see Garrels show up. The Allen brothers are with him. In a flash it hits me where they're heading, so a minute later I'm in a taxi that's breaking all the speed laws. On the way I pull out my paper and read the rest of Cliff Fowler's column:

"Precisely like Benny Leonard in his early days, and Jack Sharkey through most of his career, Lew Haupt now commands a large personal following of fans who delight to flock through the turnstiles in the hope of seeing him knocked out. Thus his name at the top of a bill assures a sell-out. His following was built up by only five bouts locally. Which teaches the sorrowful lesson, dear pupils, that enemies can be made much easier than friends—and *very* much quicker."

THAT part I can see. But then I keep reading on:

"Haupt's profitable unpopularity was not achieved through accident. Nor is it safe to credit the Dutch Adonis with such a shrewd grasp of mob psychology. Credit should probably go to the wise old gentleman who launched Haupt on his local career. Said wise old gentleman, as is well known, has always maintained a policy of admitting nothing, but he can now smile to himself at the thought of how he fooled all the alleged smart guys. And he can chuckle up his sleeve every time he sees the National packed to the rafters with a crowd that has swarmed in there for the sole pleasure of rooting against Lew Haupt, the Boy They Love to Boo."

This about me, understand, is not correct. I have overlooked a good trick, but Cliff wrote it up that way to save my face. I'm still stunned when my taxi stops in front of the Belmar. I go up to the desk and ask if Mister Lewis Haupt is in. The clerk points behind me.

"Just getting out of the elevator," he says, so I turn around and see Haupt, all dressed up, walk toward the front.

"Is he going out?" I ask.

"Oh, no," the clerk says. "He'll take a chair in the lobby. He likes to sit where he can see everything."

Sure enough, the Dutchman sits in a big red chair and stares at the people

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coming and going. I walk over and he gives me a mean scowl.

"Haupt," I says, "Garrels is on his way down here. He wants you to repeat with Allen. Be careful what you sign."

"I'm not that green," he snaps. "I made three hundred tonight, and I won't fight again for a dollar less."

"Listen, Dutchman," I says, riled, "I know what the promoters are giving you. They been playing you for a sucker. Tonight you made three hundred. Well, Allen was paid twelve. That's how good a business man you are!"

"Are you sure?" says Haupt, his mouth dropping open.

"I am," I says, "and he'll get the same for the return bout."

"Twelve hundred dollars," Haupt groans. "My hotel expenses for six months."

Then Garrels and the Allen brothers come in the door. They got a camera man with them. Garrels has a set of articles all ready for the signing. He glad-hands Haupt and shoves a pen at him. The kid waves it aside like money matters annoy him.

"Speak to my manager," he says, and points at me. "He handles the business details."

MY NEURITIS gets better even while I'm saying twelve hundred. Garrels hollers, but gives in because he knows Haupt's enemies will pack the house full. A bunch of men and ladies in evening clothes, just back from the theater, stop and gather round. The camera man takes a flashlight of the signing for the ballyhoo. Then Jimmy Allen glares at me.

"Was Fowler right?" he says. "Did Haupt do all that goat-getting under your orders?"

"No use asking him," Haupt cuts in.

"Why not?" Jimmy snaps, and the Dutch Adonis slaps me on the back so he nearly dislocates my spine.

"In the fight game," says Lew Haupt, "our policy is admit nothing."

Starlight Rider

Continued from page 22

"Tracy!" bawled Bill Vivian. And then the silence settled again, threaded by a murmuring.

"All we want to do is pull out," said the spokesman. "How about that?"

"Where are your horses?" asked Tracy.

"By God, Tracy," said the spokesman, "don't anything stop yuh! You've wrecked something that couldn't be wrecked!"

"Where are your horses?" repeated Tracy stolidly.

"Behind the bunkhouses, saddled to go."

"Get on and go. Which way are you headed?"

"Antelope and on out."

"No," said Tracy. "You're going north. North. By daylight you've got to be off Mogul and out of Powder."

"And how will you make us?" growled the spokesman.

"Do you want to open the scrap again?" asked Tracy quietly.

"We're gone," said the spokesman and added a slow, defeated, "Adios, T. S."

THE figures of these men cut shuttering silhouettes across the bunkhouse lights and there was a scraping of feet along the floors. A door slammed and some wild, reluctant rider sent back an Indian cry that quavered shrilly and mournfully over the settled peace; and then the drum of their departing ponies broke crisply into the night and gradually fell to a troubled murmur. Hugh broke the spell by scratching a match. He lighted the lamp, going immediately toward the girl.

"Lynn—"

Lynn Isherwood's little military shoulders rose with her chin; and she matched that deep intensity of glance that he fastened on her with an even soberness. "No, Hugh, no. Nothing happened."

Bill Vivian walked from the office, profoundly puzzled. "Where did Tolbert stack up in this thing?"

"Tolbert," said the girl, very slowly, "stayed when half the crew went away. He stayed because he knew Shadrow meant to marry me. When those men left, he was alone. All alone, Hugh—and I think there must be some decent place for a man with courage like that—bad as he was. He made his stand. They drove him to the office and shot him. Shadrow called to them to do it. Shadrow was standing at that door with his gun trained on it. Tolbert was trying to crawl out here—and Shadrow was waiting for him—when you came in."

"Tolbert, tryin' to help you?" inquired Hugh, unbelieving.

"Yes," murmured Lynn. "Yes, he was." The heavy shadows across her eyes were broken by a quick, strong light. "He said you'd come back, Hugh. He said nothing could keep you away!"

"And here I am," muttered Hugh Tracy. "Lynn—what's to become of you?"

Bill Vivian swung on Beakes savagely. "Walk out of here, you long-necked monkey!" And he shoved the judge ahead of him to the porch. Hugh's partners came slowly across the yard, calling from point to point, slowly rummaging the dark angles for trouble. Lynn stepped away from the wall, came near Hugh and looked up with a queer blend of earnestness and suppressed pride. She started to say something, checked it; and then cried out swiftly, "Don't you know, Hugh?"

Hugh took her hand and his talk was roughly unsteady. "Lynn—if this is the sort of an answer a man gets after the weary days, then the world is all right."

"I knew the answer long ago," said Lynn. "I knew it when I told you I was in your hands—and glad of it. I meant that. I mean it now."

"Everything ends here on this ranch," said Hugh slowly. "Nothing begins here. The beginning—"

"The beginning for us," interrupted the girl, "will be as I always wished it to be. In the morning we shall go to Antelope. And drive back from there married people, in a flat-bed wagon loaded with supplies. And we shall go straight to your house in the spur. The beginning is there, Hugh."

Hugh Tracy's rugged face was a-scowl with thought. "Lynn," said he, "I have been a mighty lonely fellow. And this is about all any man could want in a lifetime."

"Or a woman," said the girl. She looked past him, fresher color on her cheeks, and she added in a lower tone: "Hugh, when we go to your home and reach the door, I want you to carry me across the threshold."

Outside, Bill Vivian was swearing mildly at one of the men. "Keep away from that porch, you infernal idiot! Him and her is in the parlor and school's out!"

THE END

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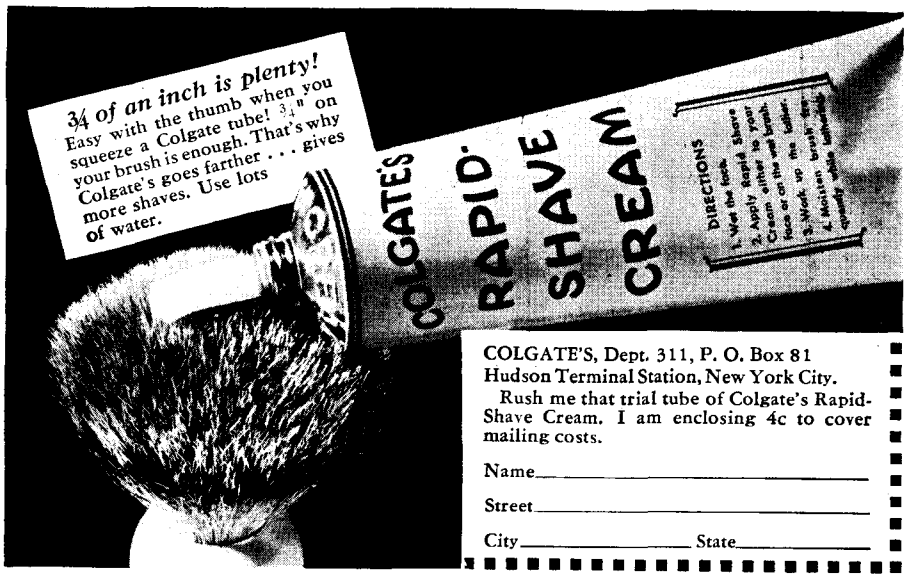
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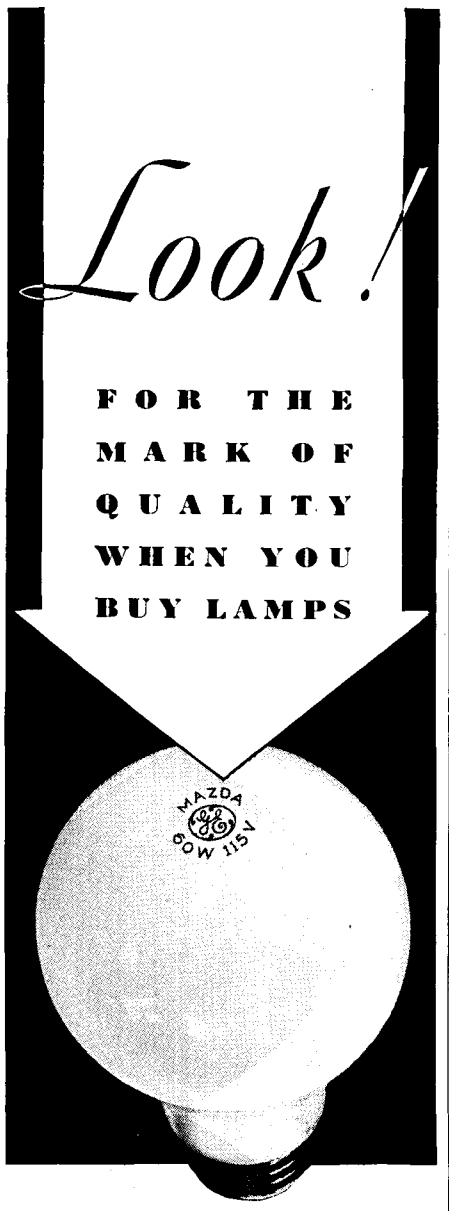

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GENERAL Ⓖ ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

He didn't know Marjorie

Continued from page 11

blue-chinned one raised his hands. The other two did likewise.

"Face the wall!" Johnny barked.

They wheeled as one man and faced the wall.

The big man's gun was in his hip pocket. Johnny took the gun and tossed it through the door out on the lawn. He took the second man's gun in the same way; and the third man's.

He heard the big car go roaring down the drive. Skip Johnson making his getaway!

"Now," Johnny said, "we're all going to march down to the police station. You three ahead and me behind. And don't think—"

"Listen, guy," the big man said, "don't you know we're policemen?"

AND Johnny knew. He knew the minute the big man spoke. He knew why the three guns he had tossed out on the lawn were all standard .38 police revolvers with four-inch barrels. He made them produce their badges and their union cards, which showed that they all came from Hampshire, Long Island. But all the time he knew he'd made the big mistake. And if he ever got out of the jam he was in, the papers would print it. And people would laugh from New York to Boston. And Marjorie Roberts would never let him hear the last of it.

"Listen, guy," the big man said, "I'm Sergeant Riley. If you've got a car, get it running. If you help us catch that rat we'll ask the judge to go easy on you."

Sergeant Riley swore softly when the red roadster rolled out of the barn.

"So you knew what you were doing," he said. "You knew you were protecting this guy and resisting an officer and all the rest of it."

They all piled into the red roadster. Sergeant Riley took the wheel. He told Johnny to sit in with him. The other two got into the rumble.

Bill Stratton was on traffic duty in the village. He had seen the big green car that Skip Johnson had run away in. He pointed.

"The College Highway," he yelled.

Sergeant Riley could drive. Johnny had to hand it to him. While he drove he asked a question now and then. He asked Johnny what Skip's story was. Johnny told him. Sergeant Riley shook his head.

"You were a rube to swallow that," he said. "He ain't no gangster. He's just a small-town gambler and bootlegger and now he's gone haywire. He stole this red roadster off the chief. It's the chief's own particular pet roadster. And the chief sent us out to get it. Well, we got it now. But we got to get *him*."

They went roaring down the road.

"There he is," Sergeant Riley said at last, as they topped a hill.

Johnny saw a green car swinging and swaying down the hill ahead of them.

"Now," Riley said, "if you're such a good shot with that gun of yours, just suppose you drop one through the gas tank."

Johnny took out the big revolver.

"You'll have to get closer," Johnny said.

"All right," Riley said, "we'll get closer."

Johnny began to shoot at fifty yards. The fifth shot did the trick.

"You got him," Riley said. They could see the wet patch on the cement where the gas was running out. The green car stopped suddenly on the crest of the hill, so suddenly that Riley had to swing on past with screaming brakes.

Skip Johnson wriggled through the barb-wire fence beside the road and lit out through the pasture. Johnny ran after him. Sergeant Riley ran. The two policemen ran. And every now and again they caught a glimpse of Skip dodging through the junipers or crashing through a brier patch. And then a policeman would throw up his gun and shoot. Johnny had no intention of shooting Skip Johnson, even if he could. He would help catch him but he wouldn't kill him. He slipped the cartridges out of the cylinder as he ran and dropped them in the grass.

They ran until they ached for breath, until the sweat poured off them, through briers and blueberry patches and little clumps of young pines. Then they saw Skip Johnson plunging down a steep bank.

"There's a river down there," Johnny said.

They got down the bank in time to hear Skip Johnson hit the water.

They all raised their guns. But no one of them had a cartridge left.

"I can't swim," Sergeant Riley wheezed. "And I wouldn't swim if I could. I'm corked."

None of the policemen could swim.

Johnny Lawrence stood there on the bank, watching. Skip wasn't making a go of it. He couldn't swim much, or else he was exhausted. He couldn't swim enough to get across. He was sinking. Johnny kicked off his shoes and dived hard.

He reached Skip in twenty strokes. But he had a desperate battle to get him in. He got Skip by the collar at last. He got back to shallow water somehow, dragging Skip. The three policemen pulled them out on shore.

In the car again, Johnny leaned back against the cushions and shut his eyes and tried not to think. He really didn't care what they charged him with. Nothing they could charge him with would be as bad as what he'd have to take from everybody who knew him.

JOHNNY opened his eyes again as they approached Sandersfield. He wondered if it would do any good to demand a chance to see a lawyer.

And then a small car poked its nose alongside and Marjorie Roberts leaned out, holding a bright nickel badge in her hand.

"Tell them to stop, Johnny," she said in that deep, carrying voice of hers. "Tell them to stop or be stopped."

"What's that?" Sergeant Riley asked.

"You heard me," Marjorie said. "Pull over."

Sergeant Riley pulled over.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "What do you want?"

"I want Johnny Lawrence," Marjorie said. "Johnny's riding with me."

"Not on your life, lady," Sergeant Riley said. "We've got him and we're going to keep him."

"Show your credentials," she said.

Sergeant Riley flipped his coat lapel in the ancient manner of plainclothes men the world over—so you see nothing but a gleam of nickel.

"I'm terribly curious," she said. "I really want to know."

Sergeant Riley slowly turned back his lapel and let her look.

She nodded and smiled. "You see," she said, "it's no use—is it?"

"What's no use?" the sergeant demanded. But Johnny knew from the way he spoke that he was licked.

"Why," she said, "you're from Long Island. What are you doing in the sovereign state of Connecticut?"

"Listen, lady," Sergeant Riley said, "we're on our way to the police station to ask the coöperation of the local authorities."

"I'm afraid you didn't ask soon enough," she said. "I'm afraid you'll have to come and see my father. He's just gone down to open court and he's a terrible stickler about these things."

"Listen, ma'am," Sergeant Riley said, "we've got a car thief here and we've got the goods on him."

"All I want," Marjorie said, "is the other man—the one you've got nothing on."

Johnny got down out of the car.

"After all, Sergeant," he said to Riley, "it would be so much simpler for both of us—if neither of us ever told. Then neither of us would have so much to explain."

Riley looked at him and grinned.

"Mum it is," he said. "To reporters, I mean."

JOHNNY shook hands all round and told Skip Johnson how sorry he was and climbed into Marjorie Roberts' roadster. Marjorie swung the car out of the procession and around a corner and up the back way.

"Where?" he asked, "did you come in?"

"I listened," she said. "I drove out of your yard and then I saw that car full of men drive in. So I walked back—in the shrubbery. I saw you hold them up and I saw Skip Johnson beat it."

"Where did you get that badge?"

"It wasn't a badge. It was my compact."

Johnny watched her face as she drove. He'd made a bad mistake. He'd thought she was too young. He'd thought she might get hurt.

"I don't know how I'll ever thank you," he said. "I might have been locked up all night."

"That's what I was afraid of," she said. "I had to do something so you could take me to the dance."

She drew up at the Lawrence front steps.

"Here you are, Johnny," she said. "With plenty of time to get into dry clothes before dinner."

"Marge," he said, "why is this dance so important?"

"You're the only man in town who can take me," she said. "And there's a Princeton man coming that I've wanted to meet for ages."

"Why should I take you to a dance so you can meet some bum from Princeton?" Johnny demanded.

"We're old friends—aren't we, Johnny? Is it so much to ask?"

"It's too much," Johnny said. "After last night it's too much."

"But, Johnny," she said. "That—last night—was just—one of those things. And—"

"Listen, Marge," Johnny said. "If I take you to the dance you'll dance every dance with me—the way we said we would."

"Of course," she said, "if you put it that way—"

"I do put it that way," Johnny said. "And what's more, I am either going to wring your neck right now or I'm going to kiss you again."

He saw the slow, lovely flush rise in her cheek.

"You're sopping wet, Johnny," she said. "But I think I'd rather you didn't wring my neck."

So he didn't. He took her in his arms and kissed her and said all the things he'd said the night before, along with several new ones.

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Trafalgar

● 1805...Napoleon intent on his land victories, marching on Vienna...Leaving his French fleet with instructions to decoy the British from the channel and make way for his march on London—For once the Little General has one too many irons in the fire...The English, under Nelson, have as their *key objective* the protection of their land from this "understudy of a demigod"...They take advantage of Napoleon's divided attention...They annihilate his fleet and take his admiral a prisoner.

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BATTLE OF 1933

PUT THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
FIRST

1933 business strategists have arrived at two definite conclusions on present-day advertising:

1 The most profitable medium on any advertising list is that one which is most widely read by *the whole family*—father, mother, sons and daughters.

2 The American Magazine is more thoroughly read by all members of the family than any other magazine published.*

*Proved by scores of independent investigations. Data available on request.

● The new buying habit which prevails in America today—purchase on advice of "family council"—is the inevitable result of any period of economic reconstruction. The last few years have taught the advertiser that his advertising appeal must be made to the entire family—placed in media where the *entire family* will surely see it.

To overlook any member of the family group or to concentrate on any one to the exclusion of others—is equally dangerous.

That's why many business strategists of today concentrate their attack in the medium which reaches the family in its united state—The American Magazine. The policy of this publication is to interest every member of the more than 1,800,000 families which subscribe to it—mothers, fathers, sons and daughters.

Weigh the advantages of concentrated attack in the "family" magazine against scattered shots in media with highly selective readership.

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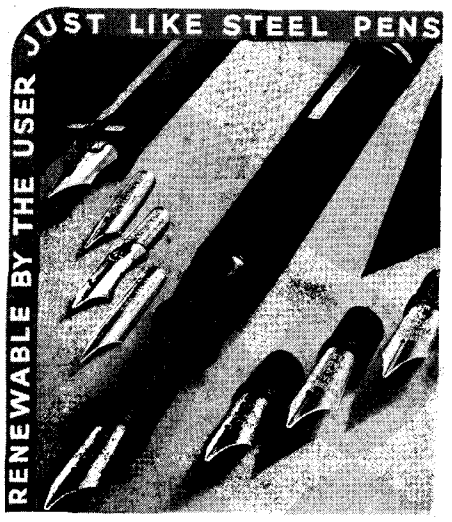

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Masquerade

Continued from page 14

Russian Guard was extraordinarily becoming; and so, oddly enough, was the pointed beard that was the masterpiece of the best wig-maker in New York. Freddie was not only dressed as a grand duke; he looked like a grand duke, which is a very different thing.

Moreover, there was not another Grand Duke Ivan in the entire ballroom. No one else had thought of him—possibly because the Revolution had dimmed the memory of his treachery—yet everybody recognized him at once. Freddie, seated at a table for two with the most attractive girl in the world, was happily drinking the heady wine of unwonted flattery. Joan had just said, for the fifth time, "I simply can't get over it! How did you ever think of such a marvelous make-up?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Freddie modestly. "I remembered reading about him," he continued, prudently suppressing the details of his encounter with Volume Three. "He struck me at the time as being about the most complete blackguard I had ever heard about. So when they announced this year's costumes, I thought of him right off."

"WHAT was he like? Benedict Arnold or something?"

"Worse. Much worse. Benedict Arnold failed. This bird got away with it.

"In the early part of February, 1917," he continued, clearing his throat, "the Grand Duke Ivan, commanding the Ninth Army, in return for a sum said to have approximated a million rubles, withdrew the Russian troops from a quarter-mile sector only two hundred yards from the German lines. The enemy storm troops, filtering through the gap, succeeded in surrounding and virtually destroying the entire army. The Russian losses exceeded seventy thousand killed and wounded, and a hundred thousand prisoners. It was one of the most crushing disasters in the history of the war—I mean," went on Freddie, soaring above the limited vocabulary of Volume Three, "it simply knocked the Russians for a loop."

"What a hideous thing to do!" she said, with a shudder. "What did he do it for?"

"Nobody knows, exactly. They say he was a terrific spender, and had a mountain of debts. That may have been it."

"What became of him?"

"Nobody knows that, either."

"Well," announced Joan decisively, "I think he was a complete stinker." She paused, and gave Freddie a glance that shook him visibly. "He seems to have been very attractive, though."

Freddie gulped. "That remark," he said unsteadily, "calls for some sort of celebration. A Russian celebration, I think. I know! Vodka. Would you care for some vodka?"

"Have you got any?" she inquired, practically.

"No." He thought hard. "Caviar?"

"I adore it."

"Good! Now we're getting somewhere. And just over there is the man who can help us out. Oh, Captain!"

The Captain, who had been standing with his back to Freddie's table, turned, smiling and deferential. Instantly the smile faded as if someone had struck him. His jaw dropped, and his eyes stared from a face that grew first dead white, then deep crimson. Had you happened to notice him, you would have said that the Captain had seen a ghost.

You would have had to be a keener observer than Freddie, however, for in three seconds the Captain had regained his poise and was approaching the table.

"Good evening, Miss Everest. My congratulations, Mr. Conway," he said, in his deep, evenly modulated voice. "You are the Grand Duke Ivan to the life."

"Why, Freddie!" cried Joan delightedly. "How marvelous! He recognized you!"

Freddie made a poor attempt at nonchalance. "Oh, that's all right—I mean—say, how did you know I was supposed to look like the Grand Duke Ivan? Did you ever see him?"

The Captain smiled. "Yes." He hesitated for a minute fraction of a second. "I knew him. Rather well—in Paris—before the war."

"Oh, yes," Freddie broke in. "I remember. He used to go to Paris every spring and fall, and take a whole floor at the Ritz. He spent a pile of money. And he was famous for his beard, and for some—wasn't it some special extra kind of cigarettes?"

The Captain smiled. "You have studied your subject, Mr. Conway. Yes, the Grand Duke smoked his own private make of cigarettes."

"What were they like?"

"They were Russian cigarettes, very long—and as thick around as your finger, stamped in gold with the Imperial arms, and with black tips."

"Gosh!" Joan's tone of voice was pure reverence. "I wish you'd get me some, Freddie."

The Captain shook his head. "That would be impossible, I am afraid. Only one man in the world made them—Smoloff, in St. Petersburg; they call it Leningrad now."

"How about cabling Smoloff?"

"He was shot by the Bolsheviki in 1918."

Joan was silent for a moment. Then she leaned forward, her small face rather grave. "Tell me, Captain. You say you knew the Grand Duke?"

He bowed, with equal gravity.

"What did you think of him?"

"I—was fond of him," he said slowly. "He was—I think you would have liked him."

"Well, then, when you heard about what he did, what did you think?"

"What did I think?"

"I mean, here was a man who sounds like a good sport. How could a man like that do the unspeakable thing he did—betray his country, and be responsible for killing all those poor men?"

"His debts—" said Freddie vaguely.

"I don't believe it! A man would have to be a fiend to get all those men killed just to pay his debts!"

FOR a moment the Captain was silent. When he did answer, he spoke slowly, hesitatingly.

"Who can say, Miss Everest, why any man does what he does? Who can judge? I believe, as you say, that it was not entirely the money. I have wondered, sometimes, if perhaps he, too, was betrayed."

"He—betrayed?"

"Suppose, for example"—he spoke very earnestly—"suppose the enemy had agreed to surround the army, but not to attack unless the Russians tried to resist. Suppose he had grown tired, sick from watching his men starve and freeze and die, helpless because the thieves at the rear had not sent them any rifles or food or clothing. Suppose he thought it was better to end their sufferings quickly. They would be betrayed, captured, yes. But there might at least be an end to the freezing and starving."

"No rifles?" Freddie interrupted, curiously.

"The Ninth Russian Army," said the Captain simply, "was chiefly armed with wooden clubs—so I have been told."

Joan's eyes were wide. "But how horrible, then, for the Germans to shoot them down—men who were trapped and helpless, who couldn't have fought back if they wanted to!"

The Captain shrugged. "One must not judge the Germans, either. Perhaps, when he told them that his men had only clubs for weapons, they did not believe him. Perhaps they suspected a trap. It is not an easy thing to believe—soldiers being sent with clubs against machine guns. I would not have believed it. Would you have believed it?"

"No, I wouldn't," said Freddie briefly.

"What do you suppose ever became of him?" asked Joan. "Is he still alive?"

"I think," said the Captain slowly, "that the Grand Duke Ivan is dead—until"—he smiled and made Freddie a slight bow—"you brought him to life again this evening."

"Freddie," said Joan suddenly, "I don't want any caviar. It's getting late, and people are beginning to go.... Besides, I don't feel like dancing any more. I've been thinking about that poor Ivan. Just suppose what the Captain said should be true—and it might be—about his trying to do the best thing for his men, I mean. Think of him dying somewhere with that horrible failure on his conscience, with all those men dead and no way of explaining to them."

Freddie looked bewildered. "But I thought you thought—"

"I don't care what I thought! I'm sorry for him. Whatever he did, he must have suffered enough.... Take me home, Freddie. I'll—I'll promise to cry on your shoulder in the taxi."

AT FIVE o'clock there were still a few dancers on the floor. But the ball was over. The waiters had gone, and the bus boys, and there were left of the staff only the coatroom attendants, and the elevator operators, and the Captain. At five-thirty the assistant captain, still yawning, came to relieve him, and he was free to go to his tiny suite in the service wing to sleep until the noon shift went on duty.

He went, wearily enough, undressed, took a shower, and put on his pajamas. But he did not immediately go to bed. Instead, he reached for a key that hung on a thin chain around his neck, stooped, and unlocked the lowest drawer of his chiffonier. He took out a flat box. It was made of black morocco leather, much worn, and on the lid, in gold, was a queer Russian letter, surmounted by an eagle. He sat down in the room's single chair and made himself as comfortable as possible, his feet on the bed. Then he opened the box. Inside were a packet of letters, addressed in Russian characters, a gold watch with an initial set in diamonds on the back, and the jeweled star of a military order. And a handful of cigarettes.

He drew out one of the cigarettes and closed the box. It was a Russian cigarette—very long, as long as a man's hand and as thick as your finger, stamped in gold with the Imperial Russian arms, and with a black tip. He tapped it carefully, lighted it, drew a deep draught, and leaned back.

"'He must have suffered enough,'" he said softly to himself. "Thank you, Miss Everest."

There were tears in the eyes of the Captain.

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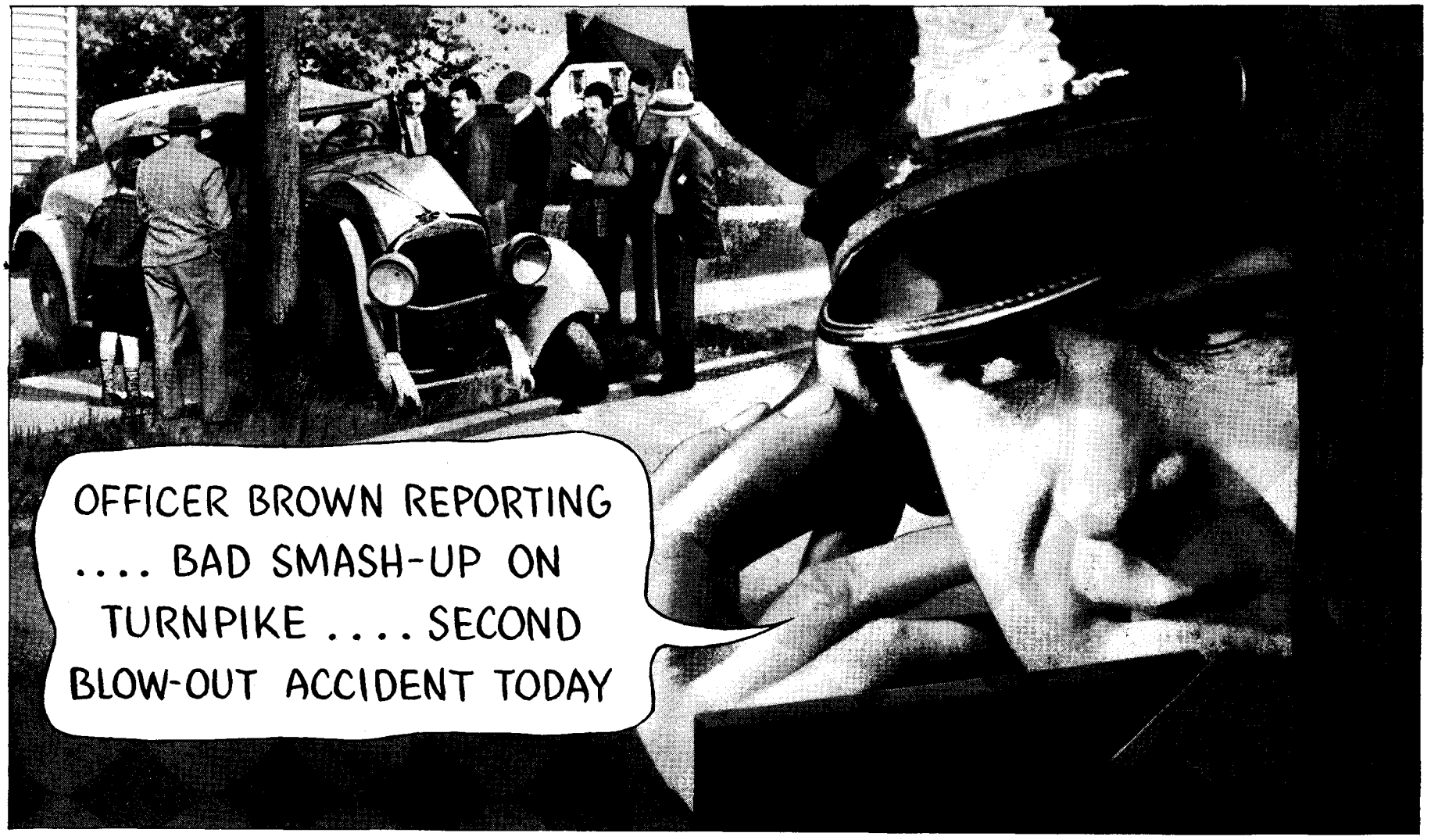

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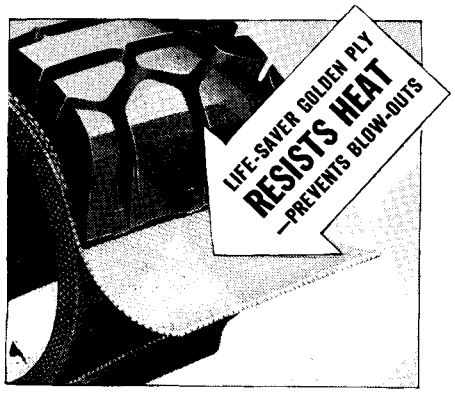

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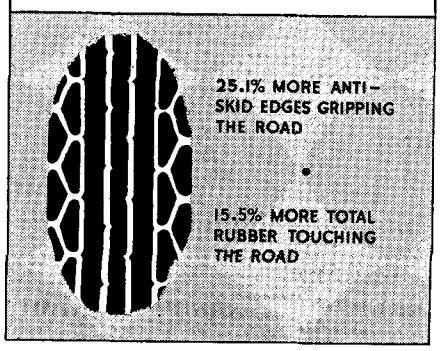

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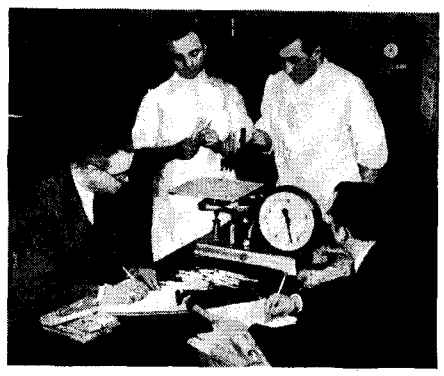

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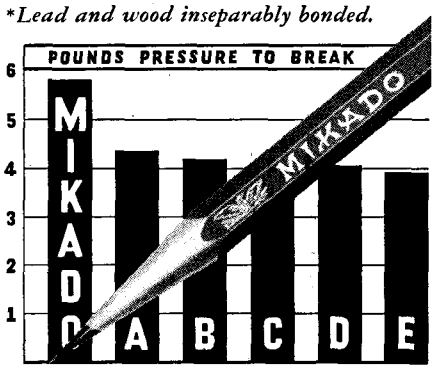

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Manhattan Love Song

Continued from page 17

My poor darling—ah, a-h-h-h! Look, Gram, he touched his darling little finger to the hot andiron—show Gram just where—poor old scrap!"

"This goes on for an hour every night, and more or less all day," said Margaret Bull when Ken had been borne towards unguents by the sympathetic Kate and comparative peace had once more descended.

"I love it!" Fanny said, her face radiant.

"Have you children of your own, Mrs. Thring?"

"No. We—were only married last spring."

"Oh?" said Margaret, laughing and confused. "Then it's a *little* soon—"

FANNY'S eyes, laughing too, fell upon the mantel clock.

"Good heavens—seven o'clock!" she stammered, getting to her feet. "I ought to be—good *heavens!*"

"Jake has been downstairs waiting some minutes," Mrs. Mockby said with her air of faded graciousness.

"Oh, I didn't know it!" Fanny took the other woman's hand. "I'll never forget your babies," she said. Mrs. Bull quite impulsively kissed her and said, "Then come see them again."

Mrs. Mockby went with her to the top of the big staircase.

"You're friends of the Gerald Mockbys, Mrs. Thring?"

"No. I've met Mrs. Mockby, and, of course, I've met Mr. Gerald Mockby in the office. But my husband is just one of the—the young lawyers in the firm."

"And you live in New York?"

"Yes, we do," Fanny said, finding it hard to make the statement interesting.

"Keeping house? Where are you in the city?"

"On Avenue A, in the thirties. I don't know New York very well, but it's rather—a—a popular neighborhood."

"Avenue A in the Thirties; I must tell Jesse, my husband," Mrs. Mockby said, as if she were talking to herself. "We—we were there, but it's thirty years and more ago now. You aren't doing it on what we had to do it on, I imagine. Mr. Mockby and his twin brother went into a dry-goods firm just after leaving college, and our income—salary, I ought to call it—was twenty-five dollars a week."

"No, we haven't that," Fanny conceded thoughtfully. "Sixteen."

"Sixteen what?" said Mrs. Mockby, pausing.

"Dollars a week," Fanny supplied innocently.

"You mean—that's all you have, dear?"

"We do it," Fanny said, flushing a little in the fear that she was making a sentimental appeal. The older woman laid a hand on her shoulder, looked at her in the soft mellow light of the upper hall.

"No; do you really, my dear?"

"Oh, splendidly!" said Fanny.

"But these are such very hard times, one wonders. You mean that everything—everything is going along all right?"

"If I make a little money on the radio," boasted Fanny, "it goes in the bank."

"I wish," Mrs. Mockby spoke in her gentle, wavering way, "I wish Mr. Mockby could hear this, my dear. We often speak—we like to remember—" She paused.

"His brother Joseph and Joseph's wife, Dora," she began again, "had the flat below; we were all very—poor, I suppose you'd call it, but we were—but I'm keeping you!"

"I wish," said Fanny, her voice a little hoarse with resolution, "I wish you'd let me tell you, Mrs. Mockby, how glad I am to have seen you. It makes me later meeting Chris, but I don't care about that! It's so wonderful to—to be beginning, and then to meet someone who has—who has been through it all, and who isn't—" She was flushing brightly, confused by her own daring. "Who isn't spoiled, I mean proud about it," she went on impulsively, "and whose daughters have such a wonderful home and such adorable babies that'll have everything—

"I think of my own, if I ever have a little boy or a little girl," said Fanny, faltering, bright tears suddenly hurting her smiling eyes. "And I think—"

"I know!" said Mrs. Mockby in a low, quick voice. "I know just how you feel."

"So!" said Fanny. And then, after a pause, with a quick upward glance of her blue eyes she had lowered: "So it is wonderful to think that—that homes like this can come out of—of starts like ours—and children have fires, and toys, and cousins—"

"They were like one family when they were little," the older woman said. But she was not talking to Fanny.

Presently they were downstairs in the lower hall. Now she did speak to Fanny.

"Will you tell me your name—no, I don't mean the married name—"

"Fanny."

"Fanny," said Mrs. Mockby suddenly and with a little hurried air of caution. "Will you do something for me, my dear?"

"Why, yes," said Fanny, a look of pleasure and surprise and curiosity oddly blended on her tired, dirty, pale young face.

"At the other Mockby house—the Geralds—you'll see Dora, the older Mrs. Mockby. Will you just say—I mean, of course, if it comes in naturally—that you came here by mistake, and that I—I had Jake—they know Jake!—leave his dinner to take you over there?"

"I'm so sorry!" interpolated Fanny, not in the least understanding.

"MY DEAR, as if that mattered! It's *nothing*. Here comes Jesse." Mrs. Mockby caught Fanny's arm, drew her a little aside.

"Do that for me! If you see Mrs. Mockby," she said in an undertone, "I mean Joseph's wife—that's the older Mrs. Mockby—will you tell her that—that Sarah was delighted to do her even this little favor? Just that—that Sarah was delighted to do even this much for her. Will you remember? There's been," she went on hesitantly, "there's been a little—but never mind. Just tell her that. Jesse—?" she went on questioningly, as her husband came out into the lower hall. Fanny saw that the man of the house was smiling.

"Who d'you think's turned up, Sally?"

"Well, who?"

"Towler, Gene Towler. Remember Gene Towler, who was with us—? Don't you remember my father's coachman who was in Sydney with us when Margaret and Lily had scarlet—? Of course you do!"

"'Uncle Gene!'" Mrs. Mockby exclaimed. "Jesse, I am so glad! Where is he? Margaret'll want to see him—you know we've said a thousand times—but I mustn't delay you, my dear," she interrupted herself to say to Fanny. "Jake'll take you safely, and don't—don't forget my little message."

"And thank you so much, Mrs. Mockby," Fanny said. "I've been doing stupid things all day, but I did love seeing the children, so I'm not so sorry for this one!"

She went down to the car, which was pouring a funnel of light against the dark shrubbery. It was a small closed car, and she took the seat next to the driver.

"The other Mockbys', please. The Gerald Mockbys'."

"Is that so?" said the old driver, turning an interested face. "Well, I never thought I'd take anyone from our house to theirs again. There's been bad blood between thim that's brothers born—and there's no luck to it, d'ye see? She's very proud—" He jerked his little, wrinkled gray head toward the house they had just left, and winked at Fanny in the dim car light. "She's on'y to say the wur-rd, mark you, and the others 'ud come running like fowls for scraps! But that she'll never do; not for long whiles, at anny rate. She's gentle, and whin you hur-rt her, there's no healing to it."

"She's lovely!" said Fanny. Nothing for it but patience now until they reached the other place; she tried not to think of what her reception might be. Chris would be angry with anxiety and bewilderment now, as well as exasperated by her stupidities and delays. "Oh, Jake—go back, go back!" she ejaculated in sudden panic. "I left my bag. The taximan put it right inside the door—"

"It'll not delay ye ten minutes," Jake reassured her, retracing his way rapidly. "I'll shlip up an' get it for yeez, an' be back that soon that ye wudden't know it!"

THIS was all very well, but Fanny, on her way again and having reassured herself as to the safety of the precious envelope, settled in her seat, shut her eyes, and gave rein to some serious thoughts.

"I'll just have to *stop* this sort of thing, or I'll ruin Chris and myself, too. It's all very funny when one's in college, to be flibberty-gibberty and crazy, but it simply wrecks everything not to use—to use my wits now. If I'd remembered the time, I'd have met Chris at four—"

"Heavens, what a long way! It's quite a big place, Scarsdale, isn't it?"

"It's not as big as ye'd think, thin," said Jake, unexpectedly.

"Oh, this is it, Jake? Thank you, Jake. Good night!"

She went up the steps of another handsome home, not so formally parked and gardened as the other Mockby place, but comfortable and attractive too. The door opened to her ring; her heart began to beat very fast now, and her spine chilled.

A nice-looking colored maid here. "Yas'm, Mist' Mockby in." Fanny waited in the hall; she could hear the clinking of silver and china. They were all at dinner.

Gerald Mockby came out, napkin in hand, amazement on his face.

"Mrs. Thring? Hello, hello! Say, you people are a little late; we'd given you up! Thought you got detoured somewhere. Where's Chris?"

"Where's *Chris?*"

"Sure. He was bringing me up some papers."

"Oh, I have the papers—I have the papers, Mr. Mockby!" Fanny, pale and disheveled and weary, reassured him

(Continued on page 46)

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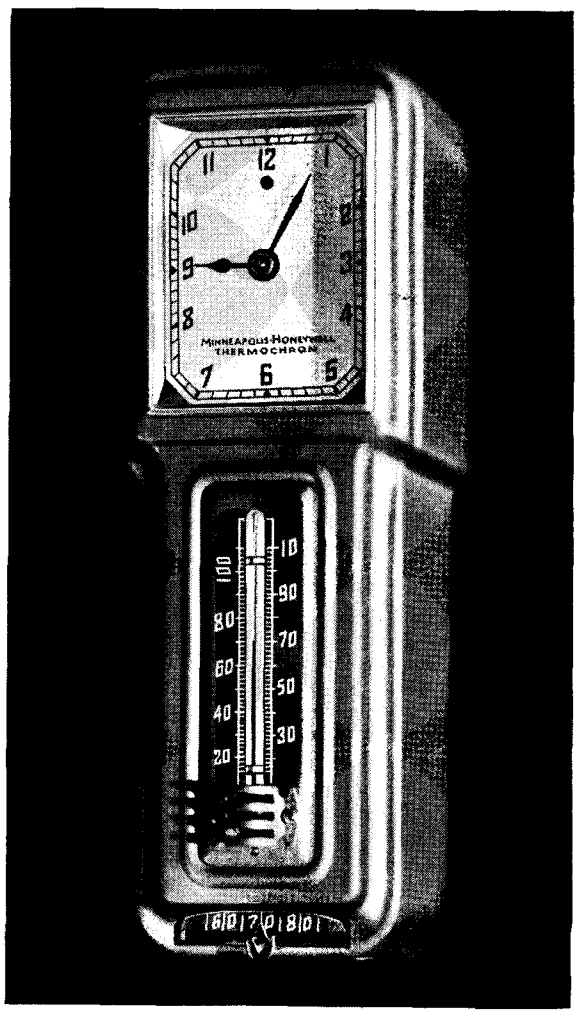

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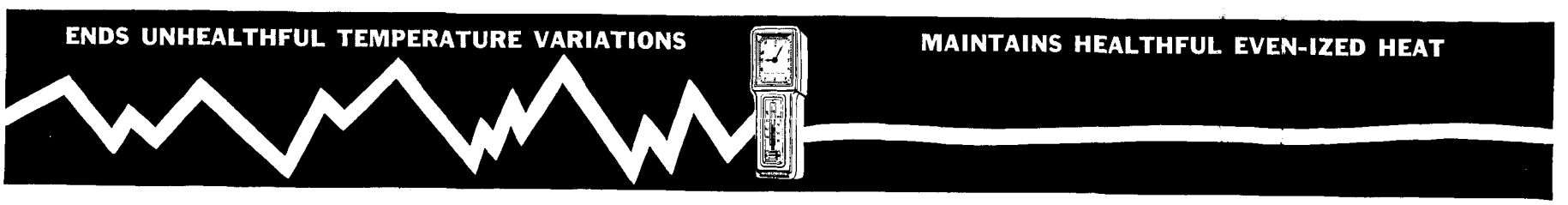

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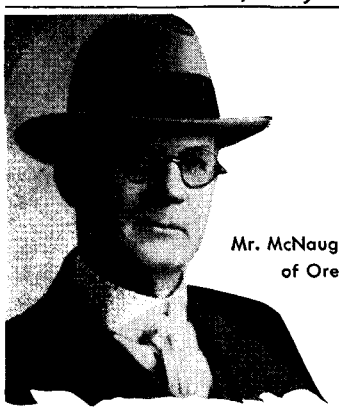

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Manhattan Love Song

Continued from page 44

instantly. "But—but where's Chris?"

"Isn't he with you?"

"No. We were to meet at the four o'clock train—"

"That plan was changed. Mother," Gerald Mockby said, as a gray-headed woman came into the hall, "Thring hasn't come!"

"Oh, Gerry!" the woman said in a sort of wail. "What can you do with this impossible Mr. Kessley without any notes!"

"This is Mrs. Thring, Mother."

"I've brought the notes, Mrs. Mockby. But I can't think where my husband is," said Fanny, ready to weep. "I went to the wrong place by mistake—but I missed the train first—Chris wasn't there, and I thought, of course, he'd come up here—"

"My brother decided to drive out at three-thirty," said Gerald. "We were all to meet at the office. I thought, when Chris didn't show up, that he'd been delayed and would be on the train. He was headed for home at one o'clock all right."

"Headed for home; he told me he had a date! We weren't to lunch at home! Where," said Fanny, paling, "where do you suppose he *is?*"

"YOU'RE tired," Mrs. Mockby put in sympathetically. "Helen," she said to a girl of seventeen, who was peeping through the dining-room doorway, "show Mrs. Thring where to wash her hands and brush up a little and then bring her right out to dinner."

"But where do you suppose Chris *is?*" Fanny asked the man, making a clutching gesture toward his arm.

"Well, he'll turn up. We can telephone him," Gerald said easily, going back to the dining-room.

"But telephone where? We have no telephone. I could telephone Mrs. Ruggiero—" Fanny murmured anxiously, thinking aloud as she followed Helen to the dressing-room. "But it seems so funny that Chris didn't telephone here, when he knew he couldn't make it. He may," she said, regarding Helen over a towel, struck with a sudden thought, "he may have been wondering where I was, all afternoon, and too much worried to come! And then he might have looked for the papers, and discovered that I had them with me—

"That was it!" she decided in relief, following Helen out to dinner, too hungry and too much confused in her mind to feel shy. She was introduced to them all: the elder Mockby—Joseph Mockby—the lawyer Kessley, Gerald's handsome young wife, Gerald's daughter of four and son of seven, who had come leaping downstairs unbidden for raisins. Hot delicious food was served her while the others had their salad; it was all bright and pleasant and homelike, and Fanny began to feel that the nightmare of the last six hours might have a happy awakening after all.

"Can you telephone your husband after dinner, Mrs. Thring?"

"I was thinking—" The earnest look from Fanny's blue eyes. "If I *could?*" she said.

"Chris had a lunch date," Gerald Mockby put in, "but he had some telephone message calling it off."

"Maybe he arranged to meet Madge later, and forgot the time, just as I did," Fanny thought, going on steadily with her meal. "He wanted to explain some of his notes to Mr. Kessley himself," she said. "He could come up, I know, the first thing in the morning."

"I'm leaving for California at eleven tonight," said the lawyer promptly. "The Jellicoes are in Santa Barbara. As a matter of fact, I'd be glad to get going right after dinner, for I've got to get into town and pick up some things there before I go to the train."

"I ought to get down to town," said Fanny.

"I'm driving Mr. Kessley down at half past nine, Mrs. Thring," Gerald said, "and I'll gladly take you along."

"Stay with us tonight and telephone tomorrow morning," Mrs. Mockby said kindly.

"I think I'd rather see if I can't find Chris," Fanny said. "It's not like him not to have sent some word. We've been missing each other all day!"

"I thought I never *would* get my hands on those notes," said the Jellicoes' lawyer. "It's the greatest relief in the world to have them here and be able to go over them with you, Mr. Mockby, especially with the Judge here—" he bowed to the older Mockby, "to lend us a hand if we get bogged up."

"Oh, I'm out of it—I'm out of it!" the Judge said.

"He's taking a whole year off," pretty, plump, gray-headed Mrs. Mockby said impressively, "and I won't let him hear a word about anything!"

"Now, Mrs. Thring," said Gerald, "if we might have those papers?"

Fanny went to get them, put the big envelope into his hand. She and the elder Mrs. Mockby found themselves alone in a cozy little library after dinner, when the other members of the family scattered with a general murmur of movies and getting the children to bed.

A maid appeared; spoke respectfully to Mrs. Mockby.

"Mrs. Thring at the telephone, please."

"Oh, it's Chris!" Fanny exclaimed, seizing the instrument with relief. A moment later her face fell. It was Mack; he had just been out to the house; where was Chris?

"You mean that he wasn't there, Mack?"

"Nope. Mrs. Ruggiero said that her door was open and she was sitting there practically all the time with one of the kids who's sick, and he didn't come in at all."

"BUT good heavens, Mack, where is he? Where's Madge?"

"Madge and Phyllis are over in Jersey with the Bruntons."

"He wouldn't have gone over there with them without sending me any word!"

"He may have sent some word, and it wasn't delivered," was Mack's feeble suggestion.

"Mack, will you be in the office a little after ten?"

"Be here until midnight; this is Saturday."

"Then I'll come in and wait for you on my way home. I'm scared!" said Fanny. "If Chris telephones, hold him!"

When she went back to the fire and to her hostess, she remembered for the first time that she had a message.

"I didn't tell you, Mrs. Mockby, that on my way here I went to the wrong Mockbys' first. I went to the Jesse Mockbys'—that's why I was so late."

"My dear!" A little flush had come into the kindly, plump face opposite her own; Mrs. Mockby was watching her intently.

"Mrs. Jesse Mockby was awfully kind to me and took me upstairs to see her grandchildren—"

"Yes, I know Margaret's there."

"They're darlings!"

"They ought to—they ought to be friends with Gerald's children," Mrs. Mockby said, "but there's been a little feeling—you found her very sweet, didn't you?"

"She was lovely. I told her," Fanny said, "something of our beginning—our living on Avenue A, I mean."

"Avenue A!" the other woman said with a surprised smile, as Fanny paused. "We all lived there," she said.

"So she said."

"We were all such friends," Mrs. Mockby said. And suddenly her eyes were brimming with tears. "We were very happy in those old days," she added, a little thickly.

"Mrs. Mockby sent you a little message," Fanny went on.

"Sent me—? Sarah?"

"She said to tell you that I had gone there by mistake, and that they had had Jake bring me here—leave his dinner, I believe—and that it was a great pleasure to do something for you."

THERE was a silence; their eyes were riveted together.

"She said she had always—I think she said she had always been so fond of you," Fanny said, floundering a little.

"Sarah?" the other woman said, under her breath, thinking aloud. "She said she was glad to do something for me?"

"That was the message."

"I'm—I'm extremely glad to hear it; it was generous of her," Mrs. Mockby said in a low tone. And to Helen, who just now came into the room, wrapped for some expedition, she said, "What's Aunt Sarah's number?"

"Aunt Sarah!" Helen ejaculated, obviously stupefied.

"Yes, Aunt Sarah. Do you remember?"

"Well, talk of answer to prayer!" said Mrs. Gerald Mockby. "You aren't going to telephone?"

"I am," Mrs. Mockby said magnificently. "I've always loved Sarah Mockby, and I always shall. I've thought for seven months that I'd have to give in; now she's given me an opening, and I'll meet her more than halfway!"

"Papa'll be out of his senses with joy!" Mrs. Mockby junior was commencing to say, when there was a stir at the door.

Gerald Mockby, followed by the lawyer, came in. His face had a somewhat bewildered expression.

"Mrs. Thring," he said, "are these the notes Chris gave you?"

Fanny rose to her feet, turning pale with apprehension. Obviously something was wrong.

"What's the matter with them?" she demanded.

"Why, look at them. These aren't the notes of the Bucknell case at all!" the Jellicoes' lawyer said, impatiently. "These appear to be poems, hundreds of 'em, by someone who signs 'em 'Garth O'Meara.' Who, for God's sake, is Garth O'Meara?"

"They're poems, sure enough," Gerald said. "How on earth did you get hold of all these poems? They seem to be ready for publication—see?"

Her mouth dry, her heart hammering, Fanny looked at the papers that Gerald flung down on the table. As one in a dream she saw the title written on the brown wrapper, in Phyllis' pretty, angular script: "Leaning Up a Cypress Tree."

(To be continued next week)

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The Democrat who made Good

Continued from page 15

Instead, you find dictatorships, which, as I have pointed out, are, in their essence, a form of democracy.

"In spite of the dictatorial powers which Hitler and his followers have assumed in Germany, they are careful to point out that their government is based on the fact that they obtained a majority of the votes of the German people. Which can mean only one thing: that Hitler accepts the principle of democracy, which is government based on a majority of votes.

"Dictatorship has come because democracy has reached such a pass that quick decisions are needed—decisions which cannot be made by assemblies. Now, dictators decide quickly—and that is why we have them."

President Masaryk had become animated. Into his manner had come a flash of that fire which had borne him through the long years of adversity and imprisonment and disappointment and struggle devoted by him to the cause of democracy. But, almost as soon as it had flashed, the fire died down. Once more Masaryk the fighter, Masaryk the achiever, had become Masaryk the philosopher. And he said softly:

"We must wait. We must have patience. Democracy, to me, means to be patient. It also means this: Do not get excited. And this: Be calm."

In Germany, whence I had just come, the imminent danger of another European war had been constantly discussed. What, I wondered, did President Masaryk think about it?—would his optimism make him as contemptuous of threats against peace as it did against the encroachments of dictators on democratic institutions? So I asked him.

"There will be no war!" he exclaimed. "How can you speak of war in the midst of an economic crisis? Nobody has the necessary dollars for waging war. War means money, money, money!

"The World War was a great upheaval in Europe and America. Never before had there been anything like it. The nations who engaged in it spent all their accumulated wealth. Now they are poor and unable to go to war again."

Democracy—the Simple Life

Which brought us to the gloomy topic of world depression. I asked President Masaryk whether he believed that the return of prosperity was near. Here, too, he was optimistic.

"I feel hopeful that the present depression will not continue," he said. Then he leaned forward and there was a flash in his eyes and into his voice crept a tone such as might have come from a prophet of old denouncing the sins of mankind:

"But, when prosperity comes back to the world, we must learn to be more modest. There must be no more luxury!

"And here I want to give you another definition of what democracy means to me: It means not to drink champagne every day—not to eat fine meats at fine dinners. In the future we must lead the simple life. That is democracy."

I knew well how closely President Masaryk had been associated, during his long life, with America. Not only did he himself marry an American, but his son followed his example by taking an American wife, the sister of a former United States Minister to Czechoslovakia. Moreover, I knew that the President, in earlier years, had made several visits to America's shores. And I especially recalled his visit during the World War, when, oblivious of the fact that he was already an old man, he had worked untiringly for the creation of Czechoslovakia, and through his indomitable energy had contributed materially to the formation, in the mind of Woodrow Wilson, of that belief in the doctrine of the self-determination of nations which had such a profound effect upon subsequent history.

So I asked him if he would not give me a message for America.

He looked at me quizzically. Behind the philosophic calm in his gaze there was a twinkle of amusement.

A Friend of America

"A message?" he repeated. "A message to America? Now, it seems to me, if I were to sit up here and solemnly give you a message to America, it—it would look like dictatorship!"

"Well, call it a greeting to America," I suggested. He nodded, in a satisfied manner—a greeting, obviously, seemed to him more democratic.

"I like America," he said. "I have always liked America. In Europe there are many who criticize America and Americans. I do not. I wish I could go to America to see the exposition at Chicago."

Then he turned his eyes away, gazed dreamily out the window, as if his thoughts were of places far away and days long ago. And he murmured:

"I went to America to marry. And it was in America that I got the news that I had been made President of Czechoslovakia. It is only natural, therefore, that I should be connected closely with America in my thoughts and my feelings."

The modesty of President Masaryk is never more striking than when he gets on the subject of government. The fact that he is one of those who govern in this world and, moreover, one of those who has been extraordinarily successful at governing, arouses in him no feelings of boastfulness. Instead, it seems to move him even more than other things to ironical reflections on the vanity of human affairs—as, for instance, when our talk turned to his fifteen years as Czechoslovakia's President, and he said:

"Do you remember those words which the great Swedish statesman Oxenstiern wrote to his son: 'My son, you do not know with how little wisdom this world is governed!'"

Continuing the train of thought inspired by the frankness of the Swedish statesman of three centuries ago, he went on, absently:

"I'm quite calm about these things. Calm goes with this business that I'm in—the business of government—the business of democracy.

"To be calm." He spoke now almost as if in a dream. "Not to get excited. Not to commit unnecessary stupidities."

Again he seemed to slip from everyday life into that realm of philosophy the portal of which, for him, stands always open. I felt that I, with my worldly questionings and worldly outlook, was intruding. So I rose to take my leave.

An hour or so afterward I was in the midst of the noise and confusion of the Prague railroad station—named, by the way, after President Masaryk. I was dashing wildly for a train about to depart, trying desperately to keep up with a big Czech porter into whose keeping I had entrusted my baggage. And, as I pushed and jostled, I said to myself:

"To be calm. To be patient."

The porter looked at me as if I had gone insane.

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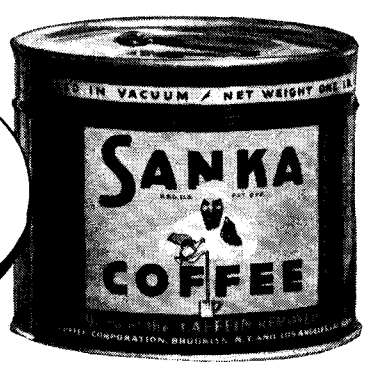

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Broadway Love

Continued from page 9

Lou. Broadway is betting six, two and even that this is just another chapter in the oldest story the main stem knows, the story of a pair of pals split as wide as this by femme trouble!"

Benny Bergman was profoundly stirred by this sensational news. When at last he put the paper down he stared vacantly at the foot of his bed. Occasionally an awestruck whisper moved his lips.

"Well, what do you know," the amazed whisper ran. "Well, what do you know!"

After a time his wondering eyes picked up a photograph of Goldie Blossom which decorated Lou's dresser. Benny studied the picture intently. Goldie's nose, he decided, was tilted at a cute angle. Her hair was really quite lovely. There was no doubt that her large eyes were dazzling headlights. His own eyes suddenly filled with the fond recollection of the way she looked when she said "Oh, yeah?" He knew that the warmth which now pervaded his being wasn't the result of just her exact words. It was the way she said things which got him all hot and bothered.

THE love light of a nighthawk glowed in his eyes as he reached at last for the telephone. He called Goldie Blossom's number. Goldie was deeply immersed in her copy of Broadway Low Down but she reached for the telephone when it clamored for her attention.

"This is Benny, baby," Goldie was assured. "How are you, baby?"

"Just swell, baby," she murmured. "How are you, baby?"

"I'm missing you, baby," Benny said. "What's new, baby?"

"Nothing new, baby," she cooed. "Just waiting around, baby."

"Daddy'll be over in about an hour, baby," Benny said. "You wait for Daddy, baby."

"M'mmm, baby," Goldie said. "M'mmm."

Benny (Damon) Bergman was dressing when his phone rang a few minutes later. Lou (Pythias) Samuels was calling.

"You see that crack in Crandall's column?" Lou demanded.

"Yeah," Benny replied. "I saw it."

There was a pause.

"So what?" Lou finally demanded. "What are you going to do about it?"

Benny laughed unpleasantly.

"Do?" he inquired. "What should I do?"

The wire almost seemed to crackle as it felt the shock of Lou's sudden fury.

"You rat, you," he screamed. "I let you go out with my baby, you rat, and you two-time me, you rat."

"You rat, you," Benny blazed in reply. "If a cute little armful like Goldie is asking waivers on you that ain't my fault, you rat, you."

This went on for some time. The gist of their conversation, to consider its content without passion, definitely implied that each considered the other to be a rat.

After he had concluded his violent denunciation of his one-time pal, Lou Samuels bawled frantically for Maxie Friedman. Maxie, contentedly smoking a cigar as he stood on the sidewalk before his theater, was startled by the harsh noises emanating from his office window.

"Come up here, Maxie," Lou bellowed. "Now, you fat-head, now!"

Maxie was breathless when he reached the office.

"What is it, Lou?" he panted. "Everything is insured."

"Listen," Lou commanded.

Maxie listened. He gathered that Lou was firmly convinced that Benny Bergman was a rat.

"And that ain't all, Maxie," Lou climaxed his furious account. "Think of what that little tramp Goldie done to me. Imagine that little tramp two-timing me, the little tramp!"

He bowed his head on Maxie's desk and sobbed. Maxie groped for words of comfort that might ease the pain.

"If Goldie's a little tramp, Lou," he suggested with a certain logic, "why should you be so upset yet? Say, if you look at it the right way you're lucky to be shut of such a little tramp."

"You don't get it, Maxie," Lou moaned piteously. "She was my little tramp, Maxie. Don't you understand? She was my little tramp and she two-timed me, the little tramp!"

Maxie diplomatically decided to let this emotional storm blow itself out. He smoked in silence for several minutes.

"Where you going, Lou?" he asked as Lou finally opened the office door. "The way you feel now maybe I should go with you. no?"

"No, Maxie, I'll face this alone," Lou proudly declared. "I'm going to the Hey-Hey Club. I want Broadway to see how I can take it."

After Lou had gone Maxie stayed on in his office for a while. His normally gentle eyes were chaotic with bewilderment as he surveyed the wreckage of his plans for the new Frivolities. Obviously there was no hope now that Benny and Lou would complete their collaboration. As he considered this situation a sudden gust of wrath shook Maxie's fat body.

"Yesterday they was Damon and Pythias," he sputtered angrily. "Today to each other they're a couple of rats yet. Show business! Wilbur Crandall! Broadway! Phooey on 'em all. Everybody on the Street is nuts but me and I ain't got far to go."

The sensational romance of Benny and Goldie and the tragic spectacle of the lovelorn Lou eating his heart out wherever he could find a spotlight was a Broadway seven-day wonder. For an intoxicating week Benny and Goldie and Lou lived in the best of all possible worlds. Each night Lou donned the mask of tragedy and sadly traveled the night-club trail alone. Benny and Goldie followed the same route so that one and all among those who really mattered might fully observe their ecstatic exhibition of a new-found passion.

Each night at breakfast time Lou sat alone and broken-hearted in the apartment he had once shared with Benny in the long ago and eagerly scanned the latest Wilbur Crandall column for hot news of the jealous flames that seared his soul. Elsewhere in the teeming town, Benny and Goldie, with shining eyes, searched the same column for daily news of the progress and temperature of their passions. A day-by-day list of the magic phrases which spurted from Wilbur Crandall's frenzied pen best explains the exquisite quality of the rapture which possessed Benny and Goldie and Lou. A list of the wonder words follows:

Monday: "Goldie Blossom is Benny Bergman's angina pectoris." Tuesday: "Lou Samuels is carrying the torch for Goldie Blossom. Until she soured she was the cream in Lou's coffee." Wednesday: "Benny Bergman and Goldie Blossom are operating these days on direct current." Thursday: "Lou Samuels is fluctuating wildly since Benny Bergman put Lou off the Goldie (Blossom) standard." Friday: "Benny Bergman and Goldie Blossom are about to go up in flames. They were at what jeweler's the other dawning shopping for platinum handcuffs?" Saturday: "Broadway may not see a new Frivolities this year now that Lou Samuels and Benny Bergman are in a state of war about who should wear the (Goldie) Blossom."

IT SEEMS incredible that such word painting could be surpassed. On the following Monday, however, Wilbur Crandall published an item which Broadway generally conceded to be his masterpiece.

"Benny Bergman and Goldie Blossom," the item read, "are planning to get away with merger! ! !"

And so they were married. And Broadway reeled again from contact with the shock of Wilbur Crandall's shattering genius.

"Benny Bergman and Goldie Blossom were telescoped yester yawning," he flung at the eyes of a word-drunk and staggering public. "A Connecticut JayPee knotted them tighter than this with The Tie That Blinds! ! !"

Benny circled this item with a red pencil line and framed it. . . .

Romance is lush and quick as it flowers under spyglass in the Broadway

"How would you like 'things to do— for little heads and little hands'?" *Henry Anton*

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hot houses. It withers and dies there when exposed to the blight of marriage. Benny and Goldie and Lou suffered the harsh effects of the blight when Wilbur Crandall withdrew his spotlight from them and turned its dizzy beams on others who, still without benefit of clergy, smoldered sulphurously and were generally that way about each other in suitably public places. Lou made the painful discovery that he could sit all night at the Hey-Hey Club, alone and stricken and working at it, and yet receive no mention in Broadway Low Down as one who carried the torch of despair for a faithless love. Benny and Goldie found to their sorrow that Wilbur Crandall now seemed to regard the flame of their passion as a blaze which had been safely banked and therefore no longer worthy of the alarmed attention of a town crier. All three soon went into a slow decline which baffled their physicians.

THEY were drifting aimlessly in these emotional doldrums when Maxie Friedman telephoned Goldie and implored her to visit him secretly in his office. She answered the summons and for an hour listened thoughtfully while Maxie poured his troubles into her ears.

"That's the way it is, Goldie," Maxie concluded his tale of woe. "If you got a real heart, Goldie, and should do like I said, you could get Benny and Lou back to work for me again. We ain't none of us got any real dough left. The way it is, the next Frivolities has got to be a hit or else."

Wifehood had apparently extended the range of Goldie's vocabulary.

"Oh, yeah?" she offered proof of this. "Or else what?"

"Or else we all got to go back to work at something," Maxie declared flatly. "I'm telling you, Goldie, that ain't no kind of a future to look forward to."

Goldie decided suddenly that Maxie was a sage counselor.

"Lou Samuels was my uproar," she solemnly informed Maxie. "Benny Bergman is my current upheaval. I've got that certain thing. Don't worry, Maxie, I'll do like you said."

Benny and Lou and Goldie met the next day at Maxie's office for a conference. Maxie explained the situation to them as frankly and earnestly as he had outlined it to Goldie.

"Let's get this straight," Lou said when Maxie had finished. "You talked to Wilbur Crandall personally about this. Is that right?"

"Positively," Maxie replied.

"And Crandall himself said—"

"And Crandall himself said," Maxie interrupted, "that if it was on the level and he got it exclusive he would even put it on the radio."

There was a thoughtful silence.

"I got an angle on a lyric," Lou said presently. "It ought to be a panic."

"I got a piece of a tune," Benny said. "It ought to kill 'em."

Maxie Friedman's Frivolities opened at the Royale Theater on the last Saturday in August. His friends in the first-night crowd assured him that he had a hit. The Broadway ticket speculators paid him a greater compliment when they agreed to buy his entire orchestra floor for sixteen weeks in advance. Maxie had tears in his eyes when he told Benny and Lou that they must never forget that they owed all their success to the little woman. Benny and Lou were reverent in their assurance that they would always remember that Goldie's great sacrifice had brought them together again.

On Sunday night, only one day after the last curtain had fallen on the riotous opening of the Frivolities, Benny and Lou and Goldie sat before the radio in the cozy little apartment home of Mr. and Mrs. Benny Bergman. Their eyes were feverish with anticipation when the announcer informed his listeners that Wilbur Crandall would now broadcast the important news for the week to Mr. and Mrs. America on a coast-to-coast hook-up. Mr. and Mrs. America, citizens of a nation at the cross roads, tensely awaited the message.

Mrs. Crandall's little boy, Wilbur, had awesome news for Mr. and Mrs. America that night. Master of the drama of great news that he was, he saved his most sensational announcement for the finish of his broadcast.

"And now, Mr. and Mrs. America," Wilbur Crandall said, "I'm going to send along the sky-ways the story of one of Broadway's sweetest romances. Maxie Friedman's Frivolities opened on Broadway last night. It is a sensational success, chiefly because of one smashing musical number called 'Baby's Eyes.' Soon you'll be hearing that song on the sky-ways, so tonight I'll just give you an idea of how it starts. This is the way it starts, folks: 'Mamma cries for Baby's eyes, Daddy loves them too. Daddy sighs for Baby's eyes, Eyes so true and blue.'

"That's the sensational way this number starts, folks. Now here's the inside story about that number. Lou Samuels wrote the lyrics. Benny Bergman wrote the music. Lou and Benny were pals for years. You will remember that I was the first one to call them Damon and Pythias. Competitors of mine have called them that without bothering to give me credit, but always remember, folks, I was the first one to give them that title. Lou and Benny quarreled over the affections of one of Broadway's sweetest girls, the orchidaceous Goldie Blossom. Benny and Goldie were married and it looked as if the friendship between Lou and Benny would never be patched up.

"Now, Mr. and Mrs. America, listen closely. Soon after she married, Goldie Blossom decided that Benny and Lou must be pals again. She decided finally that a baby might bring these two strong men together again, so Goldie arranged to have a Blessed Event. She told Benny that they would soon have to go shopping for a bassinet. Benny had to tell his old pal this wonderful news and when Lou Samuels heard the news those old pals shook hands and were reconciled. To celebrate their reconciliation they wrote 'Baby's Eyes' and here, folks, is the sweetest touch of all. Lou Samuels is going to be the godfather to Goldie's Blessed Event!

"Now listen to this, folks. Benny and Lou are back together again, but their Damon and Pythias combination is a thing of the past because now they've got Goldie. Well, folks, I'm going to give these three wonderful pals a special name. I'm going to nominate Benny and Goldie and Lou The Three Musketeers of Broadway!"

THE Three Musketeers were silent with awe for a moment after Wilbur Crandall had ended his sensational broadcast. They searched for shining words that might beautifully express their ecstasy.

"Just think," Lou Samuels said at last. "You could of heard that in Hollywood."

"Migawd," Goldie breathed reverently. "Migawd!"

Benny Bergman's strong arms tenderly embraced the radiant cream in his coffee.

"Baby," he whispered. "Baby."

Her response was the deep love cry of an uproar to an upheaval.

"M'mmm, Daddy," she murmured. "M'mmm, Daddy."

The Three Musketeers greeted the glorious dawn of a newer and sweeter world at the Hey-Hey Club. Their highballs were salty with tears.

ROBERT ALLEN

Putting it Baldly
it's care that
makes the hair grow

There's no magic needed to keep the hair on your pate—it's just a shining example of the truth of the old adage about prevention being better than cure. Take steps now, while you have a goodly quantity of hair, to keep it. Regular, faithful massage with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is the answer. At least once a week apply it generously to the scalp and massage for several minutes with a vigorous rotary motion. This stimulates the proper functioning of the oil ducts of the scalp, upon whose activity the very life of the hair depends. Corrects dryness, falling hair and dandruff. Follow with a careful shampoo. And here's a suggestion for better grooming—a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic brushed into the hair each morning will keep unruly hair in place. Your druggist sells 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles.

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE
Look for the trademark VASELINE
when you buy. If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Consolidated, 17 State Street, New York.

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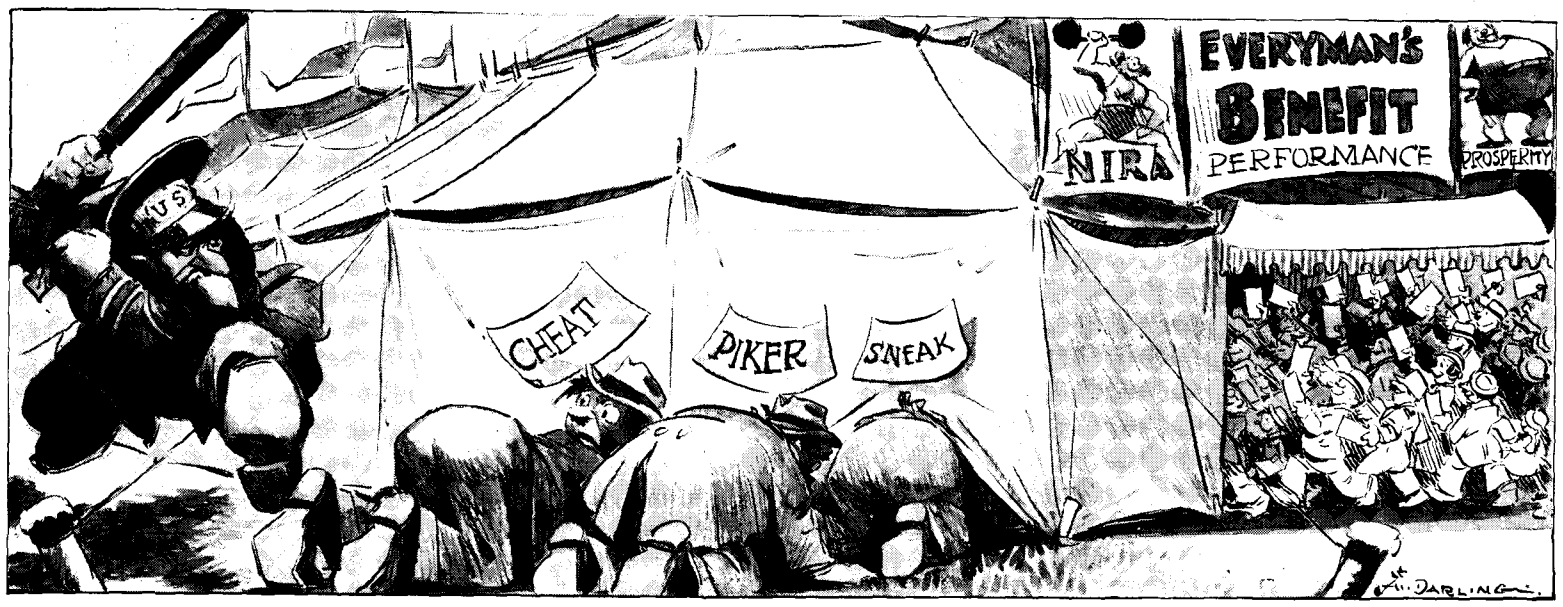

Round Up the Laggards and Cheats

FOR the moment business men are under no violent compulsion to coöperate with the government in putting into effect industrial recovery.

The law gives the President power to compel coöperation and provides penalties for obstructionists. Mr. Roosevelt, however, has announced his intention not to use these penalties immediately. He has preferred to seek the voluntary coöperation of industry.

The majority of decent men and women are gladly coöperating. After all, every one of every class has a solid, selfish interest in the restoration of the nation's buying power. Only a fool or a fanatic could oppose the purpose which the recovery act was designed to accomplish. Nobody outside of bedlam is against the return of prosperity.

Still there are some who are perfectly willing to let others make all the sacrifices in any good cause. These gentry inevitably come to the surface in an emergency. They are busy now attempting to wrest mean advantages out of the new freedom allowed under the National Industrial Recovery Act.

A more stupid policy could not be adopted. Congress let down the bars erected by the old anti-trust laws and authorized business men to coöperate in the solution of their problems.

Many of these problems antedate the depression. Abuses, very costly abuses, had arisen. Intelligent business men were eager to clean house, but the old law called cooperation conspiracy and provided prison sentences for such conspirators, however honorable their designs.

The recovery act eliminates all of this. To stimulate employment and to increase national buying power, the anti-trust laws are suspended. What was so lately forbidden as criminal conspiracy is now desirable coöperation.

American business has never had so magnificent an opportunity. The government has in effect said: "Go ahead and show what you can do. Settle your common problems together. Abandon cutthroat competition. Establish fair wages and decent conditions. Charge reasonable prices. Take defensible profits. You are free from the penalties of anti-trust laws."

The government did not say, however, "Go ahead and gyp your employees. Reclassify them so that you can lower the actual wages paid. Shift their hours so that they are deprived of the benefits of a shorter working week. Speed up your machines so that you can get out more goods in eight hours than you formerly got in ten. Exercise your wits to devise ingenious ways of cheating your workers and the public. Be disloyal to the national interest. Fatten your own purse while the pickings are easy."

The government gave no such advice and neither the government, public opinion, nor the honest men in business will tolerate such behavior. The same law which allows this new freedom to act in the public interest also provides the authority to destroy those who refuse to coöperate.

We shall be fortunate if it never becomes necessary to inflict these penalties. Punishment will, however, be meted out; outraged public opinion will insist upon drastic punishment if there are scandalous attempts to flout the law and to extract dishonest gain.

The burden of enforcing the recovery act and of restoring normal economic life must be borne by the honorable majority in every branch of industry. First of all, self-respecting men will be governed by the spirit of the new code.

Justice, intelligent self-interest and a decent regard for the opinions of mankind unite in demanding that every good citizen exert himself—and herself—to bring about that industrial recovery which is essential to our national well-being. Thousands of business houses have already taken the necessary action. The majority were eager to coöperate in this great undertaking.

Those organized in trade associations have also the opportunity to exert pressure upon the laggards and the cheats. Industry has the chance to prove its capacity for self-rule.

Members of a trade association know how their associates and competitors in the same industry are behaving. If a business house is using devious means to violate the spirit of the recovery code, word of what is happening gets around. It is the privilege and the duty of honorable men to bring these shirkers and cheats to book. An unscrupulous minority cannot be allowed to nullify our national recovery. The public interest must prevail.

There is nothing in the recovery act and in the codes adopted to give it force and effect which it would not have been reasonable to do any time in the past twenty-five years. What is now being attempted and accomplished is merely a belated effort to make industry conform to the principles upon which this republic was founded.

The restoration of purchasing power means that American workers must be paid enough for their labor to enable them to support themselves and their families. This goal must be reached. Honest, energetic men and women will not permanently look to charity for their maintenance. If American industry as historically organized will not or cannot pay living wages, then inevitably some more efficient organization of industry will be attempted.

The recovery act is in a very real sense a last call. Business has the opportunity now thoughtfully and carefully to do what must be done. If business hesitates or refuses to act, the government will act under the driving force of an outraged and angry public opinion.

Now is the time of times for self-reliant, honest leaders of industry to assert themselves and to work with one another and the government. Observe the law, exert pressure on others to abide by its spirit, and aid in restoring the prosperity of the nation. The opportunity is here today. It will not linger indefinitely.

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BANISH *that* YAWN *with a* Sparkling Come-Back

There's no chance for a yawn if you pause for an ice-cold Coca-Cola. Refreshed, you rebound to normal. Drowsiness is banished with a sparkling come-back. An ice-cold Coca-Cola is more than just a drink. It's a very particular kind of drink—combining those pleasant, wholesome substances which foremost scientists say do most in restoring you to your normal self. Really delicious, it invites a pause, *the pause that refreshes.*

Refresh yourself and be alert
Snap back to normal

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IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES TO FLY THE MAIL AT NIGHT

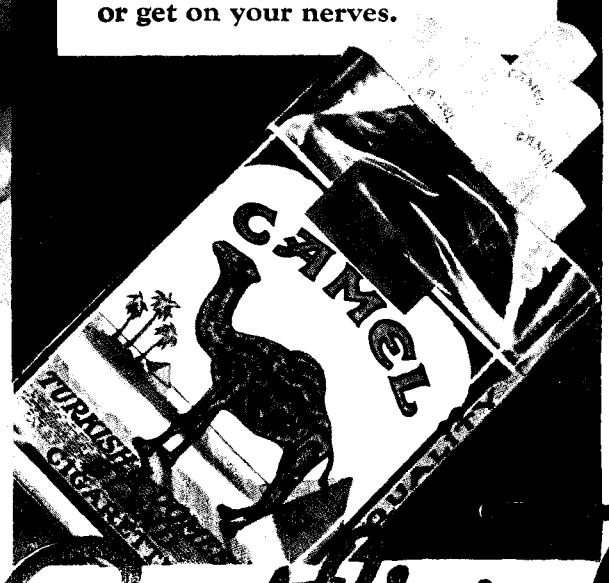
● ABOVE—A. M. WILKINS, air-mail pilot for Transcontinental and Western Air, Inc., has flown the night air mail over 150,000 miles. It takes healthy nerves to hang up a record like that!

● RIGHT—AT THE END of his night run A. M. Wilkins joins a fellow pilot, W. Niedernhofer, at Newark Airport, the Eastern Terminal of TWA, for a chat and a smoke. "Camels never ruffle or jangle my nerves," Wilkins says.

● EVER NOTICE HOW airplane passengers smoke at each refueling stop? Camels never get on your nerves, no matter how much you smoke, and there's more real enjoyment in their costlier tobaccos.

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. They are milder, richer in flavor. They never tire your taste or get on your nerves.



STEADY SMOKERS TURN TO CAMELS

A. M. WILKINS, air-mail ace, says: "It's a steady grind, all right, being a night hawk on the air mail. A man has to have healthy nerves to live up to our tradition that *the mail must go through!* That's why I smoke Camels. And I smoke plenty! Camels never ruffle or jangle my nerves, and I like their mild, rich flavor."

* * *

Steady smokers turn to Camels because the costlier tobaccos in Camels never tire the taste—never get on the nerves.

Your taste and *your* nerves will confirm this. Start smoking Camels today and prove it for yourself. It *is* more fun to know!

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Camel's Costlier Tobaccos!

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

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